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THE

WESTERN REVIEW

AND

MISCELLANEOUS MAGAZINE,

A

MONTHLY PUBLICATION,

DEVOTED TO

LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

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THE

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VOL. III. AUGUST, 1820. No 1.

REVIEW.

"PETER'S LETTERS TO HIS KINSFOLK, *to which is added a Postcript, addressed to Samuel T Coleridge, Esqr.* Second American edition. *New-York*, printed by James and John Harper, No. 138, Fulton Street, for E Duyckinck, Collins & Co, Collins and Hannay, S. Campbell & Son, and G. Long. 1820." 8vo, pp, 520.

THIS is a very amusing book of a very amusing kind. Of all subjects, those, which are here introduced, are best calculated to excite our curiosity, and to gratify our taste for an elegant species of social and literary gossip. We are, or at least appear to be, let into the the closet of life and character, and are enabled to see men and things stripped of their disguises. We have scarcely ever been more entertained with any work than with this of Peter, and must acknowledge ourselves to be indebted to him for a high degree of enjoyment through many a delighted hour. He treats of a great variety of subjects in Scotland, and just such as we would have selected for him, had we been called on beforehand to name the sort of production to which he should devote his talents. He brings to our attention the most interesting personages of the country, and in the most interesting attitudes, whether in public or in private life. He makes us familiarly acquainted with the literary, professional, and religious condition of the best part of Scotch society. He turns often to the same characters, but always with a new interest. He pours out a full and copious stream of thought, observation, criticism, and good feeling, which seems to be inexhaustible. He is remarkably graphical, and compels us, as much as any writer we have ever read,

to look at objects through his own glasses, and with his own sympathies. He places us precisely where he chooses to have the landscape seen under the relations, and in the perspective, that his purpose requires. We quarrel with him indeed sometimes for his diminutions and amplifications, his transpositions, and his excessive colours, but so much skill is shown throughout, that we easily forget the censures which we intended to treasure up and pronounce. We are not, we confess, likely to become converts to his craniology, or to any of the fancies which Gall and Spurzheim have sported upon the "*bumps*" of the skull. We may be very dull as well as very heretical upon this subject, but we cannot offer ourselves for admission to the fellowship of this wizard church of German philosophers built upon the *os frontis* and *os occipitis*. Making pigeon holes of the brain to receive the different faculties of the mind, according to the arrangement of an attorney's papers, is too trifling an occupation for a man of Peter's talents. He has, however, rendered this system more agreeable, as a play of fancy, than we had anticipated from any writer. The heads, which he describes, belonging to persons, whose characters and peculiarities he well knew, answer an excellent purpose for amusing illustration, and for a novel course of critical remark upon celebrated individuals. We are not even sure, that we wish the craniological part of the book absent, notwithstanding the extravagance of the principles, upon which it rests. Indeed, we could not spare this portion of Peter's speculations so well as some others, and think his book would be less perfect without it. Were a man to be serious in this theory, we should think him crack-brained; but he may sport with it as well as with any other absurdity. That this was the intention of Peter, we are willing to believe, if he or the reader pleases. Provided we have room, we may hereafter make some extracts from the book to show how such a subject may be managed by a skilful hand.

These letters are said to be written by Mr. Lockhart, a young man of the bar with whom Dr. Morris became acquainted at a dinner given by Mr. Gillies. (p, 407.) We have no means, but from the work, of knowing how far this suggestion is worthy of being received as true. There is nothing conclusive against it in the notice taken of this young gentleman. On the contrary, several circumstances easily lead us to believe that the notice is intended as a blind to assist the concealment of the *incognitus*. Mr. Lock-

hart is an Oxonian, very fond of the study of languages, adding the modern to the ancient, having strong partialities to English literature as distinguished from Scotch, a writer in Blackwood's Magazine, a satyrist, an avowed critic and (in some respects) enemy of the Edinburgh Review, and well acquainted with the scenes and persons described by Dr. Morris. To all these points Peter answers extremely well, and shows too familiar an acquaintance with Edinburgh and the vicinity to permit us to consider him merely as a traveller on a visit to the northern metropolis. We are entirely satisfied that any man, who will give us as good a book, shall have the privilege of writing much more about himself as a blind, than Mr. Lockhart has done. We are not afraid of the consequences of this permission or practice, which some persons predict and dread. Fastidiousness would deprive us of much pleasure, as well as of much instruction, by forbidding the authors of Journals and Letters to say any thing about their contemporaries and neighbours. Peter has fairly defended himself in his Postscript against the objections and cavils which have been employed to criminate him. He has generally spoken well of the persons, whom he has introduced, although he ascribes to them very different kinds and degrees of talents, attainments, and virtues. The particular visits are probably invented for the purpose of describing society, and are founded upon his previous intercourse with the persons and their families. It is to us immaterial, however, whether the visits were made, or not. All that we want is to have them faithfully descriptive of the persons, places, and manners. It is a lively mode of embodying one's knowledge and opinions for public use. Attention is arrested by it, and nothing escapes the notice of the reader. We rise from Peter's book with a conviction that we are intimately acquainted with every scene, place, person, street, house, drawing room, dress, and action mentioned. We seem to have spent a year in Edinburgh and Glasgow, and to have visited all the principal families of the country, and to have conversed freely and confidentially with all the poets, orators, lawyers, lecturers, clergymen, wits, belles, and blue stockings, to be found in these cities. We sympathize with W— in his tory-prejudices, and half prefer the old town to the new. We are desirous of jumping into the shadrydan, and of submitting ourselves to the discretion of "*scrub.*" We are present at Burns's Dinner, hear the songs, drink the

toasts, and enter into all the feelings of Hogg and Wilson. We attend the courts, and are delighted with the acumen of Clerk, the elegance of Cranstoun, the fertility of Jeffrey, and the pathos of Cockburn. We go to the churches, and tremble under the boldness of Moncrief, yield to the good sense and ingenuity of Inglis, abandon our disguises under the penetration and plainness of Thompson, are delighted and refined by the sentimental addresses of Alison, and are warmed and elevated by the enthusiasm and piety of Chalmers. We enter the picture gallery of Allan, and every painting becomes a scene of real life. We are made to feel the extent and efficacy of Constable's system of business, are interested in the more animated and ambitious exertions of Blackwood, and have our eyes and ears filled with elegance and gossip at the shop of Manners and Miller. Our eyes suffer under the dazzling brilliancy of the gas light of the theatre, and we join in reprobating the taste that makes the audience and the actors equally conspicuous. Under the hand of Peter, all subjects glow with life and interest. Whatever topic he may select, it is found to be full of instruction and amusement. Few writers interweave useful remarks, even with words of levity, more successfully than he does.

Educated in England, but having settled himself in Scotland, Mr Lockhart is peculiarly qualified to observe accurately, and describe closely, whatever peculiarities he may have discovered in any department of Scotch character, manners, learning, taste, laws, institutions, religion, and morals. A native would pass over a multitude of subjects, without discerning their distinctive features, which a stranger would feel powerfully, and exhibit analytically. And yet a stranger, making only a visit, would not be able to observe minutely enough, and under a sufficient variety of circumstances, to judge fairly of the whole. An Englishman well educated, and establishing himself as a resident in Edinburgh, is best qualified to understand and exhibit Scotch character and society. Dr. Morris is a candid observer in the main, and the spirit of kindness and apology, in regard to the errors and peculiarities of persons, prevails in his book. When certain subjects, however, and certain individuals, arise, he loses his candor, in some degree his temper, and of course his fidelity in describing them. He is doubtless one of the principal supporters of Blackwood's Magazine, and hates the Edinburgh Review, to which he is professed-

ly an antagonist writer. He thinks that he sees determined and calculating infidelity in the articles of Jeffrey and his friends, where we see none, and where we acknowledge no cause of alarm. He cannot do justice to the talents of the whigs of Scotland, particularly the young whigs, nor to the learning and philosophy of the metaphysicians of that country. At the same time, his portraits of Scotchmen are, upon the whole, very flattering and highly colored. We do not wish him to say more in their praise, but we want a little more judgment and discretion in certain parts, and in regard to certain persons. He sympathizes too much with the Quarterly Review, and is unwarrantably censorious of its great and victorious competitor in the North. The tone of moral feeling, however, and the tendency of his Letters, must be allowed to be good, and even excellent. No writer has unfolded more happily some of the finest and noblest sentimen's of our nature, nor pointed out more truly the chilling and debasing influence of habitual skepticism. He is analytical and acute, copious and free, various and graphical. He describes character admirably, and paints natural scenery in living colors. He is peculiarly happy in the selection of epithets, and is almost the only author who has made us take a deep interest in an account of pictures. This part usually of travellers and amateurs is exceedingly dull, and would be much better to be omitted. But no reader of Dr. Morris would miss, for any consideration, the visit to Mr. Allan. The Letters are no doubt quite unequally written, and compactness does not belong to the style of any of them. They are so well written, however, taken as a whole, that we have little pleasure in dwelling on the faults of the style. The work is chiefly employed about particulars, but introduces a variety of general reflections which have the greatest interest and use. The particulars too are so given, that they lead the reader to general reflections when the writer does not follow them out in form. Good principles, in this way, produce a powerful impression upon our minds, when we have no suspicion of the manner in which the end is accomplished.

Peter must be a man of diversified learning; he must have travelled considerably; he must have observed keenly; and is well fitted to comment on life and manners. His assumed character is well sustained, and gives him fair opportunities to say many excellent things, and to introduce

many interesting anecdotes, that he could not have mentioned in *propria persona*. We think very little of the objections, which we have heard made to his high coloring, and what is called his extravagance. Such readers do not appear to us to enter into the real spirit of the book. Every man, at all acquainted with the world, understands at once the allowances which are to be made, and which were intended. We should as soon think of objecting to wit, humour, and character-painting, in conversation, because of their vivacity and glow, as to Peter's Letters for the same qualities. The author has succeeded in what he meant, the production of a work which every one should read, over which no one should sleep, and by which every one may be instructed.

We come now to the particulars, which we have placed upon our notes, in the perusal of the Letters, and shall give extracts upon a variety of subjects.

We were surprised to find that a trial of strength in leaping is still a practice in Scotland among gentlemen collected by an invitation to dinner, and that even quite old men join in this sport.

"We were joined toward six o'clock by professors Playfair and Lesslie, and one or two young advocates, who had walked out with them. Then came R—— Morehead, whom you remember at Balliol, a relation and intimate friend of Jeffrey's. He and the celebrated orator Alison officiate together in one of the Episcopalian chapels in Edinburgh. Although we never knew each other at Oxford, yet we immediately recognized each other's old High-Street faces, and began to claim a sort of acquaintance on that score, as all Oxonian contemporaries, I believe, are accustomed to do, when they meet at a distance from their *alma mater*. There were several other gentlemen, mostly of grave years, so that I was not a little astonished, when somebody proposed a trial of strength in leaping. Nor was my astonishment at all diminished, when Mr. Playfair began to throw off his coat and waistcoat, and to prepare himself for taking his part in the contest. When he did so much, I could have no apology, so I also stripped; and, indeed, the whole party did the same, except Jeffrey alone, who was dressed in a short green jacket, with scarcely any skirts, and, therefore, seemed to consider himself as already sufficiently *'accinctus ludo.'*

"I used to be a good leaper in my day—witness the thousands of times I have beat you in the Port Meadow, and elsewhere—but I cut a very poor figure among these sinewy Caledonians. With the exception of Lesslie, they all jumped wonderfully; and Jeffrey was quite miraculous, considering his brevity of stride. But the greatest wonder of the whole was Mr. Playfair. He also is a short man, and he cannot be less than seventy, yet he took his stand with the assurance of an athletic, and positively beat every one of us, at least half a heel's breadth. I was quite thunderstruck, never having heard the least hint of his being so great a geometrician—in this sense of the word. I was, however, I must own, *agreeably* surprised by such a buoyant spirit and muscular strength in so venerable

an old gentleman, and could not forbear from complimenting him on his revival of the ancient peripatetic ideas, about the necessity of cultivating the external as well as the internal energies, and of mixing the activity of the practical with that of the contemplative life." (p, 39.)

Peter met an old Oxonian friend in Edinburgh, whose amiable qualities and prejudices form an interesting mixture, and afford an opportunity for the following fine portrait.

"William W—— is a pale-faced, grave-looking thin gentleman, of forty years old, or thereby. He has a stoop in his gait, and walks with his toes in; but his limbs seem full of sinew, and he is of a seemly breadth across the back. He uses to wear a hat of singular broad brim, like a Quaker, for the convenience of shadow to his eyes, which are weak, though piercing. These he further comforts and assists by means of a pair of spectacles, of the pure crystalline in winter, "but throughout the sunny portion of the year," green. His nose is turned up somewhat at the point, as it were disdainfully. His lips would be altogether indiscernible, but for the line of their division; and can call up in no mind (unless, perchance, on the principle of contrast) any phantasy either of cherry or rosebud, to say nothing about bees. This yellow visage of his, with his close firm lips, and his grey eyes shining through his spectacles, as through a burning-glass, more brightly—the black beard not over diligently shorn—all lurking under the projecting shadow of that strange brim, compose such a physiognomy, as one would less wonder to meet with in Valladolid, than in Edinburgh. It is plain, yet not ugly. It is monastic, yet it is not anchoretic. It is bitter and yet it wants not gleams of sheer good humour. In short, it belongs, and only could belong, to the nervous, irritable, enthusiastic, sarcastic William W——. The years which had passed since our parting, had exaggerated the lines of this countenance, and entirely removed every vestige of its bloom. But the features were too marked to have undergone any essential alteration; and after dinner, when some half a dozen bumpers of claret had somewhat smoothed its asperities, I could almost have fancied myself to be once more transported back to the common-room of Trinity or Jesus." (pp, 18, 19.)

We are much pleased with W—— throughout. His faults and weaknesses take nothing from our good feelings toward him. We are in love with his honesty, with his attachment to the Old Town, and with his unbending fidelity to his principles and convictions. We are not sure that we should not quarrel with him in real life, and living in the same place, but however disagreeable he might be found under such circumstances, we like him not a little in the book, where nothing clashes with our own prejudices, and no attack can be made upon our own peace.

The appearance of the Scotch people at church, as it is given in the following extract, is well calculated to let us into the religious character of this critical and discerning nation. The author must have attended closely to the subject to define so well.

"What the Scottish physiognomists are used to talk of, with the high-

est satisfaction, is the air of superior intelligence stamped on the faces of their countrymen of the lower orders of society; and indeed there is no question, a Scottish peasant, with his long dry visage, his sharp prominent cheek bones, his grey twinkling eyes, and peaked chin, would seem a very Argus, if set up close beside the sleek and ponderous chubbiness of a Gloucestershire farmer—to say nothing of the smarter and ruddier oiliness of some of our country folks. As to the matter of a mere acuteness, however, I think I have seen faces in Yorkshire, at least a match for any thing to be found farther north. But the mere shrewdness of the Scotch peasant's face, is only one part of its expression; it has other things, I should imagine, even more peculiarly characteristic.

"The best place to study their faces in is the kirk; it is there that the sharpness of their discernment is most vehemently expressed in every line—for they are all critics of the sermon, and even of the prayers; but it is there also that this sharpness of feature is most frequently seen to melt away before emotions of a nobler order, which are no less peculiarly, though far less pertinently theirs. It is to me a very interesting thing to witness the struggle that seems to be perpetually going on between the sarcastic and reverential elements of their disposition—how bitterly they seem to rejoice in their own strength, when they espy, or think they espy, some chink in the armour of their preacher's reasoning; and then with what sudden humility they appear to bow themselves into the dust, before some single solitary gleam of warm affectionate eloquence—the only weapon they have no power to resist. If I mistake not, it is in this mixture of sheer speculative and active hard-headedness, with the capacity of so much lofty enthusiasm concerning things intangible, that we must seek for the true differential quality of the Scottish peasants." (p, 27.)

The remarks upon Goethe, and the portrait of Jeffrey, are worthy of a place in our review.

"Of all the celebrated characters of this place, I rather understand that Jeffrey is the one whom travellers are commonly most in a hurry to see—not surely that the world in general has any such deep and abiding feeling of admiration for him, or any such longing to satisfy their eyes with gazing on his features, as they have with regard to such a man as Scott, or even St———t; but I think the interest felt with respect to him is of a more vivacious and eager kind, and they rush with all speed to gratify it—exactly as men give immediate vent to their petty passions, who have no difficulty, or rather, indeed, who have a sort of pleasure in nursing silently, and concealing long, those of a more serious and grave importance. A few years ago, I should, perhaps, have been more inclined to be a sharer in this violent sort of impatience; but even now I approached the residence of Jeffrey with any feelings assuredly rather than those of indifference.

"He was within when I called, and in a second I found myself in the presence of this bugbear of authors. He received me so kindly, (although, from the appearance of his room, he seemed to be immersed in occupation,) and asked so many questions, and said and looked so much, in so short a time, that I had some difficulty in collecting my inquisitorial powers to examine the person of the man. I know not how, there is a kind of atmosphere of activity about him; and my eyes caught so much of the prevailing spirit, that they darted for some minutes from object to object, and refused, for the first time, to settle themselves even upon the features of a man of genius—to them, of all human things, the most potent attractions.

"I find that the common prints give a very inadequate notion of his appearance. The artists of this day are such a set of cowardly fellows, that they never dare to give the truth as it is in nature; and the consequence is, after all, that they rather take from, than add to, the impressiveness of the faces they would flatter. What a small matter is smoothness of skin, or even regularity of feature, in the countenance that Nature has formed to be the index of a powerful intellect? Perhaps I am too much of a connoiseur to be a fair judge of such matters; but I am very sure, that the mere handsomeness of a great man is one of the last things about him that fixes my attention. I do not wish, neither, to deny, that, when I first saw Goethe, the sublime simplicity of his Homeric beauty—the awful pile of forehead—the large deep eyes, with their melancholy lightnings—the whole countenance, so radiant with divinity, would have lost much of its power, had it not been, at the same time, the finest specimen of humanity I had ever beheld; neither would I conceal the immeasurable softness of delight which mingled with my reverence, when I detected, as if by intuition, in the midst of the whole artists of St. Luke's, the Hyperion curls, and calm majestic lineaments, which could be nobody's but Canova's. But although beauty never exists in vain, there is nothing more certain than that its absence is scarcely perceived by those who are capable of discovering and enjoying the marks of things more precious than beauty. Could all our countrymen at the present time, of very great reputation for talents or genius, be brought together into a single room, their physiognomies would, I doubt not, form as impressive a group as can well be imagined; but, among the whole, there would scarcely be more than one face which any sculptor might be ambitious of imitating on marble. Jeffrey's countenance could not stand such a test. To catch the minutest elements of its eloquent power, would, I think, be a hard enough task for any painter, and indeed, as I have already told you, it has proved too hard a task for such as have yet attempted it." (pp. 33, 34.)

"Mr. Jeffrey, then, as I have said, is a very short, and very active-looking man, with an appearance of extraordinary vivacity in all his motions and gestures. His face is one which cannot be understood at a single look—perhaps it requires, as it certainly invites, a long and anxious scrutiny before it lays itself open to the gazer. The features are neither handsome, nor even very defined in their outlines; and yet the effect of the whole is as striking as any arrangement either of more noble or more marked features, which ever came under my view. The forehead is very singularly shaped, describing in its bend from side to side a larger segment of a circle than is at all common; compressed below the temples almost as much as Sterne's, and throwing out sinuses above the eyes, of an extremely bold and compact structure. The hair is very black and wiry, standing in ragged bristly clumps out from the upper part of his head, but lying close and firm, lower down, especially about the ears. Altogether it is picturesque, and adds to the effect of the visage. The mouth is the most expressive part of his face, as I believe it is of every face. The lips are very firm, but they tremble and vibrate, even when brought close together, in such a way as to give the idea of an intense, never-ceasing play of mind. There is a delicate kind of sneer almost always upon them, which has not the least appearance of ill-temper about it, but seems to belong entirely to the speculative understanding of the man. I have said that the mouth is the most expressive part of his face—and, in one sense, this is the truth, for it is certainly the seat of all its rapid and transitory expression. But what speaking things are his eyes! They disdain to be agitated with those lesser emotions which pass over the lips; they reserve their fierce and dark energies for matters of more

moment; once kindled with the heat of any passion, how they beam, flash upon flash! The scintillation of a star is not more fervid. Perhaps, notwithstanding of this, their repose is even more worthy of attention. With the capacity of emitting such a flood of radiance, they seem to take a pleasure in banishing every ray from their black, inscrutable, glazed, tarnlike circles. I think their prevailing language is, after all, rather a melancholy than a merry one—it is, at least, very full of reflection. Such is a faint outline of this countenance, the features of which (to say nothing at all of their expression,) have, as yet, baffled every attempt of the portrait-painters; and which, indeed, bids very fair, in my opinion, to leave no image behind it either on canvass or on copper. A sharp, and, at the same time, very deep-toned voice—a very bad pronunciation, but accompanied with very little of the Scotch accent—a light and careless manner, exchanged now and then for an infinite variety of more earnest expression and address—this is as much as I could carry away from my first visit to "the wee rekit deil," as the Inferno of Altesidora has happily called him. I have since seen a great deal more of him, and have a great deal more to tell you, but my paper is done." (pp, 36, 37.)

Justice is done to the talents, learning, and style of Hume, but there is an apparent contradiction between the declarations which are made concerning the extent of his influence. "The prince of skeptics has himself been found the most potent instrument for *diminishing*, almost for *neutralizing*, the true and grave influence of the prince of historians." (p, 50.) From this we should suppose that Hume's influence is very small, but we learn in another place that it is very great. "Whatever may be his future fate, this much is quite certain, that the general principles of his philosophy still continue to exert a *mighty influence* over by far the greatest part of the literary men of his country; and that almost the only subject, on which these his pious disciples dare to apply his principles in a different way from what he himself exemplified, is that of politics." (p, 51.)

The charge against Adam Smith, (p, 50,) that he attempted to try every thing by "*mere utility*," is by no means just, if it includes the idea that man has by nature no moral sentiments, and that every question in casuistry is to be decided, as in Paley's ethics, by a calculation of general consequences. Smith believed that man is in his nature a moral being, possessing moral sentiments, and approving or disapproving according to their dictates. The moral sentiments may indeed be abused; they may be well or ill directed; they may be happily or unhappily associated; but they are always a part of our nature, and affect our moral judgments, whatever may be our education or our attainments. It is the great defect of Paley's Moral Philosophy, that he disregards the moral constitution of man, and determines ques-

tions of right and wrong by mere utility, or general consequences. But Smith's excellent work, The Theory of Moral Sentiments, is of a very different character, and brings into view continually the moral nature of the human mind.

Peter has furnished us with an ingenious and amusing "cranioscopical" account of Hume and Rousseau. But, as in other cases, he has taken the characters of the men, as he knew them from other means, and appropriated their different talents to different parts and conformations of their sculls.

"The prints of David Hume are, most of them, I believe, taken from the very portrait I have seen; but, of course, the style and effect of the features are much more thoroughly to be understood, when one has an opportunity of observing them expanded in their natural proportions. The face is far from being in any respect a classical one. The forehead is chiefly remarkable for its prominence from the ear, and not so much for its height. This gives him a lowering sort of look forward, expressive of great inquisitiveness into matters of fact, and the consequences to be deduced from them. His eyes are singularly prominent, which, according to the Gallic system, would indicate an extraordinary development of the organ of language behind them. His nose is too low between the eyes, and not well or boldly formed in any other respect. The lips, although not handsome, have, in their fleshy and massy outlines, abundant marks of habitual reflection and intellectual occupation. The whole has a fine expression of intellectual dignity, candour, and serenity. The want of elevation, however, which I have already noticed, injures very much the effect even of the structure of the lower part of the head. It takes away all idea of the presence of the highest and most god-like elements of which our nature is capable. In the language of the German doctor, it denotes the non-development of the organ of veneration. It is to be regretted that he wore powder, for this prevents us from having the advantage of seeing what was the natural style of his hair—or, indeed, of ascertaining the form of any part of his head beyond the forehead. If I mistake not, this physiognomy accords very well with the idea you have formed of David Hume's character. Although he was rather fond of plaguing his theological contemporaries, there was not much of the fanaticism of infidelity about him His object, in most cases, was to see what the mere power of ratiocination would lead to, and wherever he met with an illogical sequence of propositions, he broke it down without mercy. When he was led into ill-toned and improper feelings, it was chiefly by the intoxication of intellectual power, for there seems to have been much humanity and graciousness in his disposition.

"In the same room I saw also a portrait, by the same hand, of David's illustrious friend, and illustrious enemy, Jean Jacques. No person who sees their two heads in this juxtaposition, can help wondering by what circumstances these two men should ever have been led to imagine themselves capable of entertaining true feelings of friendship for each other. As well might one conceive of an alliance between the calm, cud-chewing, mild-eyed cow of the meadow, and the wild, fierce, untamed and untameable leopard or panther of the jungle. Rousseau is represented in his usual fantastic Armenian garb, a loose flowing brown vest or caftan, and a high furred bonnet on his head. This last piece of dress mingles itself admirably with his wiry hair, twisted and convolved, as if it grew through a skin

that had no rest—and both harmonize, as well as possible, with the thin, pale, melancholy visage, the narrow irascible lips, the black wandering impenetrable eye, and the thick jetty eye brows drawn together with such a look of visionary suspiciousness. One sees little of the forehead itself, but the bonnet gives the effect of great elevation, and such, I doubt not, was the truth, could we look below. What an eloquent expression of self-tormenting imagination! It seems as if all thoughts came to that mysterious receptacle, and few could find there any resting place. Enthusiasm, with the strong wing, and the kingly eye of the eagle—the meaner ferocity of the kite—and passionate dreams, soft as the pinions of a dove—and broken touches of melody more melting than the music of nightingales. Most strange, most unintelligible of men! what glimpses of more than earthly happiness must he have experienced, when, in the glory of his strength, he tossed from him for a time his besetting infirmities, and allowed his free spirit to soar and hover at its will! What more than mortal anguish, in the degradation and subjection of that which was capable of so ærial a flight—the imprisonment of the King of the Air! What wonder, that when mean thoughts festered in his nobler soul, he should have deemed all men traitors to his liberty, and poured his burning curses on them through the self-raised bars of his visionary dungeon! Alas! how easy to condemn, how difficult to sympathize in, the aberrations of such a spirit!

"The gentle, inflexible, intellectual David—the most consistent of men.—how should he have been the friend, the companion, of this phrenzied enthusiast? How could these men have understood each other?—their very eyes speak languages which have scarce two words in common. In infidelity, the only point of their agreement, Hume was far more different from Rousseau, than half the Christians in the world are from half the infidels. They fought against different parts of the system, and they fought with different weapons. There was more danger by far to be dreaded from the Scott than the Swiss. His onset, indeed, was not attended with so much of the spectacular and imposing circumstances of combat—his troops were of a more still and quiet disposition, but they made their attacks with more cunning skill, and the effects of their impious triumphs have been far more durable and deadly. The high and lofty parts of man's nature, which Rousseau audaciously enlisted against the Bible, struggled, for a season, with all the clamours of determinate warfare; but they are the natural allies of that which they assaulted, and throughout the world they have long since returned devoutly to their old allegiance." (pp. 53, 54, 55.)

From the account given of Mr. Murray's address at the dinner in honor of Burns, it ought to have failed as it did. Such occasions however are the most difficult for oratory, and few men succeed, under such circumstances, to keep up with the excitement of the minds of the guests, and to meet expectations which are high and ill defined. The neglect of Wordsworth and Coleridge, in the toasts that were offered, was mean, if Peter has assigned the right motives to the managers of the dinner. The defence of Wordsworth's kind of poetry is good for all who have the feelings required to understand it.

"The delight, which is conferred by vivid descriptions of stranger e-

vents and stronger impulses than we ourselves experience, is adapted for all men, and is an universal delight. That part of our nature, to which they address themselves, not only exists in every man originally, but has its existence fostered and cherished by the incidents of every life. To find a man, who has no relish for the poetry of Love or of War, is almost as impossible as to find one that does not enjoy the brightness of the sun, or the softness of moon-light. The poetry of ambition, hatred, revenge, pleases masculine minds in the same manner as the flashing of lightnings and the roaring of cataracts. But there are other things in man and in nature, besides tumultuous passions and tempestuous scenes—and he that is a very great poet, may be by no means a very popular one.

"The critics, who ridicule Mr. Wordsworth for choosing the themes of his poetry among a set of objects new and uninteresting to their minds, would have seen, had they been sufficiently acute, or would have confessed, had they been sufficiently candid, that, had he so willed it, he might have been among the best and most powerful masters in other branches of his art, more adapted to the generality of mankind and for themselves. The martial music in the hall of Clifford was neglected by the Shepherd Lord, for the same reasons which have rendered the poet that celebrates him such a poet as he is.

> 'Love had he seen in huts where poor men lie,
> His daily teachers had been woods and rills.
> The silence that is in the starry sky,
> The sleep that is among the lonely hills.'

Before a man can understand and relish his poems, his mind must, in some measure, pass through the same sober discipline—a discipline that calms, but does not weaken the spirit—that blends together the understanding and the affections, and improves both by the mixture. The busy life of cities, the ordinary collisions of sarcasm and indifference, steel the mind against the emotions that are bred and nourished among those quiet valleys, so dear to the Shepherd Lord and his poet. What we cannot understand, it is a very common, and, indeed, a very natural thing, for us to undervalue; and it may be suspected, that some of the merriest witticisms which have been uttered against Mr. Wordsworth, have had their origin in the pettishness and dissatisfaction of minds unaccustomed and unwilling to make, either to others or to themselves, any confessions of incapacity." (pp, 68, 69.)

The difference between Crabbe's descriptions of low life and those of Burns is well delineated.

"What different ideas of low life one form seven from reading the works of men who paint it admirably. Had Crabbe, for instance, undertaken to represent the carousal of a troop of beggars in a hedge alehouse, how unlike would his production have been to this Cantata? He would have painted their rags and their dirt with the accuracy of a person who is not used to see rags and dirt very often; he would have seized the light careless swing of their easy code of morality, with the penetration of one who has long been a Master-Anatomist of the manners and the hearts of men. But I doubt very much whether any one could enter into the true spirit of such a meeting, who had not been, at some period of his life, a partaker in *propria persona*, and almost *par cum paribus*, in the rude merriment of its constituents. I have no doubt that Burns sat for his own pic-

ture in the Bard of the Cantata, and had often enough in some such scene as *Poosie Nansie's*—

> ———'Rising, rejoicing
> Between his twa Deborahs,
> Looked round him, and found them
> Impatient for his chorus.'

"It is by such familiarity alone that the secret and essence of that charm which no group of human companions entirely wants, can be fixed and preserved even by the greatest of poets—Mr. Crabbe would have described the Beggars like a firm, though humane, Justice of the Peace—poor Robert Burns did not think himself entitled to assume any such airs of superiority. The consequence is, that we should have understood and pitied the one group, but that we sympathize even with the joys of the other. We would have thrown a few shillings to Mr. Crabbe's Mendicants, but we are more than half inclined to sit down and drink them ourselves along, with the 'orra duds' of those of Burns." (pp. 75, 76)

The 13th Letter is upon Scotch education, and is the result evidently of critical observation by a mind well imbued with classical learning. Some of the remarks deserve particular attention in our own country, and show how much alike some of the Edinburghers and some of the Americans think and talk upon this great subject. It is time that we should understand the value of the study of language, and that we should earnestly encourage as well as diligently pursue it. The bad taste, in which such an immense proportion of our writing is produced, shows too plainly that we have yet to make ourselves familiar with the great masters of antiquity, and to imbibe their simplicity and elegance.

"Before these boys, therefore, have learned Latin enough to be able to read any Latin author with facility, and before they have learned Greek enough to enable them to understand thoroughly any one line in any one Greek book in existence, they are handed over to the Professor of Logic, Rhetoric, and Belles lettres, *quasi jam linguarum satis periti*. You and I know well enough it is no trifling matter to acquire any thing like a mastery, a true and effectual command, over the great languages of antiquity; we well remember how many years of busy exertion it cost us in boyhood—yes, and in manhood too—before we found ourselves in a condition to make any complete use of the treasures of wit and wisdom to which these glorious languages are the keys. When we then are told that the whole of the classical part of Scottish academical education is completed within the space of two years, and this with boys of the age I have mentioned, there is no occasion for saying one word more about the matter. We see and know, as well as if we had examined every lad in Edinburgh, that not one of them, who has enjoyed no better means of instruction than these, can possibly know any thing more than the merest and narrowest rudiments of classical learning. This one simple fact is a sufficient explanation not only of the small advances made by the individuals of this nation in the paths of erudition, strictly so called, but of much that is peculiar, and if one may be permitted to say so, of much that is highly disagreeable too, in the general tone of the literature wherein the national mind is and

has been expressed. It shows, at once, the origin of much that distinguishes the authors of Scotland, not from those of England alone, but from those of all the other nations of Europe. I do not mean that which honorably distinguishes them, (for of such distinction also they have much,) but that which distinguishes them in a distressing and degrading manner—their ignorance of the great models of antiquity—nay, the irreverent spirit in which they have the audacity to speak concerning men and works, whom (considered as a class) modern times have as yet in vain attempted to equal.

"This is a subject of which it would require a bolder man than I am to say so much, to almost any Scotchman whose education has been entirely conducted in his own country. If you venture only to tread upon the hem of that garment of self-sufficiency, in which the true Scotchman wraps himself, he is sure to turn round upon you as if you had aimed a dagger at his vitals; and as to this particular point of attack, he thinks he has most completely punished you for your presumption (in the first place) and checked your courage for the future, (in the second,) when he has launched out against you one or two of those sarcasms about 'longs and shorts,' and the 'superiority of things to words,' with which we have, till of late, been familiar in the pages of the Edinburgh Review. A single arrow from that redoubtable quiver, is hurled against you, and the archer turns away with a smile, nothing doubting that your business is done—nor indeed, is it necessary to prolong the contest; for, although you may not feel yourself to be entirely conquered, you must, at least, have seen enough to convince you, that you have no chance of making your adversary yield. If he have not justice on his side, he is, at least, tenacious of his purpose; and it would be a waste of trouble to attempt shaking his opinions either of you or of himself.

"The rest of the world, however, may be excused, if, *absente reo*, they venture to think and to speak a little more pertinaciously concerning the absurdity of this neglect of classical learning, which the Scotch do not deny or palliate, but acknowledge and defend. We may be excused, if we hesitate a little to admit the weight of reasons from which the universal intellect of Christendom has always dissented, and at this moment dissents as firmly as ever, and to doubt whether the results of the system adopted in Scotland have been so very splendid as to authorize the tone of satisfied assurance, in which Scotchmen conceive themselves entitled to deride those who adhere to the older and more general style of discipline.

"It would be very useless to address to one, who has not given to the writers of antiquity some portion of such study as they deserve, any description of the chaste and delightful feelings with which the labours of such study are rewarded—far more to demand his assent to conclusions derived from descriptions which he would not fail to treat as so purely fantastical. The *incredulus odi* sort of disdain, with which several intelligent and well-educated men in this place have treated me, when I ventured in their presence to say a few words concerning that absurd kind of self-denial, abstinence, and *mortificatio spiritus*, which seems to be practised by the gentlemen of Scotland, in regard to this most rational and most enduring species of pleasures—the air of mingled scorn and pity, with which they listened to me, and the condescending kind of mock assent which they expressed in reply, have sufficiently convinced me that the countrymen of David Hume are not over fond of taking any thing upon trust. The language of their looks being interpreted, is, "Yes—yes—it is all very well to speak about feelings, and so forth; but is it not sad folly to waste so many years upon mere words?" Of all the illogical, irrational sorts of delusion, with which ignorance ever came to the consolation of self-love,

surely this is the most palpably absurd. The darkness of it may be *felt*. During the few short and hasty months in which the young gentlemen of Scotland go through the ceremonious quackery which they are pleased to call *learning Greek*, it is very true that they are occupied with *mere words*, and that too, in the meanest sense of the phrase. They are seldom very sure whether any word be a noun or a verb, and therefore they are *occupied* about words. The few books, or fragments of books, which they read, are comprehended with a vast expense of labour, if they be comprehended at all—with continual recurrence to some wretched translation, English or Latin, or still more laborious recurrence to the unmanageable bulk and unreadable types of a Lexicon. It is no wonder that they tell you all their time was spent upon *mere words*, and it would be a mighty wonder if the time so spent were recollected by them with any considerable feeling of kindliness. I must own, I am somewhat of my Lord Byron's opinion concerning the absurdity of allowing boys to learn the ancient languages, from books, the charm of which consists in any very delicate and evanescent beauties—any *curiosa felicitas* either of ideas or expressions. I also remember the time when I complained to myself (to others I durst not) that I was occupied with mere words—and to this hour I feel, as the noble Childe does, the miserable effects of that most painful kind of exercise, which with us is soon happily changed for something of a very different nature, but which here in Scotland gives birth to almost the only idea connected with the phrase *studying Greek*.

"But that a people, so fond of the exercise of reason as the Scotch, should really think and speak as it it were possible for those who spend many years in the study of the classics, to be all the while occupied about mere words, this, I confess, is a thing that strikes me as being what Mr. Coleridge would call 'One of the voonders above voonders.'—How can the thing be done? It is not in the power of the greatest index-making or bibliographical genius in the world to do so, were he to make the endeavour with all the zeal of his vocation. It is not possible, in the first place, to acquire any knowledge of the mere words—the vocables—of any ancient language, without reading very largely in the books which remain to us out of the ruins of its literature. Rich above all example as the literature of Greece once was, and rich as the pure literature of Greece is even at this moment, when compared with that of the Romans, it so happens that all the classical Greek works in the world occupy but a trifling space in any man's library; and were it possible to read philosophers and historians as quickly as novelists or tourists, they might all be read through in no very alarming space of time by any circulating-library glutton who might please to attack them. Without reading, and being familiar with the whole of these books, or at least without doing something little short of this, it is absolutely impossible for any man to acquire even a good knowledge of Greek. Now, that any man should make himself familiar with these books, without at the same time forming some pretty tolerable acquaintance with the subjects of which they treat, not even a Scotchman, I think, will venture to assert. And that any man can make himself acquainted with these books (in this sense of the phrase) without having learned something that is worthy of being known, over and above the words submitted to his eyes in their pages, I am quite sure no person of tolerable education in Christendom will assert, unless he be a Scotchman" (pp, 83—86.)

We should like to extract the page devoted to Dr. Brown's lecture room, and indeed the whole of the 14th Letter, but our limits forbid. The analysis of the Farnese Hercules is

so novel and interesting, that we shall not resist our wish to quote it.

"This was suggested to me, however, not by a picture of the Madonna, but by a Grecian bust; and I think you will scarcely suspect which this was. It was one of which the whole character is, I apprehend, mistaken in modern times; one which is looked at by fine ladies with a shudder, and by fine gentlemen with a sneer. Artists alone study and love it; their eyes are too much trained to permit of any thing else. But even they seem to me entirely to overlook the true *character* of that which, with a view to quite different qualities, they fervently admire. In the Hercules Farnese (for this is the bust) no person who looks on the form and attitude with a truly scientific eye, can possibly believe that he sees only the image of brute strength. There are few heads on the contrary more human in their expression—more eloquent with the manly virtue of a mild and generous hero. And how indeed could a Grecian sculptor have dared to represent the glorious Alcides in any other way? How do the poets represent him? As the image of divine strength and confidence, struggling with and vanquishing the evils of humanity—as the emanation of divine benevolence, careless of all but doing good—purifying the earth from the foulness of polluting monsters—avenging the cause of the just and the unfortunate—plunging into hell in order to restore to an inconsolable husband the pale face of his wife, who had died a sacrifice to save him—himself at last expiring on the hoary summit of Athos, amidst the blaze of a funeral pile which had been built indeed with his own hands, but which he had been compelled to ascend by the malignant cruelty of a disappointed savage. The being who was hallowed with all these high attributes in the strains of Sophocles, Euripides, and Pindar—would any sculptor have dared to select him for the object in which to embody his ideas of the mere animal power of man—the exuberance of corporeal strength? so far from this, the Hercules has not only one of the most intellectual heads that are to be found among the monuments of Greek sculpture, but also one of the most graceful. With the majesty which he inherits from the embrace of Jupiter, there is mingled a mild and tender expression of gentleness, which tells that he has also his share in the blood and in the miseries of our own lower nature. The stooping reflecting attitude may be that of a hero weary with combat, but is one that speaks, as if his combatting had been in a noble cause; as if high thoughts had nerved his arm more than the mere exultations of corporeal vigour. His head is bent from the same quarter as that of the Madonnas; and whoever takes the trouble to examine it will find, that in this particular point is to be found the chief expansion and prominence of his organization." (pp, 150—152.)

The following is a lively portrait of Mr. Jeffrey as a Dandy.

"I had not been long in the room, however, when I heard Mr. Jeffrey announced, and as I had not seen him for some time, I resolved to stay, and, if possible, enjoy a little of his conversation in some corner. When he entered, I confess I was a good deal struck with the different figure he made from what I had seen at C———g C———k. Instead of the slovenly set-out which he then sported, the green jacket, black neckcloth, and grey pantaloons, I have seldom seen a man more nice in his exterior than Mr. Jeffrey now seemed to be. His little person looked very neat in the way he had now adorned it. He had a very well-cut blue coat—evidently not after the design of any Edinburgh artist—light

kerseymere breeches, and ribbed silk stockings---a pair of elegant buckles---white kid gloves, and a tri-colour watch ribbon. He held his hat under his arm in a very *degagee* manner, and altogether he was certainly one of the last men in the assembly, whom a stranger would have guessed to be either a great lawyer or a great reviewer. In short, he was more of a Dandy than any great author I ever saw; always excepting Tom Moore and David Williams." (pp, 154, 155.)

Mrs. Grant is indebted to Dr. Morris for an excellent paragraph of judicious praise.

"I was at another party of somewhat the same kind last night, where, however, I had the satisfaction of seeing several more characters of some note, and therefore I repented not my going. Among others, I was introduced to Mrs. Grant of Laggan, the author of the Letters from the Mountains, and other well known works. Mrs. Grant is really a woman of great talents and acquirements, and might, without offence to any one, talk upon any subject she pleases. But, I assure you, any person that hopes to meet with a Blue-Stocking, in the common sense of the term, in this lady, will feel sadly disappointed. She is as plain, modest, and unassuming, as she could have been had she never stepped from the village, whose name she has rendered so celebrated. Instead of entering on any long common-place discussions, either about politics or political economy, or any other of the hackneyed subjects of tea-table talk in Edinburgh, Mrs. Grant had the good sense to perceive, that a stranger, such as I was, came not to hear disquisitions, but to gather useful information, and she therefore directed her conversation entirely to the subject which she herself best understands—which, in all probability, she understands better than almost any one else--and which was precisely one of the subjects, in regard to which I felt the greatest inclination to hear a sensible person speak—namely the Highlands. She related, in a very simple, but very graphic manner, a variety of little anecdotes and traits of character, with my recollections of which I always shall have a pleasure in connecting my recollections of herself. The sound and rational enjoyment I derived from my conversation with this excellent person, would, indeed, atone for much more than all the Blue-Stocking sisterhood have ever been able to inflict upon my patience." (pp, 159, 160.)

The criticism upon the mode of lighting a theatre appears to us to be just, and to deserve public regard.

"There is no doubt that the size of such a theatre as the Edinburgh one is much more favourable to accuracy of criticism, than a house of larger dimensions can be. It is somewhat larger than the Hay-Market; but it is quite possible to observe the minutest workings of an actor's face from the remotest parts of the pit or the boxes; and the advantages in point of hearing, are, of course, in somewhat the same measure. The house, however, has newly been lighted up in a most brilliant manner with gas; and this, I should think, must be any thing rather than an improvement, in so far as purposes, truly theatrical, are concerned. Nothing, indeed, can be more beautiful than the dazzling effect exhibited, when one first enters the house; before, perhaps, the curtain is drawn up. The whole light proceeds from the centre of the roof, where one large sun of crystal hangs in a blazing atmosphere, that defies you to look up to it---circle within circle of white flame, all blended and glowing into one huge orb of intolerable splendour. Beneath this flood of radiance, every face in the audience, from the gallery to the orchestra, is seen as distinctly as if all were seated in the open light of noon day. And the unaccustomed

spectator feels, when his box-door is opened to him, as if he were stepping into a brilliant ball-room, much more than as if he were entering a theatre.

"But the more complete the illumination of the whole house, the more difficult it of course must be to throw any concentrating and commanding degree of light upon the stage; and the consequence I should think, is, that the pleasure which the audience now derive from looking at each other, is just taken from the pleasure which, in former times, they might have had in looking at the performers. There is nothing more evident, than that the stage should always be made to wear an appearance in all respects as different as possible from the rest of the theatre. The spectator should be encouraged by all possible arts to imagine himself a complete eaves-dropper, a peeper, and a listener, who is hearing and seeing things that he has no proper right to hear and see. And it is for this reason, that I approve so much of the arrangement usually observed in the French, the German, but most of all in the Italian theatres, which, while it leaves the whole audience enveloped in one sheet of dim and softened gloom, spreads, upon the stage and those that tread it, a flood of glory, which makes it comparatively an easy matter to suppose, that the curtain which has been drawn up was a part of the veil that separates one world of existence from another. In such a theatre, the natural inclination every one feels is to be as silent as possible—as if it were not to betray the secret of an ambush. The attention, when it is drawn at all to the stage, is drawn thither entirely; and one feels as if he were guilty of a piece of foolish negligence every moment he removes his gaze from the only point of light on which he has the power to rest it. * * * In such a theatre as that of Edinburgh, on the contrary, all is alike dazzle and splendour. The Dandy of the Green-room is not a whit more ridiculous, or a whit better seen, than his double close by your side; and every blaze of rouge or pearl-powder displayed by the Pseudo Belles of the distance, finds its counterpart or rival on the cheek or shoulder of some real goddess on your fore-ground. In short, a poor innocent Partridge, introduced for the first time to theatrical spectacle in such a place as this, would, I think, be not a little at a loss to discover at what part of the house it should be his business to look. He would of course join in every burst of censure or applause; but he might, perhaps, be mistaken in his idea of what had called for the clamour. He might take the ogle of Miss —— for a too impudent clap-trap, or perhaps be caught sobbing his heart out in sympathy with some soft flirtation scene in the back-row of Lady ——'s side box. (pp, 161—163.)

Peter's talent in describing natural scenery is beautifully exemplified in his 27th Letter.

"In every point of view, however, the main centre of attraction is the Castle of Edinburgh. From whatever side you approach the city—whether by water or by land—whether your foreground consist of height or of plain, of heath, of trees, or of the buildings of the city itself—this gigantic rock lifts itself high above all that surrounds it, and breaks upon the sky with the same commanding blackness of mingled crags, cliffs, buttresses, and battlements. These, indeed, shift and vary their outlines at every step, but every where there is the same unmoved effect of general expression—the same lofty and imposing image, to which the eye turns with the same unquestioning worship. Whether you pass on the southern side, close under the bare and shattered blocks of granite, where the crumbling turrets on the summit seem as if they had shot out of the kindred rock in some fantastic freak of Nature—and where, amidst the e-

verhanging mass of darkness, you vainly endeavour to descry the track by which Wallace scaled—or whether you look from the north, where the ruggy cliffs find room for some scanty patches of moss and broom, to diversify their barren grey—and where the whole mass is softened into beauty by the wild green glen which intervenes between the spectator and its foundations—wherever you are placed, and however it is viewed, you feel at once that here is the eye of the landscape, and the essense of the grandeur.

"Neither is it possible to say under what sky or atmosphere all this appears to the greatest advantage. The heavens may put on what aspect they choose, they never fail to adorn it. Changes that elsewhere deform the face of nature, and rob her of half her beauty, seem to pass over this majestic surface only to dress out its majesty in some new apparel of magnificence. If the air is cloudless and serene, what can be finer than the calm reposing dignity of those old towers—every delicate angle of the fissured rock, every loop-hole and every lineament seen clearly and distinctly in all their minuteness, or, if the mist be wreathed around the basis of the rock, and frowning fragments of the citadel emerge only here and there from out the racking clouds that envelope them, the mystery and the gloom only rivet the eye the faster, and half-baffled Imagination does more than the work of Sight. At times, the whole detail is lost to the eye—one murky tinge of impenetrable brown wraps rock and fortress from the foot to the summit—all is lost but the outline; but the outline atones abundantly for all that is lost. The cold glare of the sun, plunging slowly down into a melancholy west beyond them, makes all the broken labyrinth of towers, batteries, and housetops paint their heavy breadth in ten-fold sable magnitude upon that lurid canvass. At break of day, how beautiful is the freshness with which the venerable pile appears to rouse itself from its sleep, and look up once more with a bright eye into the sharp and dewy air!—At the 'grim and sultry hour' of noon, with what languid grandeur the broad flag seems to flap its long weight of folds above the glowing battlements? When the day-light goes down in purple glory, what lines of gold creep along the hoary brow of its antique strength! When the whole heaven is deluged, and the winds are roaring fiercely, and 'snow and hail, and stormy vapour,' are let loose to make war upon his front, with what an air of pride does the veteran citadel brave all their well-known wrath, 'cased in the unfeeling armour of old time!' The capitol itself is but a pigmy to this giant.

"But here, as every where, moonlight is the best. Wherever I spend the evening, I must always walk homewards by the long line of Prince's Street; and along all that spacious line, the midnight shadows of the Castle-rock for ever spread themselves forth, and wrap the ground on which I tread in their broad repose of blackness. It is not possible to imagine a more majestic accompaniment for the deep pause of that hour. The uniform splendour of the habitations on the left opening every now and then broken glimpses up into the very heart of the modern city—the magnificent terrace itself, with its stable breadth of surface—the few dying lamps that here and there glimmer faintly—and no sound, but the heavy tread of some far-off watchmen of the night—this alone might be enough, and it is more than almost any other city could afford. But turn to the right and see what a glorious contrast is there. The eternal rock sleeping in the stillness of nature—its cliffs of granite—its tufts of verdure—all alike steeped in the same unvarying hue of mystery—its towers and pinnacles rising like a grove of quiet poplars on its crest—the whole as colourless as if the sun had never shone there, as silent as if no voice of man had ever disturbed the echoes of the solemn scene. Overhead, the sky is all one breathless canopy of lucid crystal blue—here and

there a small bright star twinkling in the depth of æther---and full in the midst, the moon walking in her vestal glory, pursuing, as from the bosom of eternity, her calm and destined way---and pouring down the silver of her smiles upon all of lovely and sublime that nature and art could heap together, to do homage to her radiance. How poor, how tame, how worthless, does the converse even of the wisest and best of men appear, when faintly and dimly remembered amidst the sober tranquility of this heavenly hour! How deep the gulph that divides the tongue from the heart---the communication of companionship from the solitude of man! How soft, yet how awful, the beauty and the silence of the hour of spirits!

"I think it was one of the noblest conceptions that ever entered into the breast of a poet, which made Goethe open his Faustus with a scene of moonlight. The restlessness of an intellect wearied with the vanity of knowledge, and tormented with the sleepless agonies of doubt; the sickness of a heart bruised and buffeted by all the demons of presumption; the wild and wandering throbs of a soul parched among plenty, by the blind cruelty of its own dead affections: these dark and depressing mysteries all maddening within the brain of the Hermit Student, might have suggested other accompaniments to one who had looked less deeply into the nature of man--who had felt less in his own person of that which he might have been ambitious to describe. But this great master of intellect was well aware to what thoughts, and what feelings, the perplexed and the bewildered are most anxious to return. He well knew where it is, that Nature has placed the best balm for the wound of the spirit---by what indissoluble links she has twined her own eternal influences around the dry and chafed heart-strings that have most neglected her tenderness. It is thus, that his weary and melancholy sceptic speaks, his phial of poison is not yet mingled on his table, but the tempter is already listening at his ear, that would not allow him to leave the world until he should have plunged yet deeper into his snares, and added sins against his neighbour to sins against God and against himself. I wish I could do justice to his words in a translation, or rather that I had Coleridge nearer me.

Would thou wert gazing now thy last
Upon my troubles, glorious Harvest Moon!
Well canst thou tell how all my nights have past,
Wearing away how slow and yet how soon!
Alas! alas! sweet Queen of Stars,
Through dreary dim monastic bars,
To me thy silver radiance passes,
Illuminating round me massses
Of dusty books and mouldy paper,
That are not worthy of so fair a taper.
O might I once again go forth,
To see thee gliding through thy fields of blue,
Along the hill-tops of the north;
O might I go, as when I nothing knew,
Where meadows drink thy softening gleam,
And happy spirits twinkle in the beam,
To steep my heart in thy most healing dew." (pp, 167—170.)

The characters of the lawyers of Edinburgh are minutely and elegantly drawn. The *Stove School* of wits is thu described.

"The elder and more employed advocates, to have done with my similitudes, seemed for the most part, when not actually engaged in pleading,

to have the habit of seating themselves on the benches, which extend along the whole rear of their station. Here the veteran might be seen either poring over the materials of some future discussion, or contesting bitterly with some brother veteran the propriety of some late decision, or perhaps listening with sweet smiles to the talk of some uncovered Agent, whose hand in his fob seemed to give promise of a coming fee.—The most of the younger ones seemed either to promenade with an air of utter *nonchalance*, or to collect into groups of four, five, or six, from whence the loud and husky cackle of some leading characters might be heard ever and anon rising triumphantly above the usual hum of the place. I could soon discover, that there are some half-dozen, perhaps, of professed wits and story-tellers, the droppings of whose inspiration are sufficient to attract round each of them, when he sets himself on his legs in the middle of the floor, a proper allowance of eyes and mouths to glisten and gape over the morning's budget of good things—some new eccentricity of Lord H———, or broad bon-mot of Mr. C———. The side of the Hall frequented by these worthies, is heated by two or three large iron stoves; and from the custom of lounging during the winter months in the immediate vicinity of these centres of comfort, the barristers of facetious disposition have been christened by one of their brethren, the "Wits of the Stove-school." But, indeed, for aught I see, the journeyman-days of the whole of the young Scotch advocates might, with great propriety, be called by the simple collective—*Stovehood*.

"What has a more striking effect, however, than even the glee and merriment of these young people close at hand, is the sound of pleaders pleading at a distance, the music of whose elocution, heard separate from its meaning, is not, for the most part, such as to tempt a near approach. At one Bar, the wig of the Judge is seen scarcely over-topping the mass of eager, bent-forward, listening admirers, assembled to do honour to some favourite speaker of the day—their faces already arrayed in an appropriate smile, wherewith to welcome the expected joke—or fixed in the attitude of discernment and penetration, as if resolved that no link of his cunning chain of ratiocination should escape their scrutiny. At another extremity, the whole paraphernalia of the Judge's attire are exposed full to vision—all the benches around his tribunal deserted and tenantless, while some wearisome proser, to whom nobody listens except from necessity, is seen thumping the bar before him in all the agonies of unpartaken earnestness, his hoarse clamorous voice floating desolately into thin air, "like the voice of a man crying in the wilderness—whom no man heareth." (pp. 182, 183, 184.)

Unpartaken earnestness is a peculiarly graphical expression.

The pictures of Clerk and Cranstoun must be to the life.

"Never was any man less of a quack than Mr. Clerk; the very essence of his character is scorn of ornament, and utter loathing of affectation.—He is the plainest, the shrewdest, and the most sarcastic of men; his sceptre owes the whole of its power to its weight—nothing to glitter.

"It is impossible to imagine a physiognomy more expressive of the character of a great lawyer and barrister. The features are in themselves good—at least a painter would call them so; and the upper part of the profile has as fine lines as could be wished. But then, how the habits of the mind have stamped their traces on every part of the face! What sharpness, what razor-like sharpness, has indented itself about the wrinkles of his eye-lids; the eyes themselves so quick, so gray, such baffilers of scrutiny, such exquisite scrutinizers, how they change their expres-

sion—it seems almost, how they change their colour—shifting from contracted, concentrated blackness, through every shade of brown, blue, green, and hazel, back into their own open, gleaming gray again! How they glisten into a smile of disdain!—Aristotle says, that all laughter springs from emotions of conscious superiority. I never saw the Stagyrite so well illustrated, as in the smile of this gentleman. He seems to be affected with the most delightful and balmy feelings, by the contemplation of some soft-headed, prosing driveller, racking his poor brain, or bellowing his lungs out—all about something which he, the smiler, sees through so thoroughly, so distinctly. Blunder follows blunder; the mist thickens about the brain of the bewildered hammerer; and every plunge of the bog-trotter—every deepening shade of his confusion—is attested by some more copious infusion of Sardonic suavity, into the horrible, ghastly, grinning smile of the happy Mr. Clerk. How he chuckles over the solemn *spoon* whom he hath fairly got into his power! When he rises, at the conclusion of his display, he seems to collect himself like a kite above a covey of partridges; he is in no hurry to come down, but holds his victims "with his glittering eye," and smiles sweetly, and yet more sweetly, the bitter assurance of their coming fate; then out he stretches his arm, as the kite may his wing, and changing the smile by degrees into a frown, and drawing down his eye brows from their altitude among the wrinkles of his forehead; and making them to hang like fringes quite over his diminishing and brightening eyes, and mingling a tincture of deeper scorn in the wave of his lips, and projecting his chin, and suffusing his whole face with the very livery of wrath, how he pounces with a scream upon his prey—and, may the Lord have mercy upon their unhappy sours!——

"He is so sure of himself, and he has the happy knack of seeming to be so sure of his case, that the least appearance of labour, or concern, or nicety of arrangement, or accuracy of expression, would take away from the imposing effect of his cool, careless, scornful, and determined negligence. Even the greatest of his opponents sit, as it were, rebuked before his gaze of intolerable derision. But careless and scornful as he is, what a display of skilfulness in the way of putting his statements; what command of intellect in the strength with which he deals the irresistible blows of his arguments—blows of all kinds, *fibers, cross-buttockers*, but most often and most delightedly sheer *facers—choppers*.—"*Ars est celare artem*," is his motto; or rather, "*Usus ipse natura est*;" for where was there ever such an instance of the certain sway of tact and experience? It is truly a delightful thing, to be a witness of this mighty intellectual gladiator, scattering every thing before him, like a king, upon his old accustomed arena; with an eye as swift as lightning to discover the unguarded point of his adversary, and a hand, steady as iron, to direct his weapon, and a mask of impenetrable stuff, that throws back, like a rock, the prying gaze that would dare to retaliate upon his own lynx-like penetration—what a champion is here! It is no wonder that every litigant in this covenanting land, should have learned to look on it as a mere tempting of Providence to omit retaining John Clerk." (pp. 190—192.)

"There cannot be a greater contrast between any two individuals of eminent acquirements, than there is between Mr. Clerk and the gentleman who ranks next to him at the Scotish Bar—Mr. Cranstoun. They mutually set off each other to great advantage; they are rivals in nothing. Notwithstanding their total dissimilitude in almost every respect, they are well nigh equally admired by every one. I am much mistaken if any thing could furnish a more unequivocal testimony to the talents of them both."

"It was my fortune to see Mr. Cranstoun for the first time, as he rose to make his reply to a fervid, masculine, homely harrangue of my old favourite, and I was never less disposed to receive favourably the claims of a stranger upon my admiration. There was something, however, about the new speaker which would not permit me to refuse him my attention; although, I confess, I could scarcely bring myself to him with much *gusto* for several minutes. I felt, to use a simile in Mr. Clerk's own way, like a person whose eyes have been dazzled with some strong, rich, luxuriant piece of the Dutch or Flemish school, and who cannot taste, in immediate transition, the more pale, calm, correct gracefulness of an Italian Fresco; nevertheless, the eyes become cool as they gaze, and the mind is gradually yielded up to a less stimulant, but in the end a yet more captivating and soothing species of seduction. The pensive and pallid countenance, every delicate line of which seemed to breathe the very spirit of compact thoughtfulness---the mild, contemplative blue eyes, with now and then a flash of irresistible fire in them---the lips so full of precision and tastefulness, not perhaps without a dash of fastidiousness in the compression of their curves---the gentle, easy, but firm and dignified air and attitude—every thing about him had its magic, and the charm was not long in winning me effectually into its circle. The stream of his discourse flowed on calmly and clearly; the voice itself was mellow, yet commanding; the pronunciation exact but not pedantically so; the ideas rose gradually out of each other, and seemed to clothe themselves in the best and most accurate of phraseology, without the exertion of a single thought in its selection. The fascination was ere long complete; and, when he closed his speech, it seemed to me as if I had never before witnessed any specimen of the true "melliflua majestas" of Quinctilian.

"The only defect in his manner of speaking, (and it is, after all, by no means a constant defect,) is a certain appearance of coldness, which I suspect, is nearly inseparable from so much accuracy. Mr. Cranstoun is a man of high birth and refined habits, and he has profited abundantly by all the means of education, which either his own, or the sister country can afford. His success in his profession was not early, (though never was any success so rapid, after it once had a beginning;) and he spent therefore, many years of his manhood in the exquisite intellectual enjoyments of an elegant scholar, before he had either inclination or occasion to devote himself entirely to the more repulsive studies of the law. It is no wonder, then, that, in spite of his continual practice, and of his great natural eloquence, the impression of these delightful years should have become too deep ever to be concealed from view; and that, even in the midst of the most brilliant displays of his forensic exertion, there should mingle something in his air, which reminds us, that there is still another sphere, wherein his spirit would be yet more perfectly at home. To me, I must confess, although I am aware that you will laugh at me for doing so, there was always present, while I listened to this accomplished speaker, a certain feeling of pain. I could scarcely help regretting, that he should have become a barrister at all. The lucid power of investigation—the depth of argument---the richnesss of illustration----all set forth and embalmed in such a strain of beautiful and unaffected language, appeared to me to be almost too precious for the purposes to which they were devoted—even although, in this their devotion, they were also ministering to my own delight. I could not help saying to myself, what a pity that he, who might have added a new name to the most splendid triumph of his country—who might perhaps, have been equal to any one as historian, philosopher, or statesman, should have been induced, in the early and unconscious diffidence of his genius, to give himself to a profession

which can never afford any adequate remuneration either for the talents which he has devoted to its service, or the honour which he has conferred upon its name." (pp. 195, 196.)

We would extract the whole account of Jeffrey as he appears at the bar, but having already devoted so much room to him, we must take no more here than is necessary to furnish the contrast between him and Mr. Cockburn.

"The person against whom Mr. Cockburn is most frequently pitched in the Jury Court for civil cases, is Mr. Jeffrey; and after what I have said of both, you will easily believe that it is a very delightful thing to witness the different means by which these two most accomplished speakers endeavour to attain the same ends. It is the wisest thing either of them can do, to keep as wide as possible from the track which nature has pointed out to the other, and both are in general so wise as to follow implicitly and exclusively her infallible direction. In the play of his wit, the luxuriance of his imagination, the beauty of his expression, Mr. Jeffrey is as much beyond his rival, as in the depth of his reasoning, and the general richness and commanding energy of his whole intellect. In a case where the reason of his hearers alone is concerned, he has faculties which enable him to seize from the beginning, and preserve to the end, a total and unquestioned superiority. There is no speaker in Britain that deals out his illustrations with so princely a profusion, or heaps upon every image and every thought, that springs from an indefatigable intellect, so lavish a garniture of most exquisite and most apposite language.—There is no man who generalizes with a tact so masterly as Jeffrey; no multiplicity of facts can distract or dazzle him for a moment; he has a clue that brings him safe and triumphant out of every labyrinth, and he walks in the darkest recesses of his detail, with the air and the confidence of one that is sure of his conclusion, and sees it already bright before him, while every thing is Chaos and Erebus to his bewildered attendants. The delight which he communicates to his hearers, by the display of powers so extraordinary, is sufficient to make them rejoice in the confession of their own inferiority; careless of the point to which his steps are turned, they soon are satisfied to gaze upon his brightness, and be contented that such a star cannot lead them into darkness. A plain man, who for the first time is addressed by him, experiences a kind of sensation to which he has heretofore been totally a stranger. It is like the cutting off the cataract from a blind man's eye, when the first glorious deluge of light brings with it any thing rather than distinctness of vision. He has no leisure to think of the merits of the case before him; he is swallowed up in dumb overwhelming wonder of the miraculous vehicle, in which one side of it is expounded. The rapidity with which word follows word, and image follows image, and argument follows argument, keeps his intellect panting in vain to keep up with the stream, and gives him no time to speculate on the nature of the shores along which he is whirled, or the point towards which he is carried.

"But when the object of all this breathless wonder has made an end of speaking, it is not to be doubted that a plain, sensible, and conscientious person, who knows that the sacred cause of justice is to be served or injured by the decision which he himself must give, may very naturally experience a very sudden and a very uncomfortable revulsion of ideas.—That distrust of himself, which had attended and grown upon him all the while he listened, may now perhaps give way, in no inconsiderable measure, to distrust of the orator, whose winged words are yet ringing in his aching ears. The swiftness of the career has been such, that he cannot,

on reflection, gather any thing more than a very vague and unsatisfactory idea of the particular steps of his progress, and it is no wonder that he should pause a little before he decide with himself, that there is no safer and surer issue to which he might have been conducted in some less brilliant vehicle, and with some less extraordinary degree of speed. Nor can any thing be more likely to affect the mind of a person pausing and hesitating in this way, with a delightful feeling of refreshment and security, than the simple, leisurely, and unostentatious manner in which such a speaker as Mr. Cockburn may commence an address which has for its object to produce a quite opposite impression. When he sees a face so full of apparent candour and simplicity, and hears accents of so homely a character, and is allowed time to ponder over every particular statement as it is made, and consider with himself how it hinges upon that which has preceded, before he is called upon to connect it with something that is to follow----it is no wonder that he should feel as if he had returned to his own home after a flight in a parachute, and open himself to the new rhetorician with something of the reposing confidence due to an old and tried associate and adviser.

"As for causes in the Criminal Court, wherein mere argument is not all that is necessary, or such causes in the Jury Court as give occasion for any appeal to the feelings and affections----I fancy, there are few who have heard both of them that would not assign the palm to Mr. Cockburn without the smallest hesitation. Whether from the natural constitution of Mr. Jeffrey's mind, or from the exercises and habits in which he has trained and established its energies, it would seem as if he had himself little sympathy for the more simple and unadorned workings of the affections; and accordingly he has, and deserves to have, little success, when he attempts to command and controul those workings for purposes immediately his own. I have never seen any man of genius fail so miserably in any attempt, as he does whenever he strives to produce a pathetic effect by his eloquence. It is seen and felt in a moment, that he is wandering from his own wide and fertile field of dominion, and every heart which he would invade, repels him with coldness. It is not by an artificial piling together of beautiful words, and beautiful images, that one can awe into subjection the rebellious pride of man's bosom. It is not by such dazzling spells as these, that a speaker or a writer can smite the rock, and

"Wake the sacred source of sympathetic tears."

Mr. Jeffrey is the Prince of Rhetoricians; but Mr. Cockburn, in every other respect greatly his inferior, is more fortunate here. He is an Orator, and the passions are the legitimate and willing subjects of his deeper sway." (pp. 205----207.)

The anecdote of Lord Hermand's reading Guy Mannering on the bench in court shows the Lord's enthusiasm, the talents of the writer of the novel, and the good nature of the audience in permitting it.

"There would be no end of it, were I to begin telling you anecdotes about Lord Hermand. I hear a new one every day; for he alone furnishes half the materials of conversation to the young groups of stove-school wits, of which I have already said a word or two in describing the Outer-House. There is one, however, which I must venture upon. When Guy Mannering came out, the Judge was so much delighted with the picture of the life of the old Scotish lawyers in that most charming novel, that he could talk of nothing else but Pleydell, Dandie, and the High Jinks, for

many weeks. He usually carried one volume of the book about with him, and one morning, on the bench, his love for it so completely got the better of him, that he lugged in the subject, head and shoulders, into the midst of a speech about some most dry point of law; nay, getting warmer every moment he spoke of it, he at last fairly plucked the volume from his pocket, and, in spite of all the remonstrances of all his brethren, insisted upon reading aloud the whole passage for their edification. He went through the task with his wonted vivacity, gave great effect to every speech, and most appropriate expression to every joke; and when it was done, I suppose the Court would have no difficulty in confessing that they had very seldom been so well entertained. During the whole scene, Mr. W——— S———was present, seated indeed, in his official capacity, close under the Judge." (pp. 228.)

The following is full of life, and gives a most interesting view of a fashionable lounge.

"If one be inclined, however, for an elegant shop, and abundance of gossip, it is only necessary to cross the street, and enter the shop of Messrs. Manners and Miller---the true lounging-place of the blue-stockings, and literary beau-monde of the Northern metropolis. Nothing, indeed, can be more inviting than the external appearance of this shop, or more amusing, if one is in the proper lounging humour, than the scene of elegant trifling which is exhibited within. At the door you are received by one or the other of the partners, probably the second mentioned, who has perhaps been handing some fine lady to her carriage, or is engaged in conversation with some fine gentleman, about to leave the shop after his daily half-hour's visit. You are then conducted through a light and spacious anti-room, full of clerks and apprentices, and adorned with a few busts and prints, into the back-shop, which is a perfect bijou. Its walls are covered with all the most elegant books in fashionable request, arrayed in the most luxurious clothing of Turkey and Russia leather, red, blue, and green—and protected by glass folding doors, from the intrusion even of the little dust which might be supposed to threaten them, in a place kept so delicately trim. The grate exhibits either a fine blazing fire, or, in its place, a beautiful fresh bush of hawthorn, stuck all over with roses and lilies, as gay as a Maypole. The centre of the room is occupied by a table, covered with the Magazines and Reviews of the month, the papers of the day, the last books of Voyages and Travels, and innumerable books of scenery— those beautiful books which transport one's eye in a moment into the heart of Savoy or Italy—or that still more beautiful one, which presents us with exquisite representations of the old castles and romantic skies of Scotland, over whose forms and hues of native majesty, a new atmosphere of magical interest has just been diffused by the poetical pencil of Turner—Thomson—or Williams. Upon the leaves of these books, or such as these, a groupe of the most elegant young ladies and gentlemen of the place may probably be seen feasting, or seeming to feast their eyes; while encomiums due to their beauties are mingled up in the same whisper with compliments still more interesting to beauties, no doubt, still more divine. In one corner, perhaps, some haughty blue-stocking, with a volume of Campbell's Specimens, or Dr. Clarke's Scandinavia, or the last number of the Edinburgh Review, or Blackwood's Magazine in her hand, may be observed launching ever and anon a look of ineffable disdain upon the less intellectual occupation of her neighbours, and then returning with a new knitting of her brows to her own *paullo majora*. In the midst of all this, the Bookseller himself moves about doing the honours of the place, with the same unwearied gallantry and politeness—now mingling his smiles with those of the triflers, and

now listening with earnest civility to the dissertation, commendatory or reprobatory, of the more philosophic fair. One sees, in a moment, that this is not a great publishing shop; such weighty and laborious business would put to flight all the loves and graces that hover in the perfumed atmosphere of the place. A novel, or a volume of pathetic sermons, or pretty poems, might be tolerated, but that is the utmost. To select the most delicate viands from the great feast of the Cadells, Murrays, Baldwins, Constables, and Blackwoods, and arrange and dispose them so as to excite the delicate appetite of the fine fastidious few—such is the object and such the art of the great Hatchard of Edinburgh. This shop seems to have a prodigious flow of retail business, and is, no doubt, not less lucrative to the bookseller than delightful to his guests. Mr. Miller is the successor of Provost Creech, in something of his wit, and many of his stories, and in all his love of good cheer and good humour, and may certainly be looked upon as the favorite bibliopole of almost all but the writers of books. He ought, however, to look to his dignity, for I can perceive that he is likely to have ere long a dangerous rival in a more juvenile bookseller, whose shop is almost close to his own—Mr. Peter Hill.—This young gentleman inhabits at present a long and dreary shop, where it is impossible to imagine any groupe of fine ladies or gentlemen could assemble, *selon les regles*; but he talks of removing to the New Town, and hints, not obscurely, that Mr. Miller may soon see all the elegancies of his *boudoir* thrown into shade by an equally elegant *salon*." (pp. 254—256.)

We are not displeased with what is said of Coleridge, and are gratified with this able defence of him.

"If there be any man of grand and original genius alive at this moment in Europe, such a man is Mr. Coleridge. A certain rambling discursive style of writing, and a habit of mixing up, with ideas of great originality, the products of extensive observation and meditation, others of a very fantastic and mystical sort, borrowed from Fichte and the other German philosophers, with whose works he is familiar—these things have been sufficient to prevent his prose writings from becoming popular beyond a certain narrow class of readers, who, when they see marks of great power, can never be persuaded to treat lightly the works in which these appear, with whatever less attractive matter they may chance to be intermingled. Yet even his prose writings are at this moment furnishing most valuable materials to people who know, better than the author himself does, the art of writing for the British public, and it is impossible that they should much longer continue to be neglected, as they now are.—But the poetry of Coleridge, in order to be understood perfectly and admired profoundly, requires no peculiar habits of mind beyond those which all intelligent readers of poetry ought to have, and must have. Adopting much of the same psychological system which lies at the root of all the poetry of Wordsworth, and expressing, on all occasions, his reverence for the sublime intellect which Wordsworth has devoted to the illustration of this system, Coleridge himself has abstained from bringing his psychological notions forward in his poetry in the same open and uncourting way exemplified by his friend, and, what is of far more importance in the present view of the subject, he has adopted nothing of his friend's peculiar notions concerning poetical diction. He is perhaps the most splendid versifier of our age; he is certainly, to my ear, without exception, the most musical. Nothing can surpass the melodious richness of words which he heaps around his images—images which are neither glaring in themselves, nor set forth in any glaring framework of incident,

but which are always affecting to the very verge of tears, because they have all been formed and nourished in the recesses of one of the most deeply musing spirits that ever breathed forth its inspirations in the majestic language of England. Who that ever read his poem of *Genevieve* can doubt this? That poem is known to all readers of poetry, although comparatively few of them are aware that it is the work of Coleridge.—His love poetry is, throughout, the finest that has been produced in England since the days of Shakspeare and the old dramatists. Lord Byron represents the passion of love with a power and fervour every way worthy of his genius, but he does not seem to understand the nature of the feeling which these old English poets called by the name of Love. His love is entirely Oriental: the love of haughty warriors reposing on the bosom of humble slaves, swallowed up in the unquestioning potency of a passion, imbibed in, and from the very sense of their perpetual inferiority. The old dramatists and Coleridge regard women in a way that implies far more reverence for them—far deeper insight into the true grandeur of their gentleness. I do not think there is any poet in the world who ever touched so truly the mystery of the passion as he has done in *Genevieve*, and in that other exquisite poem (I forget its name,) where he speaks of—

> ————"Her voice--
> Her voice, that, *even in its mirthful mood,*
> *Hath made me wish to steal away and weep.*"
> (pp. 275, 276.)

The attack upon Hunt and Hazlitt is the only part of these letters, in which we think a positively base spirit is manifested. The Story of Rimini, by the former, is one of the best productions of modern times, notwithstanding its numerous faults. Hazlitt we care much less about, although we think his books far more instructive and entertaining than are generally those of his enemies.

The painter Schetky is admirably given.

"Among the younger artists, there are, I believe, not a few of very great promise, and one, above all, who bids fair ere long to rival the very highest masters in the department he has selected. I allude to Staff Surgeon Schetky, a gentleman, whose close and eminent attention to his own profession, both here and while he served with Lord Wellington's army, have not prevented him from cultivating with uniform ardour an art fitted above all others to form a delightful relaxation from the duties of professional men, and which, it is easy to see, must besides be of great practical and direct utility to a man of his profession. During the longest and most fatiguing marches of our Peninsular army, his active and intelligent mind was still fresh in its worshipping of the forms of nature; finding its best relief from the contemplation of human suffering, in the contemplation of those serene beauties of earth and sky, which that lovely region for ever offers to the weary eye of man. I think the Doctor is a very original painter. He has looked on nature with an eye that is entirely his own, and he has conceived the true purposes of his art in a way that is scarcely less peculiar. He seems to have the most exalted views of the poetical power of landscape-painting, and to make it his object on every occasion to call this poetical power into action in his works. He does not so much care to represent merely striking or beautiful scenes, as

to characterize natural objects, and bring out their life and expression. A painter, who feels, as he does, what nature is, considers every tree or plant as in some measure an animated being, which expresses the tone of its sensations by the form which it assumes, and the colours which it displays. How full of poetry and meaning is every vegetable production, when sprouting forth spontaneously in such places as nature dictates, and growing in the way to which it is led by its own silent inclinations! Even the different surfaces and shapes of soils and rocks have an expression relating to the manner in which they were formed, although they cannot be literally considered as expressive of sensation like plants. Mr. Schetky seems more than almost any painter to be imbued with these ideas of universal animation. His trees, his rocks, his Pyrenees, seem to breathe and be alive with the spirit of their Maker; and he has no superior, but one, in every thing that regards the grand and mysterious eloquence of cloud and sky." (pp, 309, 310.)

The ideas of dignity, which Dr. Morris expresses in his notice of Scott, are excellent, though not new, and may assist to cure some of our countrymen of their false estimates of this part of manners.

"I did not see Mr. Scott, however, immediately on my arrival; he had gone out with all his family, to show the Abbey of Melrose to the Count von B——, and some other visitors. I was somewhat dusty in my apparel, (for the shandrydan had moved in clouds half the journey,) so I took the opportunity of making my toilet, and had not quite completed it when I heard the trampling of their horses' feet beneath the window. But in a short time, having finished my adonization, I descended, and was conducted to Mr. Scott, whom I found by himself in his library. Nothing could be kinder than his reception of me,—and so simple and unassuming are his manners, that I was quite surprised, after a few minutes had elapsed, to find myself already almost at home in the company of one, whose presence I had approached with feelings so very different from those with which a man of my age and experience is accustomed to meet ordinary strangers. There is no kind of rank, which I should suppose it so difficult to bear with perfect ease, as the universally-honoured nobility of universally honoured genius; but all this sits as lightly and naturally upon this great man, as ever a plumed casque did upon the head of one of his own graceful knights. Perhaps, after all, the very highest dignity may be more easily worn than some of the inferior degrees—as it has often been said of princes. My Lord Duke is commonly a much more homely person than the Squire of the Parish—or your little spick-and-span new Irish Baron. And good heavens! what a difference between the pompous Apollo of some Cockney coterie, and the plain, manly, thorough-bred courtesy of a Walter Scott!" (p, 313.)

The visit to this great poet and novelist is one of the best portions of the Letters. We are compelled to admire the man as much as the author. Such a scene should have such a describer. The accompaniments of the dinner were peculiarly appropriate to the Caledonian Minstrel.

"While I was thus occupied, one of the most warlike of the Lochaber pibrochs began to be played in the neighbourhood of the room in which we were, and, looking toward the window, I saw a noble highland piper parading to and fro upon the lawn in front of the house—the plumes of

his bonnet, the folds of his plaid, and the streamers of his bag-pipe, all floating majestically about him in the light evening breeze. You have seen this magnificent costume, so I need not trouble you either with its description or its eulogy; but I am quite sure you never saw it where its appearance harmonized so delightfully with all the accompaniments of the scene. It is true that it was in the Lowlands—and that there are other streams upon which the shadow of the tartans might fall with more of the propriety of mere antiquarianism, than on the Tweed. But the Scotch are right in not now-a-days splitting too much the symbols of their nationality; as they have ceased to be an independent people, they do wisely in striving to be as much as possible a united people. But here, above all, whatever was truly Scottish could not fail to be truly appropriate in the presence of the great genius to whom whatever is Scottish in thought, in feeling, or in recollection, owes so large a share of its prolonged, or reanimated, or ennobled existence. The poet of Roderick Dhu, and, under favour, the poet of Fergus Mac Ivor, does well assuredly to have a piper among the retainers of his hospitable mansion. You remember, too, how he has himself described the feast of the Rhymer:—

> "Nor lacked they, as they sat at dine,
> *The music*, nor the tale,
> Nor goblets of the blood-red wine,
> Nor mantling quaighs of ale."

After the Highlander had played some dozen of his tunes, he was summoned, according to the ancient custom, to receive the thanks of the company. He entered *more militari*, without taking off his bonnet, and received a huge tass of aquavitæ from the hand of his master, after which he withdrew again—the most perfect solemnity all the while being displayed in his weather-beaten, but handsome and warlike Celtic lineaments. The inspiration of the generous fluid prompted one strain merrier than the rest, behind the door of the Hall, and then the piper was silent—his lungs, I dare say, consenting more than his will, for he has all the appearance of being a fine enthusiast in the delights and dignity of his calling. So much for Roderick of Skye, for such I think is his style.

His performance seemed to diffuse, or rather to heighten, a charming flow of geniality over the whole of the party, but no where could I trace its influence so powerfully and so delightfully as in the Master of the Feast. The music of the hills had given a new tone to his fine spirits, and the easy playfulness with which he gave vent to their buoyancy, was the most delicious of contagions. Himself temperate in the extreme (some late ill health has made it necessary he should be so,) he sent round his claret more speedily than even I could have wished---(you see I am determined to blunt the edge of all your sarcasms)---and I assure you we were all too well employed to think of measuring our bumpers. Do not suppose, however, that there is any thing like display or formal leading in Mr. Scott's conversation. On the contrary, every body seemed to speak the more that he was there to hear —and his presence seemed to be enough to make every body speak delightfully—as it had been that some princely musician had tuned all the strings, and even under the sway of more vulgar fingers, they could not choose but discourse excellent music. His conversation, besides, is for the most part of such a kind, that all can take a lively part in it, although, indeed, none that I ever met with can equal himself. It does not appear as if he ever could be at a loss for a single moment for some new supply of that which constitutes its chief peculiarity, and its chief charm; the most keen perception, the most tenacious memory, and the most brilliant imagination, having been at work throughout the whole of his busy life, in filling his mind with a store of individual traits and anecdotes, serious and comic,

individual and national, such as it is probable no man ever before possessed —and such, still more certainly, as no man of great original power ever before possessed in subservience to the purposes of inventive genius. A youth spent in wandering among the hills and vallies of his country, during which he became intensely familiar with all the lore of those grey-haired shepherds, among whom the traditions of warlike as well as of peaceful times find their securest dwelling place—or in more equal converse with the relics of that old school of Scottish cavaliers, whose faith had nerved the arms of so many of his own race and kindred—such a boyhood and such a youth laid the foundation, and established the earliest and most lasting sympathies of a mind, which was destined, in after years, to erect upon this foundation, and improve upon these sympathies, in a way of which his young and thirsting spirit could have then contemplated but little. Through his manhood of active and honoured, and now for many years of glorious exertion, he has always lived in the world, and among the men of the world, partaking in all the pleasures and duties of society as fully as any of those who had nothing but such pleasures and such duties to attend to. Uniting, as never before they were united, the habits of an indefatigable student with those of an indefatigable observer—and doing all this with the easy and careless grace of one who is doing so, not to task, but to gratify his inclinations and his nature—is it to be wondered that the riches of his various acquisitions should furnish a never-failing source of admiration even to those who have known him longest, and who know him best? As for me, enthusiastic as I had always been in my worship of his genius—and well as his works had prepared me to find his conversation rich to overflowing in all the elements of instruction as well as amusement—I confess the reality entirely surpassed all my anticipations, and I never despised the maxim *nil admirari* so heartily as now." (pp, 315--318.)

The analysis of Wordsworth's character is worthy of the genius of Peter.

"In listening to Wordsworth, it is impossible to forget for a single moment that the author of the "Excursion" is before you. Poetry has been with him the pure sole business of life—he thinks of nothing else, and he speaks of nothing else—and where is the man who hears him that would for a moment wish it to be otherwise? The deep sonorous voice in which he pours forth his soul upon the high secrets of his divine art—and those tender glimpses which he opens every now and then into the bosom of that lowly life, whose mysteries have been his perpetual inspirations—the sincere earnestness with which he details and expatiates—the innocent confidence which he feels in the heart that is submitted to his workings—and the unquestioning command with which he seeks to fasten to him every soul that is capable of understanding his words—all these things are as they should be, in one that has lived the life of a hermit—musing, and meditating, and composing in the seclusion of a lonely cottage—loving and worshipping the nature of man, but partaking little in the pursuits, and knowing little of the habits, of the Men of the World. There is a noble simplicity in the warmth with which he discourses to all that approach him, on the subject of which he himself knows most, and on which he feels most—and of which he is wise enough to know that every one must be most anxious to hear him speak. His poetry is the poetry of external nature and profound feeling; and such is the hold which these high themes have taken of his intellect, that he seldom dreams of descending in the tone in which the ordinary conversation of men is pitched. Hour after hour his eloquence flows on, by his own sim-

ple fireside, or along the breezy slopes of his own mountains, in the same lofty strain as in his loftiest poems—

"Of Man and Nature, and of human life,
His haunt, and the main region of his song."

His enthusiasm is that of a secluded artist; but who is he that would not rejoice in being permitted to peep into the sanctity of such a seclusion—or that, being there, would wish for a moment to see the enthusiasm that has sanctified it, suspended or interrupted in its work? The large, dim, pensive eye, that dwells almost for ever upon the ground, and the smile of placid abstraction, that clothes his long, tremulous, melancholy lips, complete a picture of solemn, wrapped-up, contemplative genius, to which amid the dusky concussions of active men and common life, my mind reverts sometimes for repose as to a fine calm stretch of verdure in the bosom of some dark and hoary forest of venerable trees, where no voice is heard but that of the sweeping wind, and far-off waters:—what the Ettrick Shepherd finely calls

———"Great Nature's hum,
Voice of the desert, never dumb."

"Scott, again, is the very poet of active life, and that life, in all its varieties, lies for ever stretched out before him, bright and expanded, as in the glass of a magician. Whatever subject be mentioned, he at once steals a beam from his mirror, and scatters such a flood of illustration upon it, that you feel as if it had always been mantled in palpable night before. Every remark gains, as it passes from his lips, the precision of a visible fact, and every incident flashes upon your imagination, as if your bodily eye, by some new gift of nature, had acquired the power of seeing the past as vividly as the present. To talk of exhausting his light of *gramourie* to one that witnessed its play of radiance, would sound as absurd as to talk of drying up the Nile. It streams alike copiously, alike fervently upon all things, like the light of heaven, which "shineth upon the evil and upon the good." The eye and the voice, and the words and the gestures, seem all alike to be the ready unconscious interpreters of some imperial spirit, that moves irresistibly their mingled energies from within. There is no effort—no semblance of effort—but every thing comes out as is commanded—swift, clear, and radiant through the impartial medium. The heroes of the old times spring from their graves in panoply, and "drink the red wine through the helmet barred" before us; or

"Shred their foemen's limbs away,
As lops the woodman's knife the spray"—

—But they are honoured, not privileged—the humblest retainers quit the dust as full of life as they do—nay, their dogs and horses are partakers in the resurrection, like those of the Teutonic warriors in the Valhalla of Odin. It is no matter what period of his country's story passes in review. Bruce—Douglas—their Kingly Foe, in whose

———"Eye was set
Some spark of the plantagenet,"

James—Mary—Angus—Montrose—Argyle—Dundee—these are all alike, not names, but realities—living, moving, breathing, feeling, speaking, looking realities—when he speaks of them. The grave loses half its potency when he calls. His own imagination is one majestic sepulchre, where the wizard lamp burns in never-dying splendour, and the charmed

blood glows forever in the cheeks of the embalmed, and every long-sheathed sword is ready to leap from its scabbard, like the Tizona of the Cid in the vault of Cardena." (pp. 318—320.)

The conviction of Mr. Lockhart, who is on the spot, goes far as evidence that Walter Scott is the author of Waverley, and of that whole series of novels.

"Perhaps the two earliest of his poems, the Lay of the Last Minstrel and Marmion, are the most valuable, because they are the most impregnated with the peculiar spirit of Scottish antiquity. In his subsequent poems, he made too much use of the common materials and machinery employed in the popular novels of *that* day, and descended so far as to hinge too much of their interest upon the common resources of an artfully constructed fable. In like manner, in those prose Tales---which I no more doubt to be his than the poems he has published with his name---- in that delightful series of works, which have proved their author to be the nearest kinsman the creative intellect of Shakspeare has ever had---- the best are those, the interest of which is most directly and historically national----Waverley and Old Mortality. The whole will go down together, so long as any national character survives in Scotland--and themselves will, I nothing question, prolong the existence of national character there more effectually, than any other stimulus its waning strength is ever likely to meet with. But I think the two I have mentioned, will always be considered as the brightest jewels in this ample crown of unquenched and unquenchable radiance." (p. 338.)

As Mr. Lockhart is believed to be the author of the Letters, we ought to give his account of himself.

"It was on this occasion that I had an opportunity of seeing and conversing with Mr. Lockhart, who, as well as Mr. Wilson, is supposed to be one of the principal supporters of this Magazine, and so of judging for myself concerning an individual who seems to have cared very little how many enemies he raised up among those who were not personally acquainted with him. Owing to the satirical vein of some of the writings ascribed to his pen, most persons, whom I have heard speak of him, seemed to have been impressed with the notion that the bias of his character inclined toward an unrelenting subversion of the pretensions of others. But I soon perceived that here was another instance of the incompetency of the crowd to form any rational opinion about persons of whom they see only partial glimpses, and hear only distorted representations. I was not long in his company ere I was convinced that those elements which form the basis of his mind could never find their satisfaction in mere satire, and that if the exercise of penetration had afforded no higher pleasure, nor led to any more desirable result than that of detecting error, or exposing absurdity, there is no person who would sooner have felt an inclination to abandon it in despondency and disgust. At the same time, a strong and ever-wakeful perception of the ludicrous, is certainly a prominent feature in his composition, and his flow of animal spirits enables him to enjoy it keenly, and invent it with success. I have seen, however, very few persons whose minds are so much alive and awake throughout every corner, and who are so much in the habit of trying and judging every thing by the united tact of so many qualities and feelings all at once. But one meets with abundance of individuals every day, who show in conversation a greater facility of expression, and a more constant activity of speculative acuteness. I never saw Mr. Lockhart very much engrossed with

the desire of finding language to convey any relation of ideas that had occurred to him, or so enthusiastically engaged in tracing its consequences, as to forget every thing else. In regard to facility of expression, I do not know whether the study of languages, which is a favourite one with him —(indeed I am told he understands a good deal of almost all the modern languages, and is well skilled in the ancient ones)—I know not whether this study has any tendency to increase such facility, although there is no question it must help to improve the mind in many important particulars, by varying our modes of perception.

"His features are regular, and quite definite in their outlines; his forehead is well advanced, and largest, I think, in the region of observation and perception; but the general expression is rather pensive than otherwise. Although an Oxonian, and early imbued with an admiration for the works of the Stagyrite, he seems rather to incline, in philosophy, to the high Platonic side of the question, and to lay a great deal of stress on the investigation and cultivation of the impersonal sentiments of the human mind—ideas which his acquaintance with German literature and philosophy has probably much contributed to strengthen. Under the influence of that mode of thinking, a turn for pleasantry rather inclines to exercise itself in a light and good-humoured play of fancy, upon the incongruities and absurd relations which are so continually presenting themselves in the external aspect of the world, than to gratify a sardonic bitterness in exulting over them, or to nourish a sour and atrabilious spirit in regarding them with a cherished and pampered feeling of delighted disapprobation, like that of Swift. But Mr. Lockhart is a very young person, and I would hope may soon find that there are much better things in literature than satire, let it be as good humoured as you will. Indeed, W——— tells me he already professes himself heartily sick of it, and has begun to write of late, in a quite opposite key." (pp. 407, 408).

The remarks upon society in Glasgow are such as we should have anticipated from so accomplished a pen. We can however only refer our readers to them without extracts. The portrait of Dr. Chalmers we have already seen several times in the newspapers, and it must be familiar to the public.

In conclusion, we can only say, that we wish we had such Letters as Peter's about every capital in Europe, and even about our own principal towns. They unite, in a very remarkable degree, instruction, amusement, and continued excitement. We have never read a book with a keener relish. The opulence of the writer's illustration is unequalled. His talents shine forth in every page. Vivacity pervades the whole.

As our Review is read chiefly in that part of our country where the Letters of Peter will not probably be generally accessible, we have indulged ourselves in making very copious extracts. Different circumstances would have compelled us to abridge this gratification. We are confident however that the majority of our readers will be pleased with seeing so full an exhibition of our author.

One word we have to say to the printer, and that is a word of unqualified censure. The typographical errors in this New York edition are very numerous and sometimes important, as Lord Buchan for Lord Byron. (p, 156.) These errors are a disgrace to the office and to the city, and ought to be noted as at least a small degree of public punishment.

"THE POETICAL WORKS OF JOHN TRUMBULL, L, L, D; *containing Mc Fingal, a Modern Epic Poem, revised and corrected, with copious explanatory notes; the Progress of Dulness; and a collection of Poems on various subjects, written before and during the Revolutionary War:* in two volumes. *Hartford,* printed for Samuel G Goodrich, by Lincoln and Stone, 1820." pp, 434, octavo.

WE are happy to see a new and elegant edition of the Poetical works of this celebrated scholar, patriot, and wit. We are not the less gratified to observe, that the printing, the designs of the plates, and the engraving, are from his native State. The whole is a fine exhibition of the improvement in the arts, which Connecticut has made within the life of the author. With the exception of Barlow's Columbiad, which was printed at Philadelphia, and which is the most elegant specimen of American typography, we do not recollect to have seen, from any of our presses, so handsome an edition of any of the productions of our bards. The portrait of the poet painted in 1793, by his cousin John Trumbull, is thought to be a good likeness for the period when it was taken. The designs by Tisdale are well conceived, and give the spirit of the scenes selected from the text. Bassett engraved the vignette on the title page, and the entrance of Abijah White into Boston. Willard engraved the Town Meeting, and the Cellar, while Tisdale himself engraved the collection around the Liberty Pole. This last and Abijah White are of about equal merit as specimens of the art, and are both superior to the work of Willard. The vignette on the title page is the best of all, and shows a more free and tasteful hand. The object of the satire in Mc Fingal is well pointed out by the cross of St. George over the Python, writhing under the arrow, shot from the bow of Apollo. In so fine a plate, we are surprised that the artist has left the lines, which were made to direct him

in forming the lengths of the letters, and which ought to have been erased. This is a small article of criticism, but should not be omitted. In the Town Meeting, the calmness and dignity of the whigs are well contrasted with the irritation and confusion of the tories, among whom the snarling dog is happily introduced as characteristic of the opposition to Honorius. The face, the mock importance, and the whole air of Abijah White are successfully delineated. Perhaps more military trappings ought to have been given both to him and to his horse. The rage of Squire Mc Fingal tied to the Liberty Pole, the waggish look united to the gravity of the judge with a three cornered hat, the leer of his left hand neighbour, the activity of the boys in picking the goose, the tar bucket, the grin of the whiggish agents, the beer mugs, the swinging hats, and the poor constable suspended between heaven and earth by the waistband of his breeches, looking with terror at the distant flight of his tory friends, form a most ludicrous group, and have all the spirit of carricature without any of its extravagance. It is precisely that kind of natural and well governed humor in which Mr. Tisdale excels. The principal figure in the turnip bin in the cellar is admirably conceived. Just sympathy enough is excited to make the farce peculiarly interesting. In former editions we find prints somewhat like two of these, but they are anonymous. Possibly they are the productions of Mr. Tisdale, or may have aided him in giving us the Town Meeting and the Liberty Pole.

In regard to the Memoir of the Life and Writings of Mr. Trumbull no apology was necessary. This name is too dear to a large portion of the inhabitants of the eastern part of the United States to permit them to be uninterested in the biography of the distinguished members of the family, and particularly in the history of the author of Mc Fingal, a poem which was of essential service to the cause of liberty in our revolution.

Quotations, in almost all instances, ought to have, in the margin, directions where to seek for them in the original works. A writer should not indulge his dislike of minutiæ so far as to omit the references which inquisitive readers require. They do no harm to any, and they gratify no small number. The whole paragraph, in the Quarterly Review, to which reference is made, (p, 8,) concerning Mr. Trumbull, stands thus:

"To Mr. Barlow's Epic, may be joined, without disparagement to ei-

ther, a poem, from which the following is an extract, *by a Mr. Fingal*, (no descendant, we believe, of the Caledonian bard of that name.) The bold idea of transporting all England over to America for its crimes is not unworthy of one, whose progenitors had probably, in consequence of their virtues, been prevailed upon to anticipate the period of its removal. On comparing the insignificance of *Little* Britain with the 'largest empire on the face of the earth,' or rather with one of its 'waters,' the muse exclaims:

> Its *small* extension, long supplied
> By *vast* immensity of pride:
> So small, that had it found a station
> In this new world at first creation,
> And for its crimes transported over,
> We'd find full room for't in Lake Erie or
> That larger water-pond *Superior*,
> Where North, on margin taking stand,
> Would not see shore from either strand."
>
> Vol: 10, pp, 523, 524.

The Quarterly Reviewers have quoted this passage falsely, even from the old editions. It is, in the new copy, thus:

> "See, where yon chalky cliffs arise,
> The hills of Britain strike your eyes;
> Its small extension long supplied
> By full immensity of pride;
> So small that had it found a station
> In this new world at first creation,
> Or, doom'd by justice, been betimes
> Transported over for its crimes,
> We'd find full room for't in lake Erie or
> That larger water-pond Superior,*
> Where North,† at magin taking stand,
> Would scarce be able to spy land."
>
> pp, 173, 173.

The blunder of the Quarterly Reviewers, in mistaking Fingal for the real name of the author, is quite as charac-

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"*Lake Superior is more than 2200 miles in circumference, an extent sufficient to warrant the assertion of the poet, that the inhabitants of Britain, in the supposed situation, would not be able to spy the surrounding shores of the lake."

"†This has been a most unhappy couplet. The poem, completed by the addition of the two last cantos, was first published in America in the year 1782. Some years after, the whole was reprinted in London. In that interval Lord North was so unhappy as to lose his sight; and the British Reviewers of that day, with their wonted sagacity, imagined that these lines were intended as an insult upon him for that misfortune; thinking, as we presume, that Mc Fingal foresaw the future blindness of his Lordship by the aid of his second sight. Their abuse of the author, as wanting candour and common sense, need not be repeated. In a subsequent copy of the poem, he struck out the name of Lord North, and inserted that of King George,—and lo, in a few years more, the King also was afflicted with blindness. To prevent all further mishaps, the lines are now restored to their original form."

teristic of that work as it is amusing. They had never read the poem; they knew nothing about it; but quoted and relied upon the romancer Jansen. The whole is a specimen of the want of correctness and good faith, by which this English Magazine is disgraced, in every thing relating to the United States.

Our readers will be gratified with the following extract from the work, now under review, concerning the family of the author.

"The family of Trumbull was among the early settlers in New-England. Their ancestor came from England, and in 1645 fixed his residence at Ipswich in Massachusetts. His son, named John, removed and established himself at Suffield in Connecticut. He had three sons, John, Joseph, and Benoni, whose descendants are still living in this state. The Rev. Benjamin Trumbull, D. D. the respectable historian of Connecticut, was the grandson of Benoni. Joseph settled in Lebanon, and at his death left one son, Jonathan Trumbull, who was Governor of the State during the whole revolutionary war, and whose patriotic exertions are amply recorded in history. Two of his sons were Jonathan Trumbull, afterwards Governor of the State, and John Trumbull, the celebrated painter, whose merits have long been distinguished, both in Europe and America.

"The author of these poems is the grandson of John Trumbull, eldest son of him who first settled in Suffield. He was born on the 13th day of April, old style, (the 24th according to the present mode of computation,) in the year 1750, in the parish of Westbury, then a part of the town of Waterbury in New-Haven county, but since formed into a separate township, by the name of Watertown, and annexed to the county of Litchfield. The settlement of that village was begun a few years before his birth. His father, who was the first minister of the Congregational church in that place, was a good classical scholar, highly respected by his brethren, and for many years one of the trustees, or Fellows, of Yale College. His mother was a daughter of the Rev. Samuel Whitman of Farmington in Hartford county, and grand-daughter of the Rev. Solomon Stoddard, D. D. of Northampton in Massachusetts.

"Being an only son, and of a very delicate and sickly constitution, he was of course the favorite of his mother. She had received an education superior to most of her sex, and not only instructed him in reading, from his earliest infancy, but finding him possessed of an extraordinary memory, taught him all the hymns, songs, and other verses, with which she was acquainted. His father's small library consisted mostly of classical and theological books. The Spectator and Watts' Lyric poems were the only works of merit in the belles-lettres, which he possessed. Young Trumbull not only committed to memory most of the poetry they contained, but was seized with an unaccountable ambition of composing verses himself, in which he was encouraged by his parents. The country clergy at that time generally attempted to increase their income by keeping private schools for the education of youth. When he was about five years of age, his father took under his care a lad, seventeen years old, to instruct and qualify him for admission as a member of Yale College. Trumbull noticed the tasks first imposed; which were to learn by heart the Latin Accidence and Lilly's Grammar, and to construe the Select Colloquies of Corderius, by the help of a literal translation. Without the knowledge of any person, except his mother, he began in this way the study of the Lat-

in language. After a few weeks his father discovered his wishes, and finding that by the aid of a better memory, his son was able to outstrip his fellow-student, encouraged him to proceed. At the commencement in September 1757, the two lads were presented at College, examined by the tutors, and admitted as members. Trumbull, however, on account of his extreme youth at that time, and subsequent ill health, was not sent to reside at college till the year 1763. He spent these six years in a miscellaneous course of study, making himself master of the Greek and Latin authors usually taught in that seminary, reading all the books he could meet with, and occasionally attempting to imitate, both in prose and verse, the style of the best English writers, whose works he could procure in his native village. These were of course few. The Paradise Lost, Thompson's Seasons, with some of the poems of Dryden and Pope, were the principal. On commencing his collegiate life, he found little regard paid to English composition, or the acquirement of a correct style. The Greek and Latin books, in the study of which only his class were employed, required but a small portion of his time. By the advice of his tutor, he turned his thoughts to Algebra, Geometry, and astronomical calculations, which were then newly introduced and encouraged by the instructors. He chiefly pursued this course during the three first years. In his senior year he began to resume his former attention to English literatnre. After receiving the degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1767, he remained three years longer at college as a graduate. Being now master of his own time, he devoted himself chiefly to polite letters; reading all the Greek and Latin classics, especially the poets and orators, and studying the style and endeavouring to imitate the manner of the best English writers."

pp, 8—11.

In this extract, the phrase, "*an unaccountable ambition of composing verses*," shows negligence of thought in the writer of the Memoir. No ambition was more natural, or more easily understood. This air of the marvellous was not needed to give interest to the facts. That a boy should write verses at five, be able to pass a creditable examination in Greek and Latin, and enter college at seven, is in itself sufficiently extraordinary. Such precocity is usually followed by early mental debility, but the author of Mc Fingal is an exception. As it respects the exercise of his memory, to which his mother made him apply when he was very young, the example is worthy of being followed by other parents. This faculty is among the first, which are unfolded, and is best cultivated before invention and judgement are much employed. Language and poetry are eminently suited to its early efforts, and a large stock of words, images, and happy expressions may be laid up in the mind when it is capable of doing nothing else. Words must be learned, not only for communicating thoughts, but for thinking, whenever an individual wishes to advance far in philosophical knowledge. The common declamation concerning the inferiority of words to things, when it is intended to discourage the study of language, is not only a mark of an unsound judgement,

but is in the highest degree mischievous in its influence on young minds. We cannot learn things, to any great extent, without words, and words should be learned as early in life as possible. The folly of attacking the study of language is, happily for our country, passing away, and better ideas are becoming prevalent.

We have no intention to recommend the example of Trumbull as a motive to induce boys to enter college at an early age. On the contrary, they ought to be kept at preparatory schools much longer than they are, and join the university at a much later period in life than they generally do. The mind should be sufficiently matured to enable it to comprehend mathematics and metaphysics, and to take delight in tracing out the laws of sound philosophy in the whole circle of science.

The intimacy which was formed between Trumbull, Dwight, Barlow, and Humphreys, and the influence which their tastes and labours had upon the course of education in Yale College, are peculiarly gratifying to our recollections and our meditations. Possessing eminent talents, industry, zeal, boldness, and virtue, they were able to contend with, and finally to put down, a false estimate of learning, and a monkish spirit in that institution. The belles lettres rose to their proper rank under the fostering care and brilliant success of these friends, gentlemen, and scholars. Increased attention was paid to rhetoric and oratory, and an era was begun in the institution which will not soon be forgotten. Mr. Trumbull

"In November 1773, was admitted as a practising attorney at the bar in Connecticut: but immediately went to Boston, and entered as a student in the office of John Adams, Esq. since President of the United States; and took lodgings with Thomas Cushing, Esq. then Speaker of the House of Representatives, afterwards a delegate to the first Congress, and Lieutenant Governor of the State of Massachusetts. He was now placed in the centre of American politics. The contest between Great-Britain and the Colonies approached rapidly towards a crisis. The violence of party was extreme. The Governor, Council, Judges, and all the legal authority under the crown, employed their utmost efforts to establish the universal supremacy, and enforce the oppressive acts, of the English parliament. The leaders of the popular party had the complete control of the House of Representatives, and directed every movement of the populace. By means of an extensive correspondence, with men of the best information at the British and French courts, they were fully convinced, at that early period, that nothing, short of warlike resistance, could successfully oppose the claims of Great-Britain to unlimited authority; and that, without eventually declaring independence and assuming the rights of sovereignty as a nation, no important assistance could be obtained from France,

Spain, or any European power. Still the people were impressed with an awful idea of the omnipotence of Britain, and shuddered at the thought of attempting a separation. They placed their hopes on the effect of their petitions to the king, their agreements to stop all commercial intercourse, and the exertions of their numerous friends in the British nation and parliament. To cement the union of all the colonies, to counteract the fears of the people and encourage their confidence in their own strength and resources, to lead them into measures decisive in their consequences, and to prepare their minds for resistance by arms, was the only policy which the leaders could, at that time, pursue. Trumbull entered into their sentiments, with all the ardor in favor of liberty, which characterizes a youthful politician. Though he prosecuted the study of law with the utmost attention, he frequently employed his leisure hours in writing essays on political subjects, in the public gazettes; which had perhaps a greater effect from the novelty of his manner, and the caution he used to prevent any discovery of the real author. Nor did he neglect occasionally to cultivate the muse; and just before he left Boston, anonymously published his Elegy on the Times, which is contained in the present collection. Every thing then verging towards hostility in Masachusetts, the cession of the courts being suspended, and Mr. Adams absent at the Congress in Philadelphia, he returned to New-Haven, and successfully commenced practice at the bar, in November, 1774.

"The year 1775 was a period of terror and dismay. The war had commenced by the battle at Lexington. Unconditional submission, or a total rejection of the authority of the crown, presented the only alternative. Every exertion was made by the friends of American liberty, to inspire confidence in our cause; to crush the efforts of the Tory party and to prepare the public mind for the declaration of independence. With these views, at the solicitation of some of his friends in Congress, Trumbull wrote the first part of the poem of M'Fingal, which they immediately procured to be published at Philadelphia, where Congress was then assembled. He had also formed the plan of the work, sketched some of the scenes of the third Canto and written the beginning of the fourth, with the commencement of the Vision, at which point, not being gifted with the prophetical powers of his hero, he was obliged to leave it then unfinished." (pp. 15—17.)

Mc Fingal was completed in 1782. The author is still living in Hartford, enjoying the respect of all those, whose good opinion is an honor to age and virtue, as well as to talents and learning.

Mc Fingal is the principal poem in the collection, and first claims our attention. The object of this mock epic is explained by Mr. Trumbull himself, in a letter written May 20th, 1785 to the Marquis de Chastellux.

"In obedience to your request, signified to me by our mutual friend, Colonel ———, I will now state without reserve the plan and design, upon which the poem of M'Fingal was constructed. It was written merely with a political view, at the instigation of some leading members of the first Congress, who urged me to compose a satirical poem on the events of the campaign in the year 1775. My design was to give, in a poetical manner, a general account of the American contest, with a particular description of the characters and manners of the times, interspersed with anecdotes, which no history would probably record or display.

and with as much impartiality as possible, satirize the follies and extravagancies of my countrymen, as well as their enemies. I determined to describe every subject in the manner it struck my own imagination, and without confining myself to a perpetual effort at wit, drollery, and humour, indulge every variety of manner as my subject varied, and insert all the ridicule, satire, sense, sprightliness, and elevation, of which I was master. In a word, I hoped to write a burlesque poem, which your Boileau would not have condemned, with those of Scarron and Dassouci, "aux plaisans du Pont-neuf."

"To throw this design into a regular poetical form, I introduced M'Fingal, a fictitious hero, who is the general representative of the party, whom we styled Tories, in New-England. The scenes in which he is engaged, the town-meeting, the mobs, the liberty-pole, the secret cabal in the cellar, the operation of tarring and feathering, &c. were acted in almost every town. His exertions in favour of Great-Britain are regularly completed by his flight to Boston, to which event every incident in the poem tends: in the course of which, all the transactions of the war, previous to the period of his flight, are naturally introduced in narration. The subsequent events are shown in the customary and ancient poetical way in a vision; in which I availed myself of the claims of the Scotch Highlanders, to the gift of prophecy by second-sight, as a novel kind of machinery, peculiarly appropriate to the subject, and exactly suited to a Poem, which from its nature must in every part be a parody of the serious Epic. In this style, I have preferred the high burlesque to the low, (which is the style of Hudibras) not only as more agreeable to my own taste, but as it readily admits a transition to the grave, elevated or sublime: a transition which is often made with the greatest ease and gracefulness, in the satirical poems of Pope and Despreaux."**** (pp. 231—233.)

The name Mc Fingal was probably not chosen without some particular signification in the choice. It was important to the hero to have the gift of second sight, and this could not be conferred, with so great propriety, upon any as upon a Scotchman. A Scottish tory too is a more fit instrument of tyranny over English subjects than an English tory. A mercenary Jacobite, having deserted the House of Stuart, and sworn allegiance to the House of Hanover, was particularly adapted to the dirty purposes of oppression in British colonies. An association with the poems of Ossian helps the spirit of the "high burlesque" in this satyric epic.

> "From Boston, in his best array,
> Great Squire Mc Fingal took his way,
> And, grac'd with ensigns of renown,
> Steer'd homeward to his native town.
> His high descent our heralds trace
> From Ossian's* fam'd Fingalian race:
> For though their name some part may lack,
> Old Fingal spelt it with a Mac,
> Which great Mc Pherson, with submission,
> We hope will add, the next edition." (p, 4.)

"*See Fingal, an ancient Epic Poem, published as the work of Ossian, a Caledonian bard of the third century. by James McPherson. The complete name of Ossian, according to the Scottish nomenclature, will be Ossian Mc Fingal."

The plan of this poem is very simple. The first canto is the Town Meeting in the forenoon; the second, the Town Meeting in the afternoon; the third, the Liberty Pole; and the fourth, the Vision. Mc Fingal, the representative of the tories, makes speeches in defence of British oppression. Honorius, the representative of the whigs, the advocate of the rights and liberties of the colonies, and the fearless denouncer of tyranny, opposes Mc Fingal, and detects the folly, injustice, and corruption of the tories in America, and the infatuation and perverseness of the British ministry. Honorius conquers Mc Fingal both in argument and address. After dinner, the people erect a Liberty Pole, which is discovered by Mc Fingal, and he goes out to read the riot act to them, and to disperse the whiggish multitude. They seize him, appoint a tribunal of three of their number to decide upon his case, bind him with a rope to the Pole, elevate his constable by the waistband of his breeches, tar and feather the principal, and afterward drive both through the streets in a cart according to the decision of this waggish court.

"Then on the fatal cart, in state
They raised our grand Duumvirate.
And as at Rome* a like committee,
Who found an owl within their city,
With solemn rites and grave processions
At every shrine perform'd lustrations;
And lest infection might take place
From such grim fowl with feather'd face,
All Rome attends him through the street
In triumph to his country seat:
With like devotion all the choir
Paraded round our awful 'Squire;
In front the martial music comes
Of horns and fiddles, fifes and drums,
With jingling sound and carriage bells,
And treble creak of rusted wheels.
Behind, the croud, in lengthen'd row
With proud procession, closed the show.
And at fit periods every throat
Combined in universal shout;
And hail'd great Liberty in chorus,
Or bawl'd 'confusion to the Tories.'
Not louder storm the welkin braves
From clamors' of conflicting waves;
Less dire in Lybian wilds the noise
When rav'ning lions lift their voice;
Or triumphs at town-meetings made,
On passing votes to regulate trade.† (pp. 115–117.)

* Livy's History.

† Such votes were frequently passed at town-meeting, with the view to prevent the augmentation of prices, and stop the depreciation of the paper money.

Thus having borne them round the town,
Last at the pole they set them down;
And to the tavern take their way
To end in mirth the festal day."

Mc Fingal has a vision, sees his old tory friend Malcolm on a gallows, hears from him a sad tale of the entire defeat of their faction and of the British arms, and the success of the colonists in gaining their independence, and flies to Boston in despair to join his disconsolate party and flee the country.

In the progress of this debate and vision, the causes of our Revolution are enumerated; the principal characters, battles, and events, are noticed; and the whole is brought to a happy conclusion. A great deal of satire is employed, and a minute acquaintance with the history of the period is evinced. Both low and high burlesque are put in requisition, although the author mentions the high only in his letter to the Marquis de Chastellux. The writer did not confine himself to any single mode of attack, but indulged his pen in every kind of figure and description which came in his way. Particulars to illustrate this remark will be selected in the course of our review.

Mc Fingal is made perhaps too weak, inconsistent, and absurd in his arguments or statements for the defence of the tory cause. The party would hardly acknowledge for their own the representations which he makes of their favorite doctrines. They could not subscribe to the last line of the following quotation.

"Have not our High-Church Clergy made it
Appear from Scriptures, which ye credit,
That right divine from heaven was lent
To Kings, that is, the Parliament,
Their subjects to oppress and teaze,
And serve the devil when they please?"

p, 24.

The orator is not at liberty to ridicule his own argument in this manner. There must be at least seeming consistency, and the speaker ought so to express his sentiments as to appear to believe them himself. It is too broadly against his own ostensible purpose, when he wishes to recommend a monarchical form of government, and particularly the administration of the monarch of Great Britain at that time, to say of kings what he does.

"Now heaven its issues never brings
Without the means, and these are kings;

And he who blames, when they announce ills,
Would counteract the eternal counsels;
As when the Jews a murmuring race,
By constant grumblings fell from grace,
Heaven taught them first to know their distance,
By famine, slavery, and Philistines;
When these could no repentance bring,
In wrath it sent them last a king.
So nineteen, 'tis believ'd in twenty
Of modern kings for plagues are sent you;
Nor can your cavillers pretend
But that they answer well their end."
p, 27.

We do not however desire to see Squire Mc Fingal's case made out any better than it is. It was a bad cause, and ought to appear so. The poet has prepared his reader for the weaknesses and absurdities of his hero, and foretold his ill success as a logician.

"Thus stor'd with intellectual riches,
Skill'd was our Squire in making speeches,
Where strength of brains united centers
With strength of lungs surpassing Stentor's.
But as some muskets so contrive it
As oft to miss the mark they drive at,
And, though well aim'd at duck or plover,
Bear wide and kick their owners over;
So far'd our Squire, whose reasoning toil
Would often on himself recoil,
And so much injur'd more his side,
The stronger arguments he applied,
As old war-elephants dismayed
Trod down the troops they came to aid,
And hurt their own side more in battle,
Than less and ordinary cattle.
Yet at Town Meetings, every chief
Pinn'd faith on great Mc Fingal's sleeve,
Which, when he lifted, all by rote
Rais'd sympathetic hands to vote."
pp, 7, 8

Notwithstanding Mr. Trumbull, in the letter already quoted, speaks of his poem as the "*high burlesque*," there are some instances of the *low* and even of the *coarse*.

"The quack forbears his patient's souse
To purge the Council and the House;
The tinker quits his moulds and *doxies*
To cast assembly-men and proxies
From *dung-hills* deep of blackest hue,
Your *dirt-bred* patriots spring to view,
To wealth and power and honors rise,
Like new wing'd *maggots* chang'd to flies,
And fluttering round in high parade
Strut in the robe, or gay cockade.

See Arnold quits for ways more certain,
His bankrupt perjuries for his fortune,
Brews rum no longer in his store;
Jockey and skipper now no more,
Forsakes his warehouses and docks,
And writs of slander for the *pox*;*
And cleans'd by patriotism from shame,
Grows general of the foremost name."
pp, 91, 92.

We shall now take notice of a variety of particulars, without any choice as to the order in which they may be suggested.

"When *Yankies*, skill'd in martial rule,
First put the British troops to school;"——
p, 3.

The orthography of the word in italics is not yet settled, and is improperly various in this new edition of Mc Fingal. The plural here given, *Yankies*, requires the singular to be *Yankey*, as it was in the old editions. In page 136, it is written *Yankee*, the regular plural of which is *Yankees*.

"And every *Yankee*, full of mettle,
Swarm forth like bees at sound of kettle."

We know not why the old orthography, *Yankey*, has been changed to *Yankee*, unless it be, that doubling the letter e in the termination is supposed to make it resemble more the Indian sound, whence the word is thought to be derived. *Yankooh* (Mass: Hist: Coll: vol: 9, p, 95,) is the *Mohegan* term for a person, and *Yaneka* was the name of a town among the *Chickkasahs*. A tradition has been handed down, but appears not to be capable of much support from authority, that *Yankoo*, or *Yankee*, is an Indian word denoting *courage*, or *power*, or *greatness*. The author of "The Yankey in London" considers the term as the awkward Indian pronunciation of *Yorkshire*; but a more probable account of its origin is given in the appendix of the second volume of the work under review.

"*Yankies.*—The first settlers of New-England were mostly emigrants from London and its vicinity, and exclusively styled themselves, The English. The Indians, in attempting to utter the word, *English*, with their broad guttural accent, gave it a sound, which would be nearly represented in this way, *Yaungees*; the letter *g* being pronounced hard and

* 'Arnold's perjuries at the time of his pretended bankruptcy, which was the first rise of his fortune; and his curious law suit against a brother skipper who had charged him with having caught the above mentioned disease by his connection with a certain African princess in the West Indies; were among the early promises of his future greatness and honors.'

approaching to the sound of *k* joined with a strong aspirate, like the Hebrew *Cheth*, or the Greek *Chi*, and the *l* suppressed, as almost impossible to be distinctly heard in that combination. The Dutch settlers on the river Hudson and the adjacent country, during the long contest concerning the right of territory, adopted the name, and applied it in contempt to the inhabitants of New-England. The British of the lower class have since extended it to all the people of the United States.

"This seems the most probable origin of the term. The pretended Indian tribe of Yankoos does not appear to have ever had an existence: as little can we believe in an etymological derivation of the word from ancient Scythia or Siberia, as that it was ever the name of a horde of savages in any part of the world." (pp. 223, 224.)

This derivation is in favour of the orthography that doubles the letter e, *Yankee*. Although it was originally applied by the British as a term of derision to the inhabitants of New England, its import is so honourable that its application, in the language of foreigners, has become national, and has risen above the indignity with which tories attempted to cover it. The 65th number of the Edinburgh Review, in the article devoted to "Seybert's Statistical Annals," and which we noticed in our last, shows us that *Jonathan* also has become a national appellation for us, as much as *John Bull* has for England. Those whigs and republicans of the present day, who adopt the language and feelings of British partizans and hirelings toward these national appellations, can hardly be delivered from the charge of degeneracy.

We observe that Mr. Trumbull always puts before the S, in '*Squire Mc Fingal*, the comma. This is unnecessary, and had better be omitted. Johnson and Walker consider *Squire* an English word as well as *Esquire*. The contracted form has good authority without the mark of contraction.

We are surprised to find in so handsome an edition, and coming from so good a scholar as Mr. Trumbull, such irregularity in regard to the *elision* of vowels in words supposed to be too long for the measure.

"Enslave t*h*' *Amer'can* wildernesses,"——
p, 6.
"As that famed weaver, wife *t' Ulysses*,"——
p, 9.
"Above and near *th' hermetic* staff,"——
p, 10.
"Her *conq'ring* standard awed the main."
p, 12.
Since he began *th' unnat'ral* war,"——
p, 19.
Far in *th' horizon tow'rd* the west."
p, 106.

These instances of elision, and of the supply of the com-

ma to denote the contraction, are not followed by any degree of uniformity. It is not possible to know on what principles the vowels are left out in some cases, and retained in others. The very same word is differently treated.

"From our old *rev'rend* Sam Auchmuty,"—
p, 24.
"O'er punster Cooper's *reverend* head."
p, 75.

This is mere caprice, and, although a small article for a single instance, it is of importance as it affects both the pronunciation of the language, and its appearance on the page. Contractions injure euphony, and their marks in print are thorns to the eye which should be avoided when possible. The following are instances, where the elision ought to be found in words ending in *ed*, but it is not. The reason for the elision, when the *ed* is not pronounced in full, is, that sometimes the full pronunciation of it in poetry is demanded by the measure.

"*Anath'matized* each unbeliever,
And vow'd to live and rule forever."
p, 15.

Why is *vow'd* subjected to the elision, and the last syllable of *anath'matized* not?

"Her follies *nursed* in all their stages,"——(p, 15)

"Not vainer vows with sillier call
Elijah's prophets *raised* to Baal." (p, 17.

In the same page the same word is contracted.

"And gallows *rais d* to stretch their necks on."

The following is a similar instance of caprice.

"Make them run glib, when *oiled* by priest." (p, 26.)

"Swung th' *unoil'd* hinge of each pew door"——(p, 80.)

"Stood *imaged* forth in stones and stocks," (p, 18.)

The following are words, in which the vowels should be omitted for the same reason that excludes them from *Amer'can*, *Merc'ry*, *conq'ring*, *unnat'ral*, and others already quoted, or they should be retained in all. The truth is, that they ought not to be cut off in any of these instances, except in the termination *ed*, when not pronounced in full. The reasons we shall give by and by.

"Opposing winds in *Æolus'* (*Æ'lus'*) cave,"—
p, 11,
"Whose *various* (*var'ous*) wealth with *liberal* (*lib'ral*) hand,"—
p, 12.

"Bade North prepare his *fiery (fi'ry)* furnace;"—
p, 16.
"Our *General (Gen'ral)* as his actions show,"—
p, 18.
"And yet gain'd fewer *proselyte (pros'lyte)* whigs,"—
p, 24.
"Did heaven send down, our pains to *medicine, (med'cine,)*
That old simplicity of Edson."
p, 33.

Here, as *med'cine* rhymes with *Edson*, there is a peculiar reason for the elision.

"*The indulgent (Th' indulgent)* bowels whence ye sprung;"—
p, 42.

We might go on for a long time adding to this collection of capricious adoptions and omissions of the elision, but it is unnecessary. We direct public attention to it chiefly for the purpose of remarking, that the true rules for scanning English poetry have received much less regard than they deserve, and are not generally understood. Because the measure, as in Mc Fingal, is *iambic*, it is not required that every foot should be an *iambus*. Other feet may be, and frequently are, introduced by the best poets. The number of *feet*, but not the number of *syllables*, must be the same in rhyming lines, except in the *Alexandrine* which ends a paragraph in our pentameter, or heroic verse. It is not desirable to have the same kind of foot uniformly in the same piece of poetry. A variety is far more agreeable. In all the instances, where Mr. Trumbull has adopted the elision, excepting the words terminating in *ed*, the measure is complete without it. His lines are all intended to be of four feet This object is accomplished if we do not confine him to *iambuses*, but is not accomplished if we do, even though we allow him his elisions. We will take one of the most difficult lines for our analysis.

"Enslave th' Amer'can wildernesses." (p, 6.)

Drop the elisions and divide this line thus:

"Enslave | the Amer | ican wil | dernesses."

The first foot is an *iambus*, the second an *anapæst*, the third an *anapæst*, and the fourth an *amphibrach*. We have no accented types, and therefore cannot mark the long and short vowels, or long and short syllables.

We will take another difficult line.

"As that fam'd weaver, wife t' Ulysses." (p, 9.)

Write and divide the line thus:

"As that | fam'd wea | ver wife | to Ulysses."

The first foot is an *iambus*, the second a *spondee*, the third an *iambus*, and the fourth a *pæon tertius*, answering to *animatus* in Latin. Any man, who is skilled in reading English poetry, and knows how to scan it, can give a distinct sound to every syllable, and yet preserve the feet and the melody. Even when the elisions are made, the vowels must be sounded, or the euphony of the line is destroyed.

When we obtain accented types, it is our intention to offer some essays at large on the subject of English versification and orthoepy.

(*To be concluded in our next number.*)

LITERARY.

On Wednesday, the 12th of July, was held the Commencement of the first regular class of graduates in Transylvania University. The Exercises, which were in the chapel of the Institution, were attended by an overflowing audience of the most respectable people in the town and vicinity. The Salutatory, by Wills, was a piece of good Latin, containing appropriate addresses to the President and Trustees, to the associates of the Faculty, to the class and other students, and to the citizens assembled. Had it been more perfectly committed to memory, it would have been more successfully pronounced. The tones of the speaker's voice are varied, sweet, and interesting. An Essay on the Study of Man, by Stout, was sensible and useful, delivered in a plain and modest manner, and creditable to his understanding. A dissertation on the Imagination, by Wallace, was respectable. It evinced an amiable mind with considerable cultivation. He wants more force and animation in his delivery. A dissertation on Liberal Studies, by Pressley, was judicious, feeling, and excellent. The declamation was natural, earnest, and impressive. His sincerity, sound sense, and high tone of practical morality, commanded the entire attention of the audience. His censure of the ancient sages was, however, too unqualified and sweeping, an error into which young minds are apt to fall. An Oration on the Association of Ideas, by Morehead, was beautifully written, full of glowing and elevated sentiments and images, and delivered with a happy union of dignity

and fervor. He was a little too rapid, and might have introduced a greater variety of tones with advantage. His imagination and taste are good, but the last requires his attention most. Refinement, feeling, patriotism, and a generous enthusiasm, pervaded and consecrated his performance. An Oration on Military Spirit, by HOPKINS, had good thoughts, just reflections, and the materials of fine figurative illustration, but it was composed in bad taste which was not covered by a judicious pronunciation. His sentences were too long, and were loaded with ornament. He is said to be a good scholar, and a young man of excellent promise. Let him then chastise his taste, and discipline his imagination. The Valedictory, by COLEMAN, was a sensible vindication of the Philosophy of the Mind, and its great importance to the improvement of our systems of education, while it contained appropriate and interesting addresses to his Instructers, to the Trustees, to the patrons of Transylvania, to his successors in the University, and to his class-mates now about to part forever with their present relation to each other in the walls of their Alma Mater. His sentiments were good, his style adapted to the thoughts, his compliment to his successors generous, and his delivery excellent. His tones were happily varied and relieved. The ceremony of conferring degrees, notwithstanding little is expected from it, is yet an interesting part of this academical exhibition. The Latin Form gives dignity and authority to the occasion, while it furnishes an article of variety to the exercises, and tends to preserve a just reverence for this elegant classical language and its hallowed associations. The heart of every spectator must be engaged for the prosperity of the young gentlemen who receive this last gift from the temple of the Muses as they are retiring from the devotions which they have been paying for years. The Baccalaureate Address necessarily calls up the most interesting recollections and anticipations. It is connected with the history of the class, their studies, the gradual development of their minds, their manners and habits, the friendships they have formed, their destinations in life, the services they are to render to the community, the glory they are to obtain, and the rewards they are to meet. The whole is crowned with a devout recommendation of the graduates, the University, and the country to the care and the blessings of Heaven.

LETTER TO CALEB ATWATER, OF CIRCLEVILLE.

On the Upper Alleghawian Monuments of North Elkhorn Creek, Fayette County, Kentucky.

LEXINGTON, 12th July, 1820.

ALL the various monuments, scattered through the western states by that ancient and populous nation, the Alleghawian, (as we find it called by the Lennape tribes) are very far from being thoroughly and accurately known; yet no one, who values in the least the knowledge of remote times and past generations, will deny, that their complete and comparative investigation might prove highly interesting, and fill many of the present blanks in the earliest history of America in general, and our country in particular, its first inhabitants, their manners, arts, and acquirements.

The neighbourhood of Lexington appears to have been formerly the nucleus of an Alleghawian settlement, since many of their monuments are scattered near this town. I described to you in a former letter a ditched town, near the head of Hickman's creek. I have since heard that there are some other monuments in that vicinity, which I shall soon visit again: they might be called the eastern group of our monuments.

We have two northern groups, lying on the south side of North Elkhorn Creek, at the distance of about a mile from each other. I have lately visited and surveyed the upper one lying eastward, near Russell's cave on the Cynthiana road, which I now mean to describe to you. When I shall have surveyed the lower group, which is said to consist of two very large circular inclosures, I shall not fail to give you an account of it. I am told that a square inclosure lies west of this town, near the northern Frankfort road, and many mounds and graves lie to the south of this town, which I shall endeavour to visit gradually.

It is rather extraordinary that no survey (to my knowledge at least) has yet been taken of these monuments, although they are so near to our town, and appear to be as singular as any found in the State of Ohio. Our worthy and lamented friend, Mr. John D. Clifford, had never visited those on the Elkhorn, although he would have been highly gratified by their sight, since they elucidate and furnish additional proofs for his theory on the religious purpose of all the enclosures with an inward ditch.

I visited this upper group of monuments, a few days ago in company with two gentlemen of Lexington. They are situated about six miles from this town in a N. N. E. direction, on the west and back part of Colonel Russell's farm, which stands on the road leading from Lexington to Cynthiana.

The ground on which they stand is a beautiful level spot, covered with young trees and short grass or fine turf, on the south side of a bend of North Elkhorn Creek, nearly opposite the mouth of Opossum run, and close by Hamilton's farm and spring, which lie west of them. They extend as far as Russell's cave on the east side ot the Cynthiana road. There are many sinks towards the South and South East.

I send you a map of the neighbourhood, and the monuments, by which you will easily conceive their relative situation.

I shall now proceed to describe the monuments in order.

No. 1, which stands nearly in the centre, is a circular enclosure, 600 feet in circumference, formed of four parts: 1st, a broad circular parapet, now about 20 feet broad and 2 feet high; 2d, an inward ditch now very shallow, and nearly on a level with the outward ground; 3d, a gateway, lying due north, raised above the ditch, about 15 feet broad and leading to the central area; 4th, a square central area, raised nearly 3 feet above the ditch, perfectly square and level, each side 70 feet long and facing the four cardinal points.

No. 2 lies N. E. of No. 1, at about 250 feet distance; it is a regular circular convex mound, 175 feet in circumference and nearly 4 feet high, surrounded by a small outward ditch.

No. 3 lies nearly North of No. 1, and at about 250 feet distance from No. 2. It is a singular and complicated monument, of an irregular square form nearly conical, or narrower at the upper end facing the creek. It consists, 1st, of a high and broad parapet, about 100 feet long and more than 5 feet high as yet, above the inward ditch on the South base, which is about 75 feet long; 2d, of an inside ditch; 3d, of an area of the same form with the outward parapet, but rather uneven; 4th, of an obsolete broad gateway at the upper west side; 5th, of an irregular raised platform connected with the outward parapet, and extending towards the north to connect it with several mounds; 6th, of three small mounds, about 50 feet in circumference and

2 feet high, standing irregularly round that platform, two on the west side and one on the east.

No. 4. These are two large *sunken mounds*, connected with No. 3. One of them stands at the upper end of the platform, and is sunk in an outward circular ditch about 250 feet in circumference, and 2 feet deep. The mound, which is perfectly round and convex, is only 2 feet high, and appears sunk in the ditch. Another similar mound stands in a corn field, connected by a long raised way to the upper east end of the parapet in No. 3.

No. 5 is monument of an oblong square form, consisting of the four usual parts of a parapet, an inward ditch, a central area, and a gateway. This last stands nearly opposite the gateway of No. 3, at about 125 feet distance, and leads over the ditch to the central area. The whole outward circumference of the parapet is about 440 feet. The longest side fronts the S. W. and N. E. and is 120 feet long, while the shortest is 100 feet long. The central area is level and has exactly half the dimensions of the parapet, being 60 feet long and 50 wide. It is raised 2 or 3 feet as well as the parapet. The end opposite to the gateway is not far from Hamilton's spring.

No. 6 is a mound without a ditch, 190 feet in circumference and 5 feet high. It lies nearly west from No. 1.

No. 7. is a *stone mound* on the east side of Russell's spring and on the brim of the gulley. It lies east from the other monuments and more than half a mile distant. It is 10 feet high on the north side, and 175 feet in circumference, being formed altogether by loose stones heaped together, but now covered with a thin soil and stone grass.

No. 8 is a similar *stone mound*, but rather smaller, lying north of No. 7, at the confluence of Russell's spring with North Elkhorn.

I was told by Colonel Russell that another small stone mound formerly stood in his yard west of the spring, and, laying rather in the way, was removed; when the loose stones were found to cover human bones.

Russell's spring is a natural curiosity, it is a subterranenean stream of water issuing from a cave; both have been traced and followed for three quarters of a mile, and it is moreover connected with the sinks west of Russell's, since something thrown into them has been seen to come out at the spring. The cave is crooked, narrow, and rather shallow. As the stream often fills it from side to side, one

must often wade to explore it, and even swim in some places. Fish are found in it, such as Suckers and Catfishes. In freshets the water fills the cavity. At the mouth the stream is usually one foot deep, and discharges itself into the Elkhorn about one hundred steps below. The mouth of the cave is below a chain of rocky limestone cliffs, where some organic fossils are imbedded. A large and spacious hall lies next to it in the rock, forming another cave, which is filled up by rubbish at a short distance, but communicates by narrow chasms with the other cave.

The above account of this curious group of monuments will probably suggest to you some new ideas on the subject, as they afford some new peculiarities, seldom seen elsewhere. In my opinion it is not doubtful that Nos. 1, 3, and 5 were earthern buildings adapted for religious ceremonies and the others for sepulchral purposes.

Whenever we meet Alleghawian monuments not calculated for defence and military purposes, and without outward ditches and inclosed springs; but particularly when we find an inward ditch separating the outward enclosure or parapet from a central and raised area, we ought to consider these monuments as Alleghawian temples, &c. the rude sacerdotal architecture of a people in the earliest stage of civilization, or a degree lower than those nations who built similar shaped monuments with sunburt bricks and stones. The similarities between these monuments and many Celtic, Druidic, Scythic, Tartarian, Indian, and Polynesian religious monuments will appear evident to all those, who may undertake to compare them, and investigate the subject with candour. But the identity between our Alleghawian monuments and those of the ancient Floridian, Antillian, Mexican, Peruvian, and Chilese nations is almost complete in many instances, and in others hardly any difference exists, except such variety as we even observe among ours, or such as the progress of the arts will have occasioned.

The man or men, who will endeavour to collect all the scattered accounts and notices of American monuments, and who will bring them forth in a methodical, comparative, and perspicuous point of view, will render a real and important service to the historian of our ancient times, and of our predecessors on this luxuriant soil, and even to historian of mankind, its early arts and manners.

Among the principal peculiarities, which I have noticed in this group of monuments, the square area of No. 1, en-

closed within a circular ditch and parapet, is very interesting, since it exhibits a new compound geometrical form of building. The ditch must have been much deeper once, and the parapet, with the area, much higher; since, during the many centuries, which have elapsed over these monuments, the rains, dust, decayed plants and trees must have gradually filled the ditch, &c. I was told by Mr. Martin that within his recollection, or about twenty-five years ago, the ditch in the monument near the head of Hickman's Creek was at least one foot deeper. Whenever we find central and separated areas in the Alleghawian monuments, we must suppose they were intended for the real places of worship and sacrifices, where only the priests and chiefs were admitted; while the Crowd stood probably on the parapet, to look on, and in fact these parapets are generally convex and sloping inwards or towards the central area.

The ditched mound, no. 2, is remarkable, and must have had a peculiar destination, like the sunken mounds, No 4, which differ from No. 2, merely by being much lower, and appearing therefore almost sunk in the ditch.

The stone mounds, Nos. 7 and 8, are also peculiar, and evidently sepulchral. But why were the dead bodies covered here with stones instead of earth? Perhaps these mounds belonged to different tribes, or the conveniency of finding stones, in the rocky neighbourhood of Russell's cave and spring, may have been an inducement for employing them.

Believe me, as usual, your friend and well wisher,

C. S. RAFINESQUE.

P. S. I have lately heard that something like the ruins of a town built with sunburnt bricks, mixed with straw, and in which brick wells have been seen, also the appearances of houses, streets, &c. have been discovered not far from the western bank of the Mississippi, between New Madrid and the mouth of the River Arkansas. It is much to be wished that somebody would visit and survey the spot, ascertain the fact, and describe this new monument, which may add another link to our Ancient History.

CONTESTS WITH THE INDIANS.

The following articles, as well as some of a similar nature which have appeared in previous numbers, are worthy of preservation as materials for history. Should any errors be detected in them, we shall be happy to receive and publish corrections from authentic and responsible sources. Their general accuracy may be relied on.

ST. CLAIR'S CAMPAIGN.

General Harmer's expedition, of which an account was given in the Western Review for April last, not having answered the purpose intended, viz, that of bringing about a peace with the northern Indians, Congress passed an act adding to the establishment another regiment of regular troops, which was placed under the command of general Arthur St Clair, and general Richard Butler was made second in rank, which last appointment determined general Harmer to leave the service. The delay in the Quarter-Master's Department was so great, that it was late in September before the army was ready to leave fort Washington, and when it arrived at the Big Miami River a fort was commenced, the erection of which, from the rawness of the troops, occupied more than two weeks. The army then, about the 4th of October 1791, attempted to march by two roads, opened at four hundred yards distance from each other, and proceeded about two miles; the line of march was then altered, and they proceeded, in two days more, about twelve miles, when the country became more open. They then continued in a direct line, N. 16° W. until stopped, at thirty six miles from the Big Miami, by an impenetrable swamp or morass. Upon strict search an old Indian path was found, which the General concluded to follow, as the whole country appeared to be full of these morasses. At about sixty eight miles from the Ohio River a second fort was built, called Fort Jefferson, before the completion of which the contract failed, and the public horses had to be sent back for a supply of provisions. The men were put on an allowance of half a pound of flour and a pound of beef per day for one week, and were then limited to a quarter of a pound of flour per day to the end of the campaign. Fort Jefferson having been finished, the troops moved on six miles, to the place where Greenville was afterwards built, and remained there a week. Having then received a small

supply of provisions, they moved on twelve miles to Still Water, where about one hundred and fifty or two hundred of the Kentucky Militia deserted. The General, being apprehensive they would fall in with and destroy a convoy of provisions which was expected, detached major Hamtramock, with the principal part of the 1st regiment, to meet the convoy and protect it. As the major passed the encampment, (six miles from fort Jefferson,) a party of Indians was discovered reconnoitring, who fled at his approach. The regiment proceeded to the tree, nineteen miles from the Miami River, where it was expected the convoy of provisions would be in waiting, but none was there. The detachment then commenced its march back to the army, but did not arrive in time to render any service.

The army had advanced, on the night of the 3d of November, thirty miles from fort Jefferson, to the bank of one of the forks of the Wabash, and just after day light next morning a general attack was made on the whole army, which was completely surrounded, and received a most deadly fire, from the enemy on every side. The troops stood up in their ranks, and received the fire for some time, when general Butler ordered a charge with the right wing and drove the enemy a considerable distance; but the troops, on returning to their encampment, were followed by the enemy, firing on their rear. A second charge was then made by the same troops with similar success and similar loss. General Butler, having received two wounds, both of which were dressed, determined to make a third charge, but, just as he was mounting his horse for the purpose, he received a mortal wound. By this time the field was strewed with the dead and dying. General St. Clair, being ill with the gout, and scarcely able to sit on horseback, entertaining no hopes of victory, but seeing the greater part of his officers either killed or wounded, ordered his troops to charge at the road and to go home; by which means they broke through the enemy. Now commenced the most disgraceful part of the scene. As the greater portion of the men threw away their arms, and every thing that was cumbersome, the ground was strewed with dead bodies, hats, coats, and shoes for about four miles, where the enemy gave over the chase. The returns of the killed and missing amounted to seven hundred and fifty privates and seven officers, but including waggoners, pack horsemen, and bullock drivers, there were upwards of one thousand,

besides a great number of women, who had been injudiciously suffered to follow the army.

Great blame has been cast on General St. Clair for the failure of this expedition, but the fault rested principally with the Quartermaster General, who took a considerable time in having tent poles and packsaddles made in Philadelphia, and transported across the mountains. The former were laid by as useless, the troops preferring to cut tent poles where they encamped, rather than to carry them, and the packsaddles were so large, that they injured the back of every horse on which they were placed, although they cost, exclusive of transportation, double the price of good ones in Pittsburgh. General Butler saw they would not answer and ordered others to be procured before he left Pittsburgh, otherwise the army would not have been able to move at all.

Another cause of the failure, which cannot be attributed to General St. Clair, was the nature of the troops, of which one half of his army was composed. They were levied for six months only, were badly clothed, and had to stand out in that climate with linen pantaloons nearly worn out; many of them were without shoes, with only part of a hat, and the remains of what had been called a coat, very few had shirts, and, what was worse than all, they were half starved. The contract having failed, the army ought to have returned, but the General had no discretionary orders. He was to go on at all events to the Miami Village, where Harmer had been the fall before, and the contractor undertook with two hundred horses to supply the army with flour, although one thousand would have been insufficient for the purpose. The only error I attribute to General St. Clair, was his not following Harmer's route, as he had a number of officers with him, who could have been his guides, told him what kind of country he had to pass, and where to look out for ambuscades, but perhaps he was ordered to take the route he did. I cannot forbear to mention the shameful conduct of some of the Quartermasters in cheating the soldiers out of part of their small allowance. It had been agreed that where the beef was drawn in large drafts, 5 per cent. should be allowed to make up for the waste in dividing between messes; this 5 per cent. those Quartermasters appropriated to their own use, and indeed, it was said, frequently more.

Forts Jefferson and Hamilton were retained, notwithstand-

ing the great advantage the enemy had gained. Brigadier General Wilkinson was sent on to take the command of the residue of the troops consisting of part of the 1st and 2nd Regiments of Infantry. In the course of the winter the General made an excursion to the field of battle and received one piece of cannon, and all the carriages, also one travelling forge, and some tools. The next summer was devoted to getting on a supply of provisions in advance, and reconnoitring the country. General Wilkinson made a second visit to St. Clair's battle ground, found one piece of cannon which the Indians had hid, and removed it to another place. The troops at Forts Jefferson and Hamilton were also employed part of the summer in getting a quantity of hay for the use of the Cavalry that was expected at Fort Jefferson. The hay-makers were attacked and a sergeant, corporal, and fifteen privates killed or taken. A few were also taken from Fort Hamilton.

This summer, three different flags with proposals of peace, were sent to the Indians, the first by Mr. Freeman, who was killed on the Little Miami River, the other two by Colonel John Hardin of Kentucky, and Major Freeman of the regular troops, who set out together and kept in company to the place now called St. Marks, where they separated, Colonel Hardin taking the route to Sandusky, and Major Freeman to the mouth of the Auglaze. Nothing certain has ever been known of the fate of Colonel Hardin. Major Freeman had arrived within a few miles of his destination, when he was treacherously massacred in the night by two Savages. The Interpreter, who was with him, escaped, and relates that, a few days after, he saw Colonel Hardin's horses and clothes brought in, which is all that has ever been heard respecting him since.

ADAIR'S EXPEDITION.

In the summer of 1792, one hundred Kentucky volunteers were ordered to reinforce General Wilkinson for the purpose of escorting provisions to the out posts. The first party, under the command of Captain Joshua Barbee, had served the time for which they were engaged, and a second, under Major John Adair, which attended as a convoy of provisions to Fort Jefferson had returned to Fort St. Clair, an intermediate post, on the night of the 5th Novem-

ber, and encamped about two hundred yards from the fort. It was the custom with the Major to have his men up some time before day, and at the dawn to give a signal for the sentinels to leave their posts, to come in, and prepare for the march. On the morning of 6th November, as the sentinels were coming in, the party was attacked by three or four hundred Indians, and by them driven under the walls of the fort. One half took shelter within; the rest, under Major Adair, took possession of a picket work, intended to cover some stables, where they made a successful stand.—They then drove the enemy to the woods, whence they also were driven back in their turn, and these alternate pursuits and retreats were repeated several times. The Indians, at length, drew off, taking all the horses with them. Adair again pursued them, and in a little more than a mile, came in sight of them across a steep hollow. He called to them to come back and take another fair fight, which they accordingly did; and being so far superior to him in number, he was of course obliged to give way and retreat as soon as possible. Lieutenant Job Hale, sergeant English, and three others, were killed; Lieutenants George Madison, and Richard Taylor, and five or six others were wounded, all of whom recovered. The Indians left seven dead on the field, and were seen to carry off several during the action. Two men, whom the enemy had taken a few days before from Fort Hamilton, were found dead at their encampment, one mile and a half from the fort.

POETRY.

JULIA'S URN.

1

Come, maidens, cull the choicest flowers
That blossom in the solar ray:
Seek these cypress-shaded bowers,
Nor hail the rosy smile of day.
Slowly chant the song of love,
Soothe the spirit of the grove!
Strew along the mossy way
The primrose and the violet gay;

Sweet Philomel shall plaintive mourn
Her solemn dirge o'er Julia's urn.

2

Bid the shepherd-boy attend,
And guide the tenderest yearlings here,
Where, soft, the mournful willows bend
Low, to shed the pensive tear.
Bid him chant a softer strain,
Call reflections from her fain:
Cease, ye zephyrs! cease to chide
The mournful murm'rings of the tide.
Hither maidens come and twine,
Your garlands round my Julia's shrine.

3

Let Erebus bedim the eye,
The roseate, phosphor eye of day;
Let Nature veil the glowing sky,
And Luna shed her silver ray.
Chant aloud your song of love,
Plaintive mourner of the grove;
Hither maidens come and bring
The choicest blossoms of the spring;
Come, Melancholy, leave thy cave,
And breathe a sigh o'er Julia's grave!

TRANSLATION

Of the Italian Ode, in our last,

To the memory of Mr. John D. Clifford.

The flag funereal, stern Death,
Dark-streaming o'er the crowded way,
The sacred bell's harsh, iron breath,
Thy hated victory display.
We enter. Lowly is the flower
Wither'd in life's meridian hour.
Pallid it lies, crush'd by the clasp
Of that all-powerful arm and adamantine grasp.

The pious soul its rapid flight
To God, its virtue's guerdon, wings,

Beyond the Sun, through realms of light
Pæans of gratitude it sings.
Arches empyreal around,
With holy harmony resound,
Till echoed through ethereal deeps
Of other spheres, afar the heavenly music sweeps.

Swift to the former partner of his joy
Dove-like he flies. In raptures roll
Their moments, while no words alloy
The still communion of the soul.
With sympathetic glance they see
The mourning orphan-family;
Nor would their tears of sorrow sleep,
If spirits of the blest, the seraphim, could weep.

Sweet friendship's balmy duties, paid
To sorrow, charm the holy pair;
And sweet the sigh of the bright maid
Who loves to lull that sorrow's care.
The Almighty source of love they pray
Their grief's intemperance to sway,
And when the fatal signal's given,
Wrapped in their saintly white, they may ascend to Heaven.

Lo! where Death's chariot enshrouds
His victim; and is toll'd the knell
To unaffected weeping crowds
Of a last, sorrowful farewell,
Nor happy hope, nor torturing hour
Resists the awful despot's power.
Grates harshly, as his portals part,
The hinge, and every clod falls heavy on the heart.

Ne'er stopping on his journey, stills
Gray Time the passions' sullen roar.
The memory of distant ills
Is but the sigh of tempests o'er.
To his posterity his name
Immortal virtues shall proclaim,
And shame the vicious with his bays,
True as the Poet's soul, unfading as his lays.

THE

WESTERN REVIEW

AND

MISCELLANEOUS MAGAZINE.

VOL. III. SEPTEMBER, 1820. No. 2.

"THE POETICAL WORKS OF JOHN TRUMBULL, L, L, D; *containing Mc Fingal, a Modern Epic Poem, revised and corrected, with copious explanatory notes; the progress of Dulness; and a collection of Poems on various subjects, written before and during the Revolutionary War:* in two volumes. *Hartford,* printed for Samuel G Goodrich, by Lincoln and Stone, 1820." pp, 434, octavo.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51)

Although great indulgences ought to be granted to Hudibrastic rhymes, and their eccentricity and unexpectedness constitute much of their merit, and sometimes all, yet the following are hardly admissible.

chief, sleeve, } p, 8. dozy, idiocy. } p, 12. *Idiocy* has the accent on the first syllable. The penultimate is short, and we cannot consent to contradict all authority, and make it long.

desperater, nature, } p, 16. This rhyme is good with the pronunciation of *nature* as it prevails in Connecticut, *nater;* but the rhyme is destroyed by the modern English pronunciation. On this subject, however, we will not contend with Mr. Trumbull, because we are satisfied that he has the authority of the old English pronunciation in his favour.

beyond, end, } p, 19. *Beyend* is a provincial pronunciation as well as *beyand,* and cannot be admitted. Walker says, "*Absurd and corrupt as this pronunciation (beyand) is, too many of the people of London, and those not entirely uneducated, are guilty of it.*" This sentence may be applied to Connecticut with respect to *beyend.*

gestures, protesters. } p, 21. The criticism concerning *desperater* and *nature* (*nater*) applies to this rhyme, which requires *gestures* to be sounded *gesters.*

jeer'd, } In this instance, the second word must be
heard, } p, 1. pronounced *heerd*, but it is made, in another place, to rhyme with *concert*, and must of course be sounded *hert*.

> "And straight the people all at *once heard*
> Of tongues an universal *concert*." (p, 82.)

This is somewhat too capricious even for doggerel that claims to be, not *low*, but "*high* burlesque."

commissions, } laid in, } longer's }
license. } p, 26. sitting. } p, 29. congress. } p, 29.

speechifying, } again you, } all see, }
whine. } p, 33. ninny. } p, 51. policy. } p, 77.

correspondence }
undone's } p, 96. scanty, }
humanity. } p, 142.

misty, } descended. } deities, }
triplicity. } p, 150. engendered. } p, 169. treaties. } p, 164.

In the rhymes, *all see* and *policy*, *misty* and *triplicity*, and *scanty* and *humanity*, the elision of the *i* is demanded, if the rhymes be allowed, but it would be better to make new rhymes. *Putnam* and *mutton him* are so odd a combination that we would pass it, if we could, but we cannot pronounce *mutton him* in any way sufficiently short to dispense with an additional syllable in *Putnam*, and must make it *Putton-am*, a change, which his descendants would not much like.

Several words are spelled wrong in the new edition, some of which were right in the old. "*Catiffs*" (p, 17,) we find for *Caitiffs*; "*loth*" (p, 10,) for *loath*; "*least*" (p, 48,) for *lest*, as it is in page 61; "*setts*" (p, 74,) for *sets;* "*parol*" (p. 83,) for *parole;* "*antient*" (p, 86,) for *ancient*; and "*sate*" (p, 21,) for *sat*.

"In the same way *bad* is sometimes very improperly used for *bade*, the preterite of the verb *bid*, and *sate* for *sat*, the preterite of *sit*. The only proper use of the word *bad* is as a synonyma for *ill*; and to *sate* is the same in signification as to *glut*."—(*Campbell's Phil: of Rhet: p*, 213.)

"*Moggison*" (p, 96) is usually written *moccasin*, but the orthography is not settled.

There are many instances of erroneous pronunciation besides those already mentioned. "*Extreme*," (p, 26,) "*finesse*," (p, 37,) "*lament*," (p, 61,) "*parol*," (p, 83,) "*distress*," (p, 103,) and "*surpass*," (p, 144,) are accented on the first syllable in violation of good use. "*Triplicity*," (p, 150,) and "*politic*," (p, 47,) are accented on the penultimate. To make "*energy*"

rhyme with "*clergy*," (p, 46,) the accent is taken from the first, and given to the second syllable. The pronunciation, which Richardson himself and the English have established for "*Pamela*" (Vol: 2, p, 77,) requires the penultimate to be short.

The English Church is said (p, 16,) to have

> "Set wide for Popery the door,*
> Made friends with Babel's scarlet whore,
> Till both the matrons joined in clan;
> No sisters made a better *span*."

Pickering, in his vocabulary of Americanisms, and of those words supposed to be such, has this remark.

"SPAN. A pair. Used in this expression; a *span* of horses. *New-England.* I do not find this use of the word in any of the English dictionaries, nor in *Ray's* or *Grose's* glossaries. The Germans say, a *span*, or *gespan ochsen oder pferde*, a *team*, not exclusively *one* pair of oxen or horses."

"*Triced*" (p, 69) is not in the dictionaries. "*Veers*" (p, 98) as a noun is not authorized. "*Rape*" (p, 136) is not a verb.

The account of *Tories* and *Whigs* in the appendix may amuse our readers.

"The appellation of Tories was first given to the native Irish, who dwelt, or were driven, beyond the English pale, as it was called, and, like the moss-troopers and outlaws on the borders of Scotland, for some centuries carried on a desultory and predatory war, against the British settlements in Dublin and the eastern and southern parts of Ireland. In the civil wars in the time of Charles the first, these clans adhered to the royal party and were finally attacked and subdued by Cromwell.

"In England this name seems to have been first applied to that part of the army of Charles, who were distinguished by the appellation of Cavaliers. A number of young noblemen and gentlemen of the first families, who adhered to the king, formed themselves into volunteer troops of cavalry. They were not more famous for courage in the field, than notorious for their dissolute manners and intemperate riots. Singing catches and ballads was then the fashionable music of society. To every stanza in the old ballads was annexed a chorus, called the burden or wheel of the song, which usually consisted of a roll of unmeaning sounds, in which the whole company joined with the utmost vociferation. They had a favorite ballad suited to the times, and as much in vogue, as the *Ca ira* was afterwards in the French revolution. Its chorus was

"Sing tory rory, rantum scantum, tory rory row."

The word, Tories, soon came into use to denote a set of bacchanalian companions. *Cotton*, in his Virgil Travesty, often calls the Trojans at the court of Dido, Tories, and once, Tory-rories, according to this signification of the terms.

"The word Whig originally meant a sour, astringent kind of crab-ap-

* Alluding to the Act of parliament, establishing the Papal worship and ligion in Canada.

ple. The ancient proverbial comparison, "as sour as a Whig," is still in use among the vulgar. In ridicule of the short, clipped hair and penitential scowl of the puritans, who served in the army of Cromwell, the royalists called the Whigs, pick-ears and round-heads.

"Whether these facts afford a full explanation of the origin of the terms must be left to the decision of the antiquarians, among whom it has long been a subject of dispute. Certain it is that they were never employed to designate political parties in England, until the period of the civil wars. The royalists who believed in the divine right, unlimited prerogatives and arbitrary power of the kings, were then stigmatized by the name of Tories. Those who adhered to the Parliament, asserted the rights of the Commons, and carrying their zeal for liberty to the extreme of licentiousness and anarchy, finally brought their monarch to the scaffold, were in return contemptuously denominated Whigs. But as early as the commencement of the last century the terms had lost their original opprobrious meaning; and although the word, Tory, never became reputable, the name of Whig was assumed, as an honorable title, by the party opposed to arbitrary prerogative in the king, and to high-church principles in the hierarchy. The phrases now serve chiefly to distinguish the two great political parties, into which England has ever since been divided. In this sense they are used by Swift, Bolingbroke and their adversaries, in the time of Walpole, and more recently in the writings of Burke and some of the later English historians.

"During the revolutionary war in America, the friends of liberty and independence assumed the title of Whigs, and stigmatized as Tories, all those who adhered to the king of England, and advised submission to the demands of the British Parliament. In this sense the terms are used in M'Fingal and by all cotemporary writers on American politics. But since the acknowledgement of our Independence and the adoption of a constitutional form of government in the United States, these names have gradually fallen into disuse, are considered as expressions approaching towards vulgarity and almost banished from polite conversation. Parties have arisen upon new grounds and principles of policy, and are distinguished by new appellations.' (pp. 224--227.)

Our prophetical gossips, whether in breeches or petticoats, may apply these lines to themselves.

"Nor only saw he all that could be,
But much that never was, nor would be;
Whereby all prophets far outwent he,
Though former days produced a plenty:
For any man with half an eye
What stands before him can espy;
But optics sharp it needs, I ween,
To see what is not to be seen." (p, 6,)

Though often antedated, the fate of England must at last be bankruptcy, an event which will be a benefit to the nation.

"Thus now while hoary years prevail,
Good mother Britain seem'd to fail;
Her back bent, crippled with the weight
Of age, and debts, and cares of state.
For debts she owed, and those so large;
As twice her wealth could ne'er discharge,

And now, 'twas thought, so high they'd grown,
She'd come upon the parish soon.
Her arms, of nations once the dread,
She scarce could lift above her head;
Her deafen'd ears, 'twas all their hope,
The final trump perhaps might ope;
So long they'd been, in stupid mood,
Shut to the hearing of all good." (p, 13.)

The conclusion of Honorius's speech (pp, 19—21,) is not a little severe upon the tory members of the several professions.

"And are there in this freeborn land
Among ourselves a venal band;
A dastard race who long have sold
Their souls and consciences for gold;
Who wish to stab their country's vitals,
Could they enjoy surviving titles;
With pride behold our mischiefs brewing,
Insult and triumph in our ruin?
Priests, who, if satan should sit down
To make a bible of his own,
Would gladly for the sake of mitres,
Turn his inspired and sacred writers;
Lawyers, who, should he wish to prove
His claim to his old seat above,
Would, if his cause he'd give them fees in,
Bring writs of *Entry sur disseisin*,
Plead for him boldly at the session.
And hope to put him in possession;
Merchants who, for his friendly aid,
Would make him partner in their trade,
Hang out their signs in goodly show,
Inscribed with *Beelzebub & Co.*;
And judges, who would list his pages,
For proper liveries and wages;
And who as humbly cringe and bow
To all his mortal servants now?
There are; and shame, with pointing gestures,
Marks out the Addressers and Protesters;
Whom following down the stream of fate,
Contempts ineffable await;
And public infamy forlorn,
Dread hate and everlasting scorn."

The attacks upon Hutchinson are very severe, a severity which he richly deserved. He was a great cheat, a traitor to those over whom he was placed as governor. His hypocrisy is not spared.

"He white-wash'd Hutchinson, and varnish'd
Our Gage, who'd got a little tarnish'd;
Made them new masks, in time no doubt,
For Hutchinson's was quite worn out:
Yet while he muddled all his head,
You did not heed a word he said." (pp, 29, 30.)

"'Have you forgot,' Honorius cried,
'How your prime saint the truth* defied,
Affirm'd he never wrote a line
Your charter'd rights to undermine,
When his own letters then were by,
Which proved his message all a lie?
How many promises he seal'd
To get th' oppresive acts repeal'd,
Yet once arrived on England's shore,
Set on the Premier to pass more?
But these are no defects we grant,
In a right loyal tory saint,
Whose godlike virtues must with ease
Atone for venial crimes, like these:
Or ye perhaps in scripture spy
A new commandment, "thou shalt lie;"
If this be so (as who can tell?)
There's no one sure to keep so well'" (pp. 34, 35.)

The introduction to the second canto is a handsome specimen of the facility and humor of the poem.

"The Sun, who never stops to dine,
Two hours had pass'd the mid-way line,
And driving at his usual rate,
Lash'd on his downward car of state.
And now expired the short vacation,
And dinner o'er in epic fashion,
While all the crew, beneath the trees,
Eat pocket-pies, or bread and cheese,
(Nor shall we, like old Homer, care
To versify their bill of fare)
Each active party, feasted well,
Throng'd in like sheep, at sound of bell;
With equal spirits took their places,
And meeting oped with three *Oh Yesses*:
When first, the daring Whigs t' oppose,
Again the great M'FINGAL rose,
Stretch'd magisterial arm amain,
And thus resumed th' accusing strain." (pp. 41, 42.)

* Hutchinson, while Governor of the Province, in his letters to the ministry declared the necessity, in order to maintain government, of *destroying the charter, abridging* what he termed *English Liberties*, making the judges dependent only on the crown, and erecting a nobility in America. Doctor Franklin, the provincial agent at the British Court, obtained a number of the originals, and transmitted them to Boston. In 1773, in a speech to the Legislative Assembly, he affirmed the absolute and unlimited authority of the parliament over the Colonies. This drew from the House of Representatives a spirited and argumentative reply. He rejoined; and in the course of debate, finding himself suspected of advising the ministry to oppressive measures, declared that he had ever been an advocate for the rights of the Province contained in the charter, and the equal liberties of the Colonists, with the other subjects of the British Dominion. On this, Hutchinson's letters were immediately published in Boston, to the utter confusion of all his pretensions, political and eligious.

The following is a couplet in pentameter verse, and is a departure from the measure of the poem.

"Or will proceed as though there were a tie,
And obligation to posterity." (p, 47.)

The clouds make a pun according to the speech of Squire Mc Fingal.

"Was there a cloud, that spread the skies,
B· t bore our armies of allies,
While dreadful hosts of flame stood forth
In baleful streamers from the north?
Which plainly show'd what part they join'd;
For North's the minister, ye mind;
Whence oft your quibblers in gazettes
On *Northern blasts* have strain'd their wits;
And think you not, the clouds know how
To make the pun, as well as you?"
p. 73.

The second canto is better than the first, has more point and force, and shows the writer to have had his faculties more at command.

The note to the following lines shows a little local feeling.

"And on its top, the flag unfurl'd
Waved triumph o'er the gazing world,
Inscribed with inconsistent types
Of *Liberty* and *thirteen stripes*."*
p. 85.

We should rather say of our flag, that our stars are to give light and renown to the friends of our country, but its stripes are to chastise our enemies.

Mc Fingal, referring to the destruction of the tea, gives occasion for two interesting notes.

"What furies raged when you, in sea,
In shape of Indians, drown'd the tea;†
When your gay sparks, fatigued to watch it,
Assumed the moggison and hatchet,

* The American flag. It would be doubtless wrong to imagine that the stripes bear any allusion to the slave trade.

†The cargo of tea sent to Boston, after being guarded for twenty nights, by voluntary parties of the Whigs, to prevent its being clandestinely brought ashore, was thrown into the sea, by a party of about two hundred young men, dressed, armed, and painted like Indians; but many a ruffled shirt and laced vest appeared under their blankets.

With wampum'd blankets hid their laces,
And like their sweethearts, primed† their faces:
While not a red-coat dared oppose,
And scarce a Tory show'd his nose;
While Hutchinson, ‡ for sure retreat,
Manœuvred to his country seat,
And thence affrighted, in the suds,
Stole off bareheaded through the woods."
pp. 96, 97.

Some of the gentlemen engaged in destroying the tea, are still living.

A whig, with a spade, contends with Mc Fingal armed with his sword. The mock heroic is well given.

"The Whig thus arm'd, untaught to yield,
Advanced tremendous to the field:
Nor did M'Fingal shun the foe,
But stood to brave the desp'rate blow;
While all the party gazed, suspended
To see the deadly combat ended;
And Jove in equal balance weigh'd
The sword against the brandish'd spade,
He weigh'd, but lighter than a dream,
The sword flew up, and kick'd the beam.
Our 'Squire on tiptoe rising fair
Lifts high a noble stroke in air,
Which hung not, but like dreadful engines,
Descended on his foe in vengeance.
But ah! in danger, with dishonor
The sword perfidious fails its owner;
That sword, which oft had stood its ground,
By huge trainbands encircled round;
And on the bench, with blades right loyal,
Had won the day at many a trial,
Of stones and clubs had braved th' alarms,
Shrunk from these new Vulcanian arms.
The spade so temper'd from the sledge,
Nor keen nor solid harm'd its edge,
Now met it, from his arm of might,
Descending with steep force to smite;
The blade snapp'd short—and from his hand,
With rust embrown'd the glittering sand." (pp. 104--106

† *Primed*, i. e. painted.

‡ When the leading Whigs in Boston found it impossible to procure the tea to be sent back, they secretly resolved on its destruction, and prepared all the necessary means. To cover the design, a meeting of the people of the whole County was convened on the day appointed, and spent their time in grave consultation on the question, what should be done to prevent its being landed and sold. The arrival of the Indians put an end to the debate, at the moment, when one of the foremost of the whig-orators was declaiming against all violent measures. Hutchinson was alarmed at the meeting, and retired privately in the morning, to his country seat at Milton. Whether from mistake or design, information was sent to him, that the mob was coming to pull down his house, He escaped in the utmost haste across the fields. The story of the day was, that the alarm was given, at the time, when he sat half-shaved under the hands of his barber.

As the constable was pardoned on his full confession, (p, 110,) we know not why he should still be punished with Mc Fingal, who would not give up his errors, nor declare his adhesion to the cause of liberty.

The notice of the *moon* is something like the idea of Byron, who seems not to think so well of the virtue of this mythological personage, *Diana*.

"Now night came down, and rose full soon
That patroness of rogues, the Moon;
Beneath whose kind protecting ray,
Wolves, brute and human, prowl for prey.
The honest world all snored in chorus,
While owls and ghosts and thieves and Tories,
Whom erst the mid-day sun had awed,
Crept from their lurking holes abroad." (p, 121.)

Byron says:

"The sun set, and up rose the yellow moon:
The devil's in the moon for mischief; they
Who call'd her CHASTE, methinks began too soon
Their nomenclature: There is not a day,
The longest, not the twenty first of June,
Sees half the business in a wicked way,
On which three single hours of moonshine smile:
And then she looks so modest all the while."
Don Juan, canto I, stanza 113.

Mc Fingal, in the turnip bin, in the cellar, makes his last address to the desponding tories, and introduces Malcolm, about whom there is a curious anecdote.

"For late in visions of the night
The gallows stood before my sight;
I saw its ladder heaved on end;
I saw the deadly rope descend,
And in its noose, that wavering swang,
Friend Malcolm* hung, or seem'd to hang.
How changed† from him, who bold as lion,
Stood Aid-de-camp to Gen'ral Tryon,
Made rebels vanish once, like witches,
And saved his life, but drop'd‡ his breeches.
I scarce had made a fearful bow,
And trembling ask'd him, "how d'ye do;"
When lifting up his eyes so wide,
His eyes alone, his hands were tied;
With feeble voice, as spirits use,
Now almost choak'd by gripe of noose." (pp, 124–126.)

* Malcolm was a Scotchman, Aid to Governor Tryon in his expedition against the Regulators, as they called themselves, in North Carolina. He was afterwards an under-officer of the customs in Boston, where becoming obnoxious, he was tarred, feathered and half-hanged by the mob, about the year 1774.

† ——————quantum mutatus ab illo
Hectore, qui rediit spoliis indutus. *Virg.*

‡ This adventure was thus reported among the anecdotes of the day

Since Malcolm's hands were tied, and he could not lift them up, how could he "*shake*" his arm, and "*raise*" McFingal to the stage?

"Could mortal arm our fears have ended,
This arm, (*and shook it,*) had defended." (p, 126.)

"So from this stage shalt thou behold
The war its coming scenes unfold,
Rais'd by my arm to meet thine eye,
My Adam thou, thine angel I." (p, 127.)

Clinton, Vaughan, and Tryon are well denominated (p, 149,) "*the journeymen of desolation.*"

The Continental Paper is poetically and forcibly described.

"When lo, an awful spectre rose,
With languid paleness on his brows;
Wan dropsies swell'd his form beneath,
And iced his bloated cheeks with death;
His tatter'd robes exposed him bare
To every blast of ruder air;
On the weak crutches propp'd he stood,
That bent at every step he trod;
Gilt titles graced their sides so slender,
One, "Regulation," t'other, "Tender;"
His breastplate graved with various dates,
"The Faith of all th' United States;"
Before him went his funeral pall,
His grave stood dug to wait his fall.
"I started, and aghast I cried,
"What means this spectre at their side?
What danger from a pow'r so vain,
Or union with that splendid train!"
"Alas, great Malcolm cried, experience
Might teach you not to trust appearance.
Here stands, as dress'd by fell Bellona,
The ghost of Continental Money!*

When Governor Tryon marched his militia, to suppress the insurgents in the western counties of North Carolina, and found them, drawn up in array to oppose him, Malcolm was sent with a flag to propose terms, and demand the surrender of their arms. Before the conclusion of the parley, Tryon's militia began to fire on the Regulators. The fire was immediately returned. Malcolm started to escape to his party; and by the violence of his pedestrian exertion (as Shakespeare says)

"His points being broken, down fell his hose;"

and he displayed the novel spectacle of a man running the gauntlet *sans culottes*, betwixt two armies engaged in action, and presenting an unusual mark to his enemy.

* The description here given of the Continental paper-money is not more remarkable, as a splendid example of the sublime burlesque, than as a faithful picture of that financial operation. Though this money was counterfeited by waggon loads in the British garrisons, and sent into circulation in the country, yet none of the consequences followed, which

Of Dame Necessity descended,
With whom Credulity engender'd:
Though born with constitution frail,
And feeble strength, that soon must fail,
Yet strangely vers'd in magic lore,
And gifted with transforming power.
His skill the wealth Peruvian joins,
With diamonds of Brazilian mines.
As erst Jove fell, by subtle wiles,
On Danae's apron through the tiles,
In show'rs of gold; his potent wand
Shall shed like show'rs o'er all the land."

(pp, 168—170.)

The United States rise to great power and glory, and the prospect of this result pains the soul of Mc Fingal as much as the sun did Satan.

"And see, (sight hateful and tormenting!)
This Rebel Empire, proud and vaunting,
From anarchy shall change her crasis,
And fix her pow'r on firmer basis;
To glory, wealth and fame ascend,
Her commerce wake, her realms extend;
Where now the panther guards his den,
H.r desert forests swarm with men;
Gay cities, tow'rs and columns rise,
And dazzling temples meet the skies:
Her pines, descending to the main,
In triumph spread the wat'ry plain,
Ride inland seas with fav'ring gales,
And crowd her ports with whitening sails:
Till to the skirts of western day,
The peopled regions own her sway." (p, 174.)

The new edition is considerably altered from the old, and is generally improved. About seventy lines are expunged, and about ten new ones added. Besides this difference, the changes of words and phrases are very frequent, and in almost every instance for the better. Lines are transposed, the notes are corrected and extended, many new ones are inserted, and interesting anecdotes are preserved

Among the couplets omitted are those which follow in italics.

"Your boasted patriotism is scarce,
And country's love is but a farce;

---

were expected from this manœuvre. The paper money carried on the war for five years; when it gave place to other measures, which the circumstances of the country rendered practicable, and went peaceably to rest, as here described by the author. The "weak crutches," called *Regulation and Tender*, by which this *Spectre* is supported, allude to the different acts of the State legislatures, made with the design of maintaining the credit of the Continental paper. Some of these acts regulated the prices of commodities, others made this paper a legal tender in payment. *London Edit.*

For after all the proofs you bring,
We Tories know there's no such thing;
Our English writers of great fame
Prove public virtue but a name.
Hath not Dalrymple* show'd in print,
And Johnson too, there's nothing in't!" (pp, 46, 47.)

This charge against English writers of great fame was more admissible during the war than now, and is properly removed by the author.

"*Was there a Yankee trick you know,*
They did not play as well as you?
Did they not lay their heads together,
And gain your art to tar and feather,†
When Colonel Nesbit, through the town,
In triumph bore the country-clown?" (pp, 56, 57.)

This phrase, *yankee trick*, is a *tory* accusation, and as whigs we reject it. If however it be used to denote the superiority of the American mind and arms over the British, either in the revolutionary war or in the last; if it be referred to such tricks as Hull, Decatur, Bainbridge, Jackson, and others played upon our enemies; we have no objection to its preservation. Or if it be synonymous with the declaration of an English statesman in parliament, concerning the negociation at Ghent, that it bore "*the stamp of American superiority*," we will not quarrel with it.

The account of the disorder in the town meeting, which was held, according to custom, in a church, (the Moderator being in the pulpit,) has an omission.

* This writer undertook to demonstrate, that all the celebrated British patriots were pensioners, in the pay of France. His proof is derived from the letters of the French Embassadors, who accounting for the monies received from their court, charge so many thousand guineas paid to Hampden, Sidney, and others, as bribes. We are told also that Admiral Russell defeated the French fleet, at a time when he had engaged most solemnly, and received a stipulated sum, to be beaten himself.

† In the beginning of 1775, to bring forward an occasion for a more serious quarrel, than had yet taken place between the people and the army, Lieutenant Colonel Nesbit laid the following plan. The country people being in the habit of purchasing arms, he directed a soldier to sell one of them an old rusty musket. The soldier soon found a purchaser, a man who brought vegetables to market, who paid him three dollars for it. Scarcely had the man parted from the soldier when he was seized by Nesbit and conveyed to the guard-house, where he was confined all night. Early next morning they stripped him entirely naked, covered him with warm tar, and then with feathers, placed him on a cart, conducted him to the north end of the town, then back to the south end, as far as Liberty-Tree; where the people began to collect in vast numbers, and the military, fearing for their own safety, dismissed the man, and made a retreat to the barracks.

The party consisted of about thirty granadiers of the 47th regiment, with fixed bayonets, twenty drums and fifes playing the Rogue's March, headed by Nesbit with a drawn sword. *Lond. Edit.*

"The Moderator, with great vi'lence,
The cushion thump'd with, "Silence, Silence!"
The constable to every prater
Bawl'd out, " pray hear the Moderator;"
Some call'd the vote, and some in turn
Were screaming high, "Adjourn, Adjourn."
Not Chaos heard such jars and clashes,
When all the el'ments fought for places.
Each bludgeon soon for blows was tim'd;
Each fist stood ready cock'd and prim'd;
The storm each moment fiercer grew;
His sword the great M'Fingal drew,
Prepar'd in either chance to share,
To keep the peace, or aid the war." (pp, 81, 82.)

The rhyming word *tim'd* is certainly not well applied here to a *bludgeon*, but the humour of the second line is so striking that we are sorry to lose it.

Malcolm advises Mc Fingal to abandon his object in rallying the whigs to further opposition.

"Ah fly my friend, he cried, escape,
And keep yourself from this sad scrape;
Enough you've talk'd, and writ, and plann'd;
The Whigs have got the upper hand.
Dame Fortune's wheel has turned so short,
It plung'd us fairly in the dirt.
Could mortal* arm our fears have ended,
This arm (and shook it) had defended.
But longer now 'tis vain to stay;
See even the Regulars run away;
Wait not till things grow desperater,
For hanging is no laughing matter.
This night your grandsires' fortunes tell you on,
Who both were hang'd the last rebellion.
Adventure then no longer stay;
But call your friends and haste away." (p, 196.)

We are willing to see the second of these omitted couplets removed, but the loss of the first and the third has deprived the paragraph of its under-tone of satire. The low phrase, "*tell you on*" is bad enough as grammar, but adds to the waggery.

Malcolm exclaims on the gallows,

I've long enough stood firm and steady,
Half-hang'd for loyalty already,
And could I save my neck and pelf,
I'd turn a flaming whig myself.
And quit this cause, and course, and calling,
Like rats that fly from house that's falling." (p, 134.)

* ——————————— Si Pergama dextra
Defendi possent, etiam hac defensa fuissent. *Virg.*

This severe comparison of the mercenary tories to deserting rats, the best satire of the quotation, is lost. A piece of scandal, rejected from the lines about commissary Loring and his accommodating wife, some may think ought to be preserved as a punishment for his cruelty.

"Loring was a refugee from Boston, made commissary of prisoners by General Howe. The consummate cruelties, practised on the American prisoners under his administration, almost exceed the ordinary powers of human invention. The conduct of the Turks in putting all prisoners to death is certainly much more rational and humane, than that of the British army for the three first years of the American war, or till after the capture of Burgoyne." (p, 143.)

"Great Howe* had sweetly in the lap
Of Loring taken out his nap;
And with the sun's ascending ray,
The cuckold came to take his pay;
When all th' encircling hills around
With instantaneous breastworks crown'd,
With pointed thunders met his sight,
Like magic, rear'd the former night.
Each summit, far as eye commands,
Shone, peopled with rebellious bands.
Aloft the tow'ring heroes rise,
As Titans erst assail'd the skies;
Leagued in superior force to prove
The sceptred hand of British Jove." (pp, 135, 136.)

This exposure of Howe's amours with Mrs. Loring was further followed up in the old edition.

"Great Loring, fam'd above all laymen,
A proper priest for Lybian Ammon,
Who, while Howe's gift his brows adorns,
Had match'd that deity in horns,
Here every day, her vot'ries tell,
She more devours, than th' idol Bel." (p, 147.)

The following lines are among those added to the present edition.

"Who'd seen, except for these restraints,
Your witches, quakers, whigs and saints,
Or heard of Mather's† famed *Magnalia,*
If Charles and Laud had chanced to fail you?" (p, 43.)

We will give in Italics a few of the alterations as specimens.

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* The sun had long since, in the lap
Of Thetis, taken out his nap. *Butler.*

†See in Mather's Magnalia, a history of the miracles, which occurred in the first settlement of New-England; see also his "Wonders of the invisible World," for a full and true account of the witchcraft at Salem.

"No block in old Dodona's grove
Could ever more oracular prove,
Nor only saw he all that *could be* (was,)
But much that never *was, nor would be.*" (came to pass.)
(p, 6.)

"*Bethle'm-College*" is much better than "*Bedlam-College*," (p, 14.) The colloquial pronunciation and orthography have usurped the place of the original form of the word, and are now exclusively proper to denote a mad-house. "*Art and finesse*" are well altered to "*fraud and finesse*," (p, 37,) and thus the synonymes are avoided. "*Genial* womb" (p, 42) is much better than "*welcome* womb." As colonel Grant is made famous for running, rather than fighting, the exchange of "*valiant*" for "*mighty*" (p, 48,) makes the irony more successful.

The note concerning our national air (p, 55,) is altered from the old one, the whole of which stands thus, and the last part contains a curious fact. "YANKEE-DOODLE, as M'Fingal here relates, was a native air of New England, and was often played in derision by the British troops, particularly on their march to Lexington. Afterward the captive army of Burgoyne was obliged to march to this tune in the ceremony of piling their arms at Saratoga. In the course of the war, it became a favorite air of LIBERTY, like the present CA IRA of France. *It is remarkable, that after the taking of the Bastile, and before the introduction of Ca Ira, the Paris guards played* YANKEE-DOODLE."

The couplet upon the Aurora Borealis, which frightened the superstitious so much formerly, is greatly improved by a slight alteration.

"While dreadful hosts of fire stood forth
Mid baleful glimmerings from the north."

"While dreadful hosts of *flame* stood forth
In baleful *streamers* from the north." (p, 73.)

"Stories of prodigies were at that time industriously propagated by the Tories in various parts of New-England, and with some success in alarming and intimidating the superstitious. In fact, about the commencement of the war, a large meteor passed through our atmosphere, and the Aurora Borealis appeared more frequently, and assumed more singular appearances than usual. These materials were sufficient for a beginning; nonsense easily supplied the rest." (p, 72.)

"And death and deviltry denounc'd" is judiciously exchanged for the line,

"And *war*, and *plague*, and death denounc'd."
p, 74.

"*Union'd* host" we willingly part with for "*gather'd* hosts." (p, 158.) We are only surprised that Mr. Trumbull should ever think, even when a young man, of employing *union* as a verb.

Besides the alterations in the notes already mentioned, there are others which claim our attention. The following is enlarged.

"Some British officers, soon after Gage's arrival in Boston, walking on Beacon-Hill after sunset, were affrighted by noises in the air (supposed to be the flying of bugs and beetles) which they took to be the sound of bullets. They left the hill with great precipitation, spread the alarm in their encampment, and wrote terrible accounts to England of being shot at with air-guns; as appears by their letters, extracts from which were soon after published in the London papers. Indeed, for some time they seriously believed, that the Americans were possessed of a kind of magic white powder, which exploded and killed without report."

pp, 66, 67.

A new note is introduced concerning Burgoyne as an author.

"The *Maid of the Oaks* is a farce by Burgoyne, often acted on the English theatre. During the winter in which the British troops were shut up in Boston, they amused themselves with the acting of a new farce, called *The Blockade of Boston*; the humour of which consisted in burlesquing the Yankee phrases, unmilitary dress, and awkward appearance of the new American levies, by whom they were besieged: like the fancy of Cardinal De Retz, who, while condemned to severe imprisonment, took his revenge by writing the life of his jailor. This play was generally ascribed to the pen of Burgoyne. As he was, on his final capture, returned to England, *in good condition still to scribble*, he has since taken the advice of Malcolm, and written the comedy of *The Heiress*, which is indeed one of the best modern productions of the British stage."

p, 141.

Clive, famous for his cruelty in Calcutta, is thus mentioned in the text, and the note is altered. The female personage is "*British Clemency.*"

"Behold the temple, where it stands
Erect, by famed Britannic hands.
'Tis the Black-hole of Indian structure,
New-built in English architecture,
On plan, 'tis said, contrived and wrote
By Clive,* before he cut his throat;
Who, ere he took himself in hand,
Was her high-priest in nabob-land."

p, 148.

* Clive in the latter year of his life, conceived himself haunted by the Ghosts of those persons, who were the victims of his humanity in the East-Indies. It is presumed that he showed them the vote of Parliament, returning thanks for his services.

The "*certain Lord*" spoken of in the note (p, 152,) is named in the old edition "*Carlisle*," and the "*petticoated politician*" is said to be "*a lady of considerable distinction.*"

"In the year 1778, after the capture of Burgoyne, our good government passed an act, repealing all the acts of which the Americans complained, provided they would rescind their declaration of Independence, and continue to be our colonies. The ministry then sent over three Commissioners, Mr. Johnstone, Mr. Eden, and a certain Lord. These Commissioners began their operations and finished them, by attempting to bribe individuals among the members of the State, and of the army.—This bait appears to have caught nobody but Arnold. The *petticoated politician*, here mentioned, was a woman of Philadelphia, through whose agency they offered a bribe to Joseph Read, Governor of Pennsylvania."

We have now gone through with the first volume, which contains the "Memoir" and "Mc Fingal." It is many years since we read this poem till our perusal of it at the present time. Although we may not be quite as much amused with the Hudibrastic jingle as we once were, and may not have as *unqualified* a feeling in regard to the talents and wit of the author, we still have taken quite as much interest in it, and more than make up, by reminiscence and association, for the loss of novelty and juvenile ardor. The talents and wit of the author are unquestioned; and the production, though somewhat coarse, and the thought strained, is abundantly worthy of the present elegant edition, and will live, not only by the increasing importance of that Revolution, with which it is connected, but by its own merits, by the genius, patriotism, and satire, which pervade and consecrate it. We do not find here all the fertility, variety, wit, and exquisite humor, which fill the pages of Butler, but Mr. Trumbull was a very young man, in a very young country, and living in a very simple state of society. He has accomplished much, and his satire rendered to the cause of Freedom an immense service. Some general remarks we shall make hereafter upon the school of poetry, to which Trumbull, Barlow, Dwight, Humphreys, and Livingston belong. At present we give our attention to the miscellaneous articles composing the second volume.

The "Progress of Dulness" has been long before the public. Its object is good, and the means employed to effect it are in the main successful. Having been so long kept upon this measure in the first volume, we should be glad to be relieved sooner in the second. Mr. Trumbull's genius very naturally led him to continue this easy mode of writing verses, in which he could be grave or gay, careful or care-

less, concentrated and powerful, or diffuse and rambling, according to his humor.

Tom Brainless may be thought at first to be a *carricature*, but it is, as the history of our colleges and our parishes too plainly proves, a *character* drawn from fact. There are some incongruities in it, and some parts are rather low and coarse. "*Gout*" and "*stone*" (p, 16,) are diseases not appropriate to a boy in college, but belong to a much later age. The tendency of some of the satire is decidedly and unfortunately (as in page 18) against the cultivation of classical learning. There is a want of discrimination between the abuses and uses of this kind of knowledge. The author, being himself a fine classical scholar, and a lover of Greek and Roman lore, cannot be supposed to intend to come out as its enemy; but the text wants to be more qualified, and more exactly directed to its object. Logic, which is a useful science under proper regulations, is here (p, 19,) ridiculed in the mass, and definitions are too crudely assailed. Considering the manner, in which instruction was given at the time this poem was written, the indiscriminate attack is more excusable. Syllogisms, (p, 20,) are very properly denounced, but Rhetoric deserved a better analysis, and more regard. The following episode in praise of genuine learning, as it was wished to prevail, is a specimen of the best style of the piece.

"Oh! might I live to see that day,
When sense shall point to youths their way;
Through every maze of science guide;
O'er education's laws preside;
The good retain, with just discerning
Explode the quackeries of learning;
Give ancient arts their real due,
Explain their faults and beauties too;
Teach where to imitate, and mend,
And point their uses and their end.
Then bright philosophy would shine,
And ethics teach the laws divine;
Our youths might learn each nobler art,
That shews a passage to the heart;
From ancient languages well known
Transfuse new beauties to our own;
With taste and fancy well refin'd,
Where moral rapture warms the mind,
From schools dismiss'd, with lib'ral hand,
Spread useful learning o'er the land;
And bid the eastern world admire
Our rising worth, and bright'ning fire."
pp, 22, 23.

The importance sometimes attached to *orthodoxy*, and the

substitution of it for sense, learning, and benevolence, are properly chastised.

> "What though his wits could ne'er dispense
> One page of grammar, or of sense;
> What though his learning be so slight,
> He scarcely knows to spell or write;
> What though his skull be cudgel-proof!
> He's orthodox, and that's enough.' (p, 29.)

Dick Hairbrain is a coarse *Dandy* when compared with the improvements which have been made in this character in modern times. As Mr. Trumbull had no models of the true *Dandy* before him, he could not be expected to be very exact in the portrait. The best account of this kind of gentlemen is in Peter's Letters already reviewed.

"I am not quite certain that Scotland can produce a single specimen of the genuine Dandy. In fact, the term here appears to me to be both imperfectly understood and very grievously misapplied. Were I to divine the meaning of the word from the qualities of those persons whom it is here used to designate, I should conceive a Dandy to be nothing more than a gentleman in a white great coat and a starched cravat, or, in the most liberal extension of its meaning, a person who is rather gay and foppish in his dress. But a Dandy is something more, nay, a great deal more, than all this. I should define him, in few words, to be a person who has acquired such a degree of refinement in all matters of taste as is unattainable, or at least unattained, by the generality of his countrymen. Dress, therefore, does not constitute Dandyism; because dress is only one of the many modes in which this fastidious refinement is displayed. A true Dandy decorates his person far less with the view of captivation, than from the abstract love of elegance and beauty, in which he delights. His extraordinary attention to his toilet is, therefore, quite compatible with the utter absence of personal vanity, and the same ruling principle is uniformly visible in his habits, his manners, and his enjoyments. Nothing, therefore, is more easy than to distinguish the real Dandy from the impostor. The latter never can maintain the same consistency of character which is inseparable from the former. For instance, if, in old Slaughter's Coffee-house, I discover a gaudy coxcomb complacently devouring a tough beef-steak, and a pot of porter, I know at once, from the coarseness and vulgarity of his appetite, that he has no real pretensions to the character of a Dandy. In this country, when I find the very Arbitri Elegantiarum, the Dilletanti Society, holding their meetings in a tavern in one of the filthiest closes of the city, braving, with heroic courage, the risk of an impure baptism from the neighbouring windows, at their entrance and their exit, and drinking the memory of Michael Angelo, or Raphael, or Phidias, or Milton, in libations of whiskey-punch, I cannot but consider that the coarseness of their habits and propensities appears utterly inconsistent with that delicacy of taste in other matters to which they make pretension. But that I may not carry my system of exclusion too far, I am inclined to divide the Dandies into two classes—the real, and the imitative. The former being those who really accord with the definition I have already given, and the latter merely a set of contemptible spooneys, who endeavour to attract attention by copying peculiarities which they really do not possess. (pp, 395, 396.)

Dick Hairbrain is at best but a "*spooney.*"

Sterne, who was once raised quite above his merits, is degraded below them by many critics of the present day, and it is not quite certain that his fame is properly denoted by the phrase "*transitory reputation.*" (p, 44.) While we decidedly condemn his "*double entendres*," we remember that he has something else to rely upon for the favor of the reading world, and that his genius, humor, eloquence, and sentiment will confer upon him at least a degree of immortality, the end of which his denouncers will not live to see, though they should outlive all their own books.

In Harriet Simper the burlesque of much boarding school embroidery is well given.

"Perhaps in youth (for country fashion
Prescribed that mode of education,)
She wastes long months in still more tawdry,
And useless labours of embroid'ry;
With toil weaves up for chairs together,
Six bottoms, quite as good as leather,
A set of curtains tapestry-work,
The figures frowning like the Turk;
A tentstich picture, work of folly,
With portraits wrought of Dick and Dolly;
A coat of arms, that mark'd her house,
Three owls rampant, the crest a goose;
Or shows in waxwork goodman Adam,
And serpent gay, gallanting madam,
A woful mimickry of Eden,
With fruit, that needs not be forbidden." (p, 68.)

After Miss Simper becomes too far advanced in age for beauty, and is neglected by beaux for newer belles, the course, which is too common among ill educated and empty women, is thus pointed out.

"At length her name each coxcomb cancels
From standing lists of toasts and angels;
And slighted where she shone before,
A grace and goddess now no more,
Despised by all, and doom'd to meet
Her lovers at her rival's feet,
She flies assembles, shuns the ball,
And cries out, vanity, on all,
Affects to scorn the tinsel-shows
Of glittering belles and gaudy beaux;
Nor longer hopes to hide by dress
The tracks of age upon her face.
Now careless grown of airs polite,
Her noonday nightcap meets the sight;
Her hair uncomb'd collects together,
With ornaments of many a feather;
Her stays for easiness thrown by,
Her rumpled handkerchief awry,

A careless figure half undress'd,
(The reader's wit may guess the rest;)
All points of dress and neatness carried,
As though she'd been a twelvemonth married;
She spends her breath, as years prevail,
At this sad wicked world to rail,
To slander all her sex *impromptu*,
And wonder what the times will come to." (pp, 87, 88.)

The common slang of querulous, neglected, and bigotted females, as well as males, is to "*wonder what the times will come to.*"

We are pleased to leave this kind of poetry, and to meet with a higher sort. The "Genius of America," and the "Ode to Sleep," present Mr. Trumbull to us in the legitimate garb of the Muse, and one of the favored followers of the Nine. The "Ode to Sleep" we think is the best production of his pen. It is marked by elevated thought, delicate sentiment, rich and poetical conceptions, beautiful and splendid imagery, variety of measure, and felicity of expression. The following are some of its stanzas.

III.

"Descend, and graceful in thy hand,
With thee bring thy magic wand,
And thy pencil, taught to glow
In all the hues of Iris' bow.
And call thy bright ærial train,
Each fairy form and visionary shade,
That in the Elysian land of dreams,
The flower-enwoven banks along,
Or bowery maze, that shades the purple streams,
Where gales of fragrance breathe th' enamour'd song,
In more than mortal charms array'd,
People the airy vales and revel in thy reign." (p, 114.)

IX

"Hence, false delusive dreams,
Fantastic hopes and mortal passions vain!
Ascend, my soul to nobler themes
Of happier import and sublimer strain.
Rising from this sphere of night,
Pierce yon blue vault, ingemm'd with golden fires;
Beyond where Saturn's languid car retires,
Or Sirius keen outvies the solar ray,
To worlds from every dross terrene refined,
Realms of the pure, etherial mind,
Warm with the radiance of unchanging day:
Where Cherub-forms and Essences of light,
With holy song and heavenly rite,
From rainbow clouds their strains immortal pour;
An earthly guest, in converse high,
Explore the wonders of the sky,
From orb to orb with guides celestial soar,
And take, through heaven's wide round, the universal tour."
pp, 117, 118.

The "Fable" addressed to a young lady who requested the writer to draw her character, is fanciful, and the ideas are novel. To attempt to make a changing cloud *sit for a portrait* is somewhat extravagant, but the execution of the plan, on the part of the poet, furnishes splendid imagery, and reconciles the reader to this mode of making the lady acquainted with her own versatility.

"Balaam's Prophecy" was evidently composed when the author's mind was full of the spirit and tone of Gray's "Bard." It is an excellent Ode. The fourth stanza has great dignity and force.

> And see, bright Judah's Star* ascending
> Fires the east with crimson day,
> Awful o'er his foes impending,
> Pours wide the lightning of his ray,
> And flames destruction on th' opposing world.
> Death's broad banners dark, unfurl'd,
> Wave o'er his blood-encircled way.
> Sceptred king of Moab, hear,
> Deeds that future times await,
> Deadly triumph, war severe,
> Israel's pride and Moab's fate.
> What echoing terrors burst upon mine ear!
> What awful forms in flaming horror rise.
> Empurpled Rage, pale Ruin, heart-struck Fear,
> In scenes of blood ascend, and skim before my eyes.
>
> p, 144.

The "Owl and the Sparrow" are odd and amusing, and the satire properly directed.

In the "Vanity of Youthful Expectations," an Elegy in imitation of that in a Country Church Yard, the following lines have most of the manner and tone of Gray.

> "And oh, that fate, in life's sequester'd shade
> Had fix'd the limits of my silent way,
> Far from the scenes in gilded pomp array'd,
> Where hope and fame, but flatter, to betray.
>
> The lark had called me at the birth of dawn,
> My cheerful toils and rural sports to share;
> Nor when mild evening glimmer'd on the lawn,
> Had sleep been frighted by the voice of care."
>
> pp, 165, 166.

We have promised a few remarks upon the school of poetry, in which Trumbull, Dwight, Barlow, Humphreys, and some others who were educated at Yale College, formed themselves. This school is that of Pope, or the artificial as

"*There shall come a star out of Jacob, and a sceptre shall arise out of Israel, and shall smite the corners of Moab, and destroy all the children of Sheth. Chap. xxiv, 17, &c."

distinguished from the natural. They are not equal to their master, or their model, but they have sought, in their serious and dignified verse, to balance the lines according to the taste of their favorite school. Their poetry is too laboured, or rather shows the labor too much. It is too monotonous, too imitative, too scholastic, and too dry and hard. The writers have not studied nature and the heart enough for themselves, but have copied too much the general expressions, images, and epithets, which have been handed down in books. They are stiff in the corsets made in the artificial school, and their motions are constrained and heavy. They have good thoughts, good sentiments, good imagery, and in the main good words, but these materials are not well put together, or at at least they are not poetically, easily, passionately, and affectingly put together. The fire, feeling, pathos, and simplicity have escaped in the mechanical labor of versification. They are too fond of uncommon participles, such indeed as often have no authority, as "*guised*"—"*unioned*"—and many others which give a forced and harsh character to their style. They have great and decided excellencies, and exquisite passages may be selected in abundance from each of them. They have more imagination than taste, more good sense than poetical feeling, more understanding than passion, more patience and perseverance than inspiration and spontaneous genius. They are too verbose, and have too many epithets, such epithets as others have used before them time immemorial. They want more originality, an individual mode of thinking and feeling, the animation and pathos even of that School so often ridiculed, the Lake School. Byron, Moore, Hunt, Southey, Coleridge, and Wordsworth, think, feel, write, and triumph, each in his own way, with his own individual and peculiar character, and as though art and learning had no power to change or generalize the natural passions and sentiments of the soul. We admire Pope, but he is always in the professed and established livery of the Muses. The members of the Lake School instruct, excite, alarm, or melt us, when we are not warned of their being about to make any attempt; when we see little or none of the form and parade of the poet about them, when we meet them in the simple and ordinary relations of life. Pope's verse has the stateliness and dignity of the manners of the olden time, those of Sir Charles Grandison and Lady Harriet, but the verse of the modern school has the nature, simplicity, force, va-

riety, and pathos of the personages in the novels of Walter Scott. We still like to read Richardson, and have no idea of abandoning him or Pope, but we are more excited and impressed by Scott, and find more of the soul of poetry in Byron. Fashion and novelty have undoubtedly some influence upon us in this respect, and we will not pretend to say that we shall always feel as decided a preference as we do now. But we are sure that we shall never cease to acknowledge the excellencies of each school of poetry. We shall indeed distrust our taste when we cannot admire Pope, and our capacity for emotion when we cannot be roused and captivated by Byron.

The poets of Connecticut now mentioned are disciples of the old manner, and bear a great resemblance to each other in their descriptions. They all have a great deal of verbal amplification, and endeavor to fill out the impression by sounding epithets. The rhetorical labor is too apparent. Specimens of this may be given.

Dwight's Conquest of Canaan.

"But now the approaching clarion's *dreadful* sound
Denounces flight, and shakes the *banner'd* ground." (p, 196.)

"No more the *foaming* steeds could trace their way
So thick the squadrons wedg'd their *black* array;
Loud tumults roar, the *clouded* heavens resound,
And *deep* convulsions heave the *labouring* ground." (p, 198.)

"*Loud* as *old* ocean beats the *rocky* shore,
Loud as the storm's *deep-bursting* thunders roar,
Vast shouts unrolling rend the *etherial* round,
Trembles all heaven, and shakes the *gory* ground." (ibid.)

"The *nodding* forests plunge in flame around,
And with *huge* caverns gapes the *shuddering* ground." (p, 302.)

Trumbull, Volume II.

"And hosts *infuriate* shake the *shuddering* plain." (p, 94.)

"Their shades shall wake, and from the *gory* ground." (p, 96.)

"Conflicting thousands shake the *shuddering* ground." (p, 101.)

"Dire forms sprang flaming from the *rocking* ground." (p, 106.)

Barlow's Vision of Columbus.

"The smoke convolv'd, the thunders rock'd around,
And the *brave* hero press'd the *gory* ground." (Book 5, p 172,)

"Now roll like *winged* storms the *lengthening* lines." (p, 174.)

"The clouds rise *reddening* round the *dreadful* height. (ibid.)

"Till the *dark folding* wings together drive,
And, *ridg'd* with fires, and *rock'd* with thunders, strive."
Book 6, p, 192.

"And *thundering* cannons rock the seas and skies." (ibid.)

Humphreys to the Armies of America.

"The tide of slaughter stain'd the *sanguine* ground."
"Roll'd the *wild* eye, and gnaw'd the *anguish'd* tongue."

Elegy on the burning of Fairfield.

Long *dusky* wreathes of smoke reluctant driven
In *blackening* volumes o'er the landscape bend."
"And *kindling* fires encrimson all the strand."
"Clouds ting'd with dies *intolerably* bright.
"The *umber'd* streams in *purple* pomp ascend."

These lines are quoted, not to show that the epithets are improper, but to illustrate our remark concerning the manner in which the sound is filled out, and the laboring motion of the verse, the similarity between the different versifiers, and the evidence that they all formed themselves upon books of poetry more than upon nature and passion. Their poetical works however, though not of the first order, are highly respectable, were eminently useful at the time to the cause of the belles lettres and to taste, and specimens of great excellence may be selected from each. They were men of high minds, pure morals, and ardent patriotism.

"ARCHÆOLOGIA AMERICANA: *Transactions and Collections of the American Antiquarian Society, published by direction of the Society;* VOLUME 1. *Worcester, Massachusetts, printed for the American Antiquarian Society,* by William Manning. 1820." 8vo. pp. 436.

THIS is the first Volume of the transactions and collections of a society, whose nature and objects, perhaps existence, are little known, though they are certainly peculiarly interesting, to us in the West. We embrace therefore the earliest opportunity to furnish our readers with an account of the origin, progress, present condition, and useful design of the institution, and to lay before them an outline of the valuable information, principally relating to the antiquities and natural curiosities of our own section of the union, contained in the volume before us.

The "AMERICAN ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY" was established by a number of the citizens, and incorporated by an act of the legislature of Massachusetts, in the year 1812. Though thus organized and made a body politic by the authority of

a single state, it is nevertheless intended as a *national institution*, and on that account members are sought for and information is solicited in every state in the union. The following extract from an address made to the Society in February 1819, will furnish an idea of its character and design.

"The chief objects of the inquiries and researches of this Society, which cannot too soon arrest its attention, will be American Antiquities, natural, artificial, and literary. As all things, which are in their nature durable, if preserved from casualty and the ravages of time, in a course of years will be antique, it will also be an object of this society to deposit, from time to time, such modern productions as will, with accuracy, denote to those who succeed us, the progress of literature, the arts, manners, customs, and discoveries of the passing age.

"Thus by an attention to these objects, which the Society hope to promote by the exertion of *its members residing in various sections of this vast continent*, the utility of the Institution will speedily be realized, and may in time vie with similar institutions in Europe." pp, 42, 43.

The following suggestions are made to the members in the same address.

"It is requested that articles of Indian fabrication may be accompanied with some account of the place of their deposit, probable age, supposed use, and any other matter which may elucidate their history. Authentic accounts of Indian mounds, fortifications, and other monuments and remains, communicated by mail, or through the Receiving Officers, to either of the Secretaries, are particularly desirable." "This request is particularly addressed to members residing in the Western States, where it is supposed such remains are the most numerous and perfect." p, 44.

These extracts will furnish our readers with a general idea of the nature and objects of the institution, under whose patronage and superintendence the volume before us has been published. Like all new and infant establishments, it has advanced gradually and rather slowly into public notice, although the exertions of a few substantial friends, among whom its highly respectable President, Isaiah Thomas Esq, stands conspicuous, have done much towards giving it, at this early period of its history, both stability and dignity. A handsome and commodious building has been erected for its use in Worcester, Massachusetts, a flourishing inland town, which was selected for the purpose as being a more secure situation than a seaport for its cabi-

net and library. Already has it collected nearly SIX THOUSAND VOLUMES, principally of rare and valuable works, some of which cannot be found elsewhere in the country, and it has obtained, from various sources, "files of the first newspapers published in British North America, which, probably, are the earliest printed in this Western world; also, some of the first periodical works which appeared in Europe. Congress and most of the State Legislatures have passed acts and resolves for furnishing the society with a copy of all their printed Statutes, and such as hereafter shall be printed, together with their other printed documents. These, so far as they have been printed, have been deposited in the library."

By the laws of the Society, its officers consist of a president, two vice-presidents, one recording and three corresponding secretaries, a treasurer, a librarian and cabinet keeper, and a council composed of five counsellors residing near the Library and Cabinet, five in the capital of the state or its vicinity, and one in each of the other United States. The council meets statedly twice in each year for the general superintendence and management of the affairs of the society, and it is considered the duty of distant counsellors, dispersed throughout the union, "to receive communications from members of the society and others, and forward them to the President"—"to receive such communications to its members as may be sent to their care by the officers of the society, and dispose of them as they may be requested"—"to advise by letter, to the president or one of the corresponding secretaries, concerning any matters interesting to the society; to use their efforts to gain information of the antiquities of the country, receive such articles as can be obtained, and forward them to the president, or one of the officers appointed to receive and forward articles presented to the society."

Having furnished this general outline of the character, design, and present condition of the American Antiquarian Society, we shall now proceed to an analysis of the interesting volume under review, and as it is not very likely, at least for some time, to fall into the hands of our western readers generally, we shall indulge ourselves, and hope to gratify the lovers of the curious as well as the friends of science, by details as minute, as the narrowness of our limits and the claims of other articles will permit.

We have first an account of the supposed discovery

of the River Mississippi, originally published in France in the seventeenth century, afterwards translated and republished in England, but now out of print. This curious narrative, written by the adventurer himself, father Lewis Hennepin, a Franciscan monk, who came over to the new world as a missionary, and who seems to have been zealous and indefatigable in his labours, accurate in his observations, and minute in his descriptions, is well worthy of a prominent place in the volume before us. In the year 1678, the author set out from Canada with a view to explore the lakes, and the rivers connected with them. He had previously spent upwards of two years in the neighbourhood of the Iroquese, a tribe of Indians, whom he describes as insolent and barbarous, and incapable of restraint except by fear. The following is given as a specimen of their manners.

"Whilst we were with them, their parties had made an excursion towards Virginia, and brought two prisoners. They spared the life of one, but put to death the other with most exquisite torments. They commonly use this inhumanity towards all their prisoners, and their torments sometimes last a month. When they have brought them into their canton, they lay them on pieces of wood like a St. Andrew's cross, to which they tie their legs and arms, and expose them to gnats and flies, who sting them to death. Children cut pieces of flesh out of their flanks, thighs, or other parts, and, boiling them, *force these poor souls to eat thereof.* Their parents eat some themselves, and the better to inspire into their children a hatred of their enemies, give them some of their blood to drink." p. 65.

The following brief description is given of the falls of Niagara.

"Father Gabriel and I went over land to view the great Fall, the like whereof is not in the whole world. It is compounded of two great cross streams of water and two falls, with an isle sloping along the middle of it. The waters which fall from this vast height do foam and boil after the most hideous manner imaginable, making an outrageous noise more terrible than that of thunder; so that when the wind blows from the south, their dismal roaring may be heard above fifteen leagues off.

"The river Niagara, having thrown itself down this incredible precipice, continues its impetuous course for two leagues with an inexpressible rapidity; and the brinks are so prodigious high, that it makes one tremble to look steadily on the water, rolling along with a rapidity not to be imagined. It is so rapid above the descent that it violently hurries down the wild beasts, endeavouring to pass it to feed on the other side, casting them

down headlong above six hundred feet. A bark or greater vessel may pass from fort Frontenac until you come within two leagues of the fall, for which two leagues the people are obliged to carry their goods over land; but the way is very good, and the trees are but few, and they chiefly furs and oaks. Were it not for this vast cataract, which interrupts navigation, we might sail with barks or greater vessels above four hundred and fifty leagues further." pp. 67, 68.

The minute account of the dangers, privations, and difficulties of a long and arduous journey through the midst of various savage nations, of the observations made upon their manners and customs, and of the valuable discoveries resulting from these enterprising efforts, is well worthy a perusal. The author and two of his companions were at one time taken prisoners and were, after much consultation, given up to three chiefs, "instead of three of their sons who had been killed in the war." During their continuance in this captivity most severe were the hardships they were compelled to endure.

"Our ordinary marches," says father Hennepin, "were from break of day till ten at night; and when we met with any rivers, we swam them,—themselves, who for the most part are of an extraordinary size, carrying our clothes and equipage on their heads. We never eat but once in twenty four hours, and and then nothing but a few scraps of meat dried in smoke, after their fashion, which they offered us with abundance of regret. I was so weak that I often lay down, resolving rather to die than follow these savages any farther, who travelled at a rate so extraordinary, as far surpasses the strength of any European. However, to hasten us, they sometimes set fire to the dry grass, in the meadows through which we passed, so that our choice was, march or burn. When we had thus travelled sixty leagues a foot and under all the fatigues of hunger, thirst, and cold, besides a thousand outrages daily done to our persons; as soon as we approached their habitations, which are situated in morasses inaccessible to their enemies, they thought it a proper time to divide the merchandize they had taken from us. Here they were like to fall out and cut one another's throats about the roll of Martinico tobacco, which might still weigh about fifty pounds." p. 86.

We have not room to furnish more at length the interesting details of Father Hennepin, but must hasten to the next article, which is an account by the same writer of an attempt, commenced in 1684 by Mr. La Salle, to discover the river Mississippi by way of the Gulf of Mexico. The

object of this enterprising adventurer is said to have been "to find out a passage from the northern to the south sea without crossing the line." In pursuit of this object he arrived "in the bay of Spiritosanto, and about ten leagues off found a large bay which he took for the right arm of the Mississippi, and called it St. Lewis." After a variety of adventures, and some sanguinary conflicts with the savages,

"On the thirteenth of February, 1686, he thought to have found his so much wished for river: and having fortified a post on its bank, and left part of his men for his security, he returned to his fort the thirty first of March, charmed with his discovery. But this joy was overbalanced by grief for the loss of his frigate. This was the only ship left unto him, with which he intended to sail in a few days for St. Domingo, to bring a new supply of men and goods to carry on his design, but it ran unfortunately aground, by the negligence of the pilot and was dashed in pieces. All the men were drowned, except the Sieur Chefdeville, the captain, and four seamen; the goods, linen, and cloth of the colony, with the provisions and tools, were all lost." p. 96.

Mr. La Salle, with a portion of his men, then commenced a journey by land to Canada, but on the way he was taken sick, deserted by several of his companions, and compelled to return to Fort Lewis, where he unfortunately lost his life by the treachery of some of his men.

"With all his prudence he could not discover the conspiracy of some of his people to kill his nephew; for they resolved upon it, and put it in execution all of a sudden on the 17th of March, wounding him in the head with a hatchet. They slew likewise the lackey and poor Nika, who had provided for them by his hunting, with great toil and danger. Moranger languished under his wound for two hours, forgiving his murderers and embracing them frequently. But these wretches, not content with this bloody fact, resolved not to stick here, but contrived how to kill their master too, for they feared he would justly punish them for their crime. Mr. La Salle was two leagues from the place where Moranger was killed, and, being concerned at his nephews' tarrying so long, (for they had been gone two or three days) was afraid they were surprized by the savages; whereupon he desired father Anastasius to accompany him in looking after his nephew, and took two savages along with him. Upon the way, he entertained the father with a pious discourse, of divine providence, which had preserved him in the many dangers he had undergone during twenty years' abode in America; when, all of a sudden, father Anastasius observed that he fell into a deep sorrow, of which he himself could give no ac-

count. He grew mighty unquiet and full of trouble, a temper he was never seen in before.

"When they were got about two leagues, he found his lackey's bloody cravat, and perceived two eagles, (a common bird in those parts,) hovering over his head, and at the same time spied his people by the water side. He went to them and inquired for his nephew: they made him little answer, but pointed to the place where he lay. Father Anastasius and he kept going on by the river side, till at last they came to the fatal place, where two of the villains lay hid in the grass; one on one side, and one on the other, with their pieces cocked. The first presented at him, but missed fire, the other fired at the same time and shot him in the head, of which he died an hour after, March 19, 1687.

"Father Anastasius, seeing him fall a little way from him with his face all bloody, ran to him, took him in his arms, and wept over him, exhorting him, as well as he could in this conjuncture, to die a good christian. The unfortunate gentleman had just time enough to confess part of his life to him, who gave him absolution, and soon after died. In his last moments he performed, as far as he was capable, whatsoever was proper for one in his condition, pressing the father's hand at every thing he said to him, especially when he admonished him to forgive his enemies. In the mean while, the murderers, struck with horror at what they had committed, began to beat their breasts and detest their rashness. Anastasius would not stir from the place, till he buried the body as decently as he could, and placed a cross over his grave." pp. 100, 101.

We have been thus minute in our details and lavish of our quotations, not because they are new or peculiarly important, but because they are not probably familiar to our readers, although they are of a nature well calculated generally to interest and amuse. We are surprised however at the publication of these narratives by the Antiquarian Society, as accounts of the original discovery of the Mississippi, when it is well known that that river was in fact discovered about one hundred and fifty years previous by De Soto. We hope the society will give us in their next volume a translation of De Soto's Expedition in the interior of North America, or,—as it was then called,—Florida. This enterprising traveller appears to have passed through that extensive tract of country now comprising the states of Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Tennessee, Kentucky, &c. and found it inhabited by a numerous population, much more civilized than our present race of Southern Indians. The work of De Soto is nearly out of print, and yet a know-

ledge of its contents is indispensable to the success of those, who may endeavour to elucidate our antiquities, as it is highly probable that many of the nations visited by that traveller were remnants of those ancient tribes, to which the monuments in the western states must be ascribed, and which have been called Alleghawee by the Lenni Lenape and by the Rev. Mr. Heckewelder, their late historian.

We pass now to the article which occupies far the greatest proportion of the volume under review, and is entitled a "Description of the Antiquities discovered in the State of Ohio and other Western States," by Caleb Atwater Esq. of Circleville, Ohio. This valuable memoir, which embraces upwards of one hundred and fifty pages, contains a mass of important information, deserving the attention of the antiquary and the man of science. We shall furnish our readers with some account of the article, and then point out what we conceive to be its errors and defects.

Mr. Atwater divides the antiquities of which he treats into three classes. "1. Those belonging to modern Indians: 2. To people of European origin; and 3. Those of that people who raised our ancient forts and tumuli." Of the first class he says but little, for, as he justly remarks—

"He who wishes to find traces of Indian settlements, either numerous or worthy of his notice, must visit the shore of the Atlantic, or the banks of the larger rivers, on the eastern side of the Alleghanies." p. 112.

Under the second head are noticed the various coins, medals, implements of war, &c, which have been discovered in different parts of the Western Country, and which are supposed by Mr. Atwater to have been deposited by the Europeans who first explored the interior of our country. With respect to the Roman coins, recently found in a cave near Nashville, Tennessee, he very naturally supposes "they were either discovered where the finder had purposely lost them, or, what is more probable, had been left there by some European since this country was traversed by the French."

The third class of antiquities is that to which the principal attention is devoted, and respecting which our curiosity is most highly excited. In the investigation of this branch of the subject Mr. Atwater has displayed great zeal, perseverance, and enthusiam, and we think he is entitled to no small credit for what he has effected. This part of the work however is not without its errors, and even contains some striking contradictions. In the early part of his me-

moir for example, the writer calls the ancient monuments he describes, exclusively "*forts*" and "*fortifications*," and ridicules the idea suggested by some, of their having been, in some cases, used for religious purposes.

"Some hasty travellers," says he, "who have spent an hour or two here have concluded that the '*forts*' were not raised for military, but for religious purposes, because there were two extraordinary tumuli here. A gentleman in one of our Atlantic cities, who has never crossed the Alleganies, has written to me that *he* is fully convinced that they were raised for religious purposes. Men thus situated, and with no correct means of judging, will hardly be convinced by any thing I can say. Nor do I address myself to them, directly or indirectly; for it has long been my maxim, that it is worse than in vain to spend one's time in endeavouring to reason men out of opinions for which they never had any reasons." p. 145.

While he thus ridicules, in the commencement of his memoir, an idea entertained by many men of intelligence and learning, he holds towards the end a very different language, acknowledges that many of the monuments were *Teocalli* or Mexican Temples, and appears to adopt the opinion he had previously treated with so much contempt. This apparent inconsistency may perhaps be attributed to the composition of different parts of his memoir at different periods of time. During the progress of his labours he became convinced, by the perusal probably of the communications of our late valued co-adjutor Mr. John D. Clifford, in previous numbers of this work, by private letters, or by the development in some other way of important facts, that the former vulgar opinion, representing all our monuments of antiquity as exclusively forts, was erroneous. While however he adopts the results of the labours and researches of Mr. Clifford, Dr. Mitchill, Rev. Mr. Heckewelder, Professor Rafinesque and others, he omits to mention to whom he is indebted for these peculiar views.

As Mr. Atwater has taken high ground, and professed to furnish, from personal observation or undoubted information, a general view of the interesting antiquities of the west, as he has spoken with a proper degree of contempt of the crude and indigested statements of travellers respecting them, and given us to understand that his memoir is the result of much labour and research; we were justified in expecting a complete enumeration and an accurate description of *all* the important monuments of antiquity in the wes-

tern country. This expectation, we are compelled to say, has not been fully realized; and while we are disposed to do ample justice to the industry he has employed, the information he has acquired, and the public spirit he has so liberally displayed, we beg leave to suggest that his labours are not yet complete, that we have reason to believe his descriptions have been sometimes incorrect, and that there are yet a number of monuments he has failed to describe. We have seen surveys of some, from sources the most authentic, differing very materially from those of Mr. Atwater, and without presuming to question the accuracy of his personal observations, we may be permitted to point out some of the variations in order to lead to more minute investigation. In the plan of the monuments, or, as Mr. Atwater calls them, the *ancient works* near Newark, Ohio, (plate 2) eight intermediate rocks or flat stones, between the mounds at the gateways of the monument marked A, are omitted. In the same plate a group is likewise omitted, containing an octagonal monument with eight gateways and no mound, two avenues, a round temple and a square one, &c. In the plan of the monuments at Marietta, (plate 4.) several inaccuracies appear to us to exist, although these antiquities have been so frequently examined and surveyed. The raised areas and pyramids, for example, are not well represented, the ascents appearing to be square spurs, and much larger than they really are. Mr. Atwater's plan (plate 5) of the monuments at Circleville, the place of his residence, differs from one made by Mr. Clifford, in which the mounds are represented as not precisely opposite the gateways. A description of Mr. Clifford's plan may be found in one of his letters on "Indian Antiquities," in a former number of this Review.

The monuments on Paint Creek (plate 7.) are the remains of three fortified or walled towns, with their temples, &c. In the plan we have seen of that marked C. none of the sides were represented as curved, but there were in the wall D. three gateways, with a separate ditch and a wall in front of them, which are omitted in the plate. The sides too were represented as straight and angular, and the square monument as having six gateways and three mounds.

We have seen an accurate survey of the monument in Kentucky opposite the mouth of the Scioto, which differs in several particulars from that of Mr. Atwater, (plate 8.) The square has no curved side, and there are six gateways instead of five. The eastern parallelogram has two straight sides,

and an oblique semicircle at the end where the gateway is. Its length is five hundred and twenty five yards. That on the west is not crooked as in the plate, but is simply bent in the middle where a deep ravine has broken it. Its length is five hundred and seventy yards. Three mounds, a semicircle, platform, &c. lie south of it.

A plan, which we have seen, of the ancient fortification on the Little Miami River, differs widely from the representation given in plate 9, both in the number and directions of the sides, and in having, what we do not find here, a small mound at almost every angle.

We mention these variations, because, trifling as they may appear, they may in some cases lead to very important results, and because it is obviously of no small consequence that a work like this should be strictly accurate. Our hints at least may be valuable, as they may lead Mr. Atwater to ascertain beyond a doubt whether the surveys he has relied on, or those to which we have referred, are the most correct.

Among the important monuments entirely omitted, or barely mentioned without being described, in the volume before us, we may enumerate the following in the state of Ohio.

1. The group of monuments, situated on Mr. Waddle's farm two miles south west of Chillicothe, which consists of a circular temple with three gateways, and a square monument having seven gateways and four mounds on the inside.

2. The large circular monument on the land of Mr. Robert Smith two miles from Chillicothe on the road to Franklinton. It has nine gateways and twenty five mounds, and embraces about twenty four acres of land.

3. The fine group of monuments on the farm of Mr. Michael Cryder, about three miles from Chillicothe, consisting of a square of seventeen acres with twelve gateways, four circular temples, one of which contains seventeen acres, and another of which had a large upright stone in the middle, with several avenues.

As these are all so near the residence of Mr. Atwater, we are surprised that they have escaped his penetrating eye. They have been accurately surveyed, and merit the attention of the Antiquarian Society.

There exist also in Ohio several other monuments not noticed in this work, those, for example, on Twin Creek, on the shores of Lake Erie, on Sandusky river, and at the

mouth of the River Miami, of several of which we have seen surveys. In the other western states, there are many also not mentioned by Mr. Atwater, some of which we will enumerate.

I. In Virginia.

1. A semicircular temple on the Ohio near the town of Belleville.

2. Another and still larger one near Letart's Falls.

3. Four circular temples, near Charlestown, on the River Kenhawa.

4. A group of monuments on the Ohio, above Point Pleasant, consisting of a square with five gateways, and of two circumvallations united by a wall.

5. A group below Gallipolis, consisting of five circumvallations, and one semi-circular temple.

6. An irregular square monument, near Parkersburgh.

II. In Kentucky.

1. A fine group of monuments on Hurricane creek, the principal one of which is an octagon of eleven acres.

2. A polygonal monument on South Elkhorn, about eight hundred and sixty yards in circumference, which is divided into two parts, as well as surrounded by water.

3. Two groups of monuments in Montgomery County.

4. Six groups in Fayette County, some of which have ditches yet remaining twenty feet in depth.

5. One group in Woodford County.

6. One near the Falls of the Ohio.

7. Several in Madison, Garrard, and Jessamine Counties.

III. In Tennessee.

1. A stone fort or walled town on Duck River.

2. An irregular square monument on Cumberland River, six miles above Nashville, containing seven acres, with a central, semicircular, raised platform.

IV. In Mississippi.

The walled town near Sultzertium. Of these we have seen plans. We might mention also several important monuments in Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Alabama, Arkansas, &c. but as we have never met with any surveys of them, we shall not attempt to particularize. There is however a plan of one on the Missouri contained in the Travels of Lewis and Clarke.

These are all interesting remnants of antiquity, which ought to be carefully investigated, and to be minutely described in some subsequent Volume of the Antiquarian So-

ciety; and we know no person more competent to the task, or more likely to undertake it, than the author of the very valuable memoir under review.

The plates, as it respects their mechanical execution, are, generally speaking, good: but we have occasion sometimes to regret, that the physical state of the ground is not delineated, nor the actual geographical connection pointed out; circumstances, which render it often difficult to ascertain the spots intended and thus to verify the accuracy of the draftsman. We regret also that the scales, upon which the plans are drawn, are so various, and are sometimes in poles and chains, instead of yards and feet, with which every body is familiar. Many articles are engraved in wood: and some of them are highly interesting, particularly those collected by Mr. Clifford, many of which had been already described.

Mr. Atwater, in the course of his Memoir, gives us his "conjectures respecting the origin and history of the *Ancient Works* in Ohio," and attempts to furnish answers to the very natural enquiries—"Who *were* their authors? Whence did they emigrate? At what time did they arrive? How long did they continue to inhabit this country? To what place did they emigrate? and, Where shall we look for their descendants?" He supports the theory already advanced in this Review that the monuments described were not the work of the ancestors of our present Indians, but were originally derived from Asia.

"The Jews," says he, "on many great occasions, assembled at Gilgal. The name of the place signifies 'a heap.' Here was a pile of stones, which were brought from the bed of the river Jordan, and piled up on the spot where they encamped for the first night after they crossed that river, on their entrance into 'the promised land.' Let the reader examine similar piles of stones on the waters of the Licking, near Newark, in the counties of Perry, Pickaway, and Ross, and then ask himself, Whether those who raised our monuments, were not originally from Asia? Shiloh, where the Jews frequently assembled to transact great national affairs, and perform acts of devotion, was situated upon a high hill. When this place was deserted, the loftier hill of Zion was selected in its stead. Upon Sinai's awful summit the law of God was promulgated. Moses was commanded to ascend a mountain to die. Solomon's temple was situated upon a high hill by divine appointment. Samaria, a place celebrated for the worship of idols, was built upon the high hill of Shemer, by Omri, king of Israel, who was there

buried. How many hundreds of mounds in this country are situated on the highest hills, surrounded by the most fertile soils? Traverse the counties of Licking, Franklin, Pickaway, and Ross; examine the loftiest mounds, and compare them with those described as being in Palestine." p. 197.

And again,

"The land of Ham seems to have been the place where the arts were first nursed. A thickly crowded population, inhabiting a fertile soil, intersected by a large river, were placed in the most favorable circumstances for obtaining an acquaintance with the arts and sciences. The Nile fertilized their fields, and wafted on its waves the bark of the mariner, while beneath its unruffled surface it contained an abundance of fishes. It invited to trade, to enterprize, and wealth. The people flourished and the arts were fostered. The same remarks apply to the people of the Indus and the Ganges—the results were similar. The banks of these streams were first cultivated. When other parts of the world were peopled, we have reason to believe it was done, either by fugitives from justice or from slavery. Their low origin will account for their low vices and their ignorance. Living in countries but thinly settled, their improvement in their condition was gradual, though steady.

"It is interesting to the philosopher, to observe the progressive improvements made by man in the several useful arts. Without letters, in the first rude stages of society, the tree is marked with a view to indicate what is already done, or is intended to be done. Though our Indians had lived along our Atlantic border for ages, yet they had advanced no farther in indicating projected designs, or in recording past events. The abundance of wild game, and the paucity of their numbers, will satisfactorily account for their ignorance in this, and almost every other respect. Coming here at an early age of the world, necessity had not civilized them. At that period, in almost all parts of the globe then inhabited, a small mound of earth served as a sepulchre and an altar, whereon the officiating priest could be seen by the surrounding worshippers.

"For many ages we have reason to believe there were none but such altars. From Wales, they may be traced to Russia quite across that empire, to our continent; across it from the mouth of the Columbia on the Pacific Ocean, to Black River, on the east end of lake Ontario. Thence turning in a southwestern direction, we find them extending quite to the southern parts of Mexico and Peru." pp. 199—201.

Mr. Atwater takes occasion very properly to add the weight of his opinion in favour of the Mosaic account of the creation.

"Thus we learn from the most authentic sources, that these ancient works existing in Europe, Asia, and America, are as similar in their construction, in the materials with which they were raised, and in the articles found in them, as it is possible for them to be. Let those who are constantly seeking for some argument, with which to overthrow the history of man by Moses, consider this fact. Such persons have more than once asserted, that there were different stocks or races of men; but this similarity of works almost all over the world, indicates that all men sprung from one common origin. I have always considered this fact as strengthening the Mosaic account of man, and that the Scriptures throw a strong and steady light on the path of the Antiquarian." pp. 205, 206.

From the nature of the ancient monuments described, and the apparently rude state of the arts among those who erected them, Mr. Atwater very naturally infers that they emigrated to this country, and constructed those monuments in quite an early age of the world. He concludes likewise that they lived here for a long time, since they appear to have acquired a considerable density of population, and to have made some important improvements in civilization and in the culture of the arts. He then traces them from their habitations on the banks of the Ohio and other western waters, to Mexico and Peru, and produces the authority of Clavigero and other intelligent writers on the subject in support of his theory. We find, from the following extract, that Mr. Atwater is not quite so faithless as we had supposed, respecting the historical accounts of the sacrifice, by the Mexicans, of human victims.

"Although I have always doubted the truth of some of the relations of the Spanish writers, respecting the persecuted people of Montezuma, there is much reason to believe that the practice of sacrificing human beings existed among them. The Spaniards have probably exaggerated, yet I fear they did not entirely fabricate the horrid accounts of such sacrifices. And, upon the whole, we have almost as much evidence of the existence of human sacrifices among those who built our elevated squares and works of that class, in North, as we have in South, America.

"Thus we have traced the authors of our ancient works, from India to North, and thence to South, America. Their works being few and small, rude and irregular at first, but increasing in number, improving in every respect as we have followed them, showing the increased numbers and improved condition of their authors, as they migrated towards the country where they finally settled.

The place from whence they came, their religious rites, the attributes of their gods, the number of their principal ones, their sacred places, their situation near some considerable stream of water, their ideas of purification by the use of water, and of atonement by sacrifice, the manner of burying their dead, and many other strong circumstances in the history of this people, as well as in that of other nations existing at the same period of time, lead us to the conclusion, that the more carefully we examine the Antiquities of this or any other country, the more evidence will be found, tending to establish the truth of the Mosaic history. The discoveries of the Antiquarian throw a strong and steady light upon the scriptures, while the scriptures afford to the Antiquarian the means of elucidating many subjects otherways difficult to be explained, and serve as an important guide in the prosecution of his investigations."

pp. 250, 251.

On the whole we have been both amused and instructed by the perusal of Mr. Atwater's memoir. His style, however, though animated, is diffuse, and not always correct. He is not even exempt from grammatical errors, nor is he uniformly accurate in his orthography. We observe too the frequent repetition of a very common blunder, in the use of the word *antiquarian* for *antiquary*. The former is an adjective; the latter is the corresponding noun. But these are trifling considerations: the work is a valuable compend, and without displaying any great originality of thought or laying claims to any peculiar merit for excellence of arrangement or perspicuity of method, it forms an excellent supplement to the previous labours, in the same field, of Jefferson, Madison, Harris, Breckinridge, Kilbourn, Drake, Cutler, Shultz, Volney, Clinton, Heckewelder, Bartram, Barton, Mitchill, Clifford, Rafinesque, and others. We hope the author will continue to prosecute his investigations with the assiduity and zeal he has hitherto displayed, and we wish him all the success he so eminently merits.

The next article in the volume is entitled "an account of the present state of the Indian tribes inhabiting Ohio," in a letter from John Johnston Esq. United States' agent of Indian Affairs at Piqua to Caleb Atwater Esq. From the means of information possessed by this writer, we have every reason to place confidence in his statements, and he has furnished us with some very interesting results. The whole number of Indians in the state of Ohio in October 1819 he states to have been 2407, consisting of Delawares, Wyandots, Shawanoese, (or as it is commonly written Shawnees)

Senecas, and Ottawas. Of each of these nations he gives a brief history, with an account of their present state and condition.

"Agriculture makes a slow but steady progress among them. Many Indians have taken to the plough. Last year, the Indian Agent delivered to them thirtysix ploughs, and every thing necessarily belonging to them. These were chiefly furnished at the expense of the Society of Friends. The Agent has now on hands implements of husbandry to the value of 100*l.* sterling, to deliver to them at the next council. This was given to them by an ancient female friend, of Cork, in Ireland. The yearly meeting of the friends in Ireland have given the sum of 150*l.* sterling, to be applied to the same benevolent purpose. The Indians are turning their attention more and more to the raising of cattle.—The Shawanoese have appropriated, of this year's annuity, 1420 dollars, for the purchase of cows and calves; and they previously had one hundred and twentyfive head of horned cattle, and two hundred hogs.

"The Senecas and others, at Lewistown, have three hundred hogs, and one hundred and fifty horned cattle.

"The Wyandots and Senecas, on Sandusky river, have fifteen hundred hogs, and five hundred horned cattle.

"The stock of the Indians is every where increasing within the limits of this agency. One individual owns seventy head of cattle.

"The Reservation of the Wyandots, at Upper Sandusky, is twelve by nineteen miles, including within its limits some of the best land in the state." pp. 276, 277.

We have then a view of the existing treaties between the United States and these Indian Nations, and an interesting description of the prevailing manners and customs of the Indians. In the specimens given of the Shawanoese and Wyandot languages we observe a novelty which we highly approve, we mean an attempt to divide the words into their monysyllabic roots. If a literal translation of those roots had been given, we should have enjoyed the means of acquiring a much greater insight, than we now have, into the mechanical structure of those languages. We strongly suspect that all the words of our aborigines are composed of roots, either monosyllabic or disyllabic, and we fear that Mr. Duponceau, for whose labours and researches we have the highest respect, has fallen into a strange mistake, when he has supposed that all our native Indian languages are susceptible of modified compound words, like the Sanscrit, German, and Italian. For instance, an Italian, ignorant of

the English, as a *written* language, hearing pronounced the phrase, *Do you love me*, will naturally regard it as a single word, and would write it according to the Italian power of the letters *Dujuluomi*, and if he is told the meaning of it, he will consider it a compound word. This must be the case constantly with the unwritten languages. Another defect is the omission of a standard for the power of the vowels in the unwritten languages, when attempted to be written by Englishmen or Americans. It is well known that each English vowel has ten or twelve powers or sounds,* how then can a foreigner, or even we ourselves, ascertain with accuracy the power intended to be given? We advise all those who may hereafter attempt to reduce to writing languages previously unwritten, to furnish a key to the powers they have adopted. Their speculations will then be intelligible. At present they are not so.

In the short communication of Moses Fiske Esq. of Hilham, Tennessee, entitled "conjectures respecting the ancient inhabitants of North America," we find much of novelty and interest. We have the first account we have ever seen of the vestiges of ancient houses enclosed in the walled towns.

"The areas encompassed by these ramparts, were chiefly occupied by dwelling houses and mounds. The houses generally stood in rows, nearly contiguous to each other, with an interval between the rows for a narrow street, though sometimes they stood irregularly.

"They are indicated by rings of earth, from three to five fathoms in diameter, ten or twenty inches in height, and a yard or more broad; not always circular, some which I have noticed being square or oblong. The flooring of some is elevated above the common surface, that of others is depressed.—The tokens are indubitable. Such rings overspread the country, some scattered and solitary, but oftener in groups. Villages were numerous with and without fortifications. But their domicils appear only on fertile grounds, at least, as far as I have been able to examine. And this seems to intimate, that agriculture was considered an indispensable pursuit; but that they did not practise manuring." p. 301.

Mr. Fiske describes also the ancient burying places in Tennessee. We consider him in an error however when he asserts that iron was unknown to the Alleghawee. Facts testify the contrary. Witness, for example, the discovery

*See Duponceau's English Phonology.

of iron rings in the graves at Augusta in this state. The following extracts will show a strong similarity in the conjectures of Mr. Fiske and those of Mr. Atwater.

"From the immense number of their dwellings, and the large tracts which they must have reduced to a state of cultivation, as well as from their numerous publick works, we may compute the term of their residence here at several centuries. But whether less or more, it is probably a full millenium, certainly half an one, since their extinction." p. 306.

"The conjecture, that they migrated to Mexico, seems quite plausible. This seems to harmonize with all known facts. But to suppose them refugees from Mexico, is a supposition altogether inadmissible.

"The subject generally is one that precludes the hope of a full developement. But progress may be made by an active examination and comparison of facts and circumstances. And we can yet anticipate something from farther discoveries.

"It is to be regretted that these ancient ruins and relicks have been exposed to so much depredation. Valuable articles are *lost* by being *found*. The finest specimen of statuary, that I have heard of in the country, was knocked to pieces to ascertain what sort of stone it was made of. It was the bust of a man, holding a bowl with a fish in it, and was constructed of a species of marble. p. 307.

But why does not Mr. Fiske perceive the identity of our ancient Aborigines, and the Natchez Floridians of De Soto? Perhaps because he is not acquainted with the descriptions of the latter.

We have next a short essay on the "Antiquities and curiosities of Western Pennsylvania," by the Rev. Timothy Alden, President of Alleghany College, in Meadville, Pennsylvania, containing an account of some remains of ancient fortifications, some natural curiosities, and antediluvian antiquities, in that part of the country.

In the letters of Dr. Mitchill, which are next introduced, we find unfolded his favorite theory that the Malays and Scandinavians reached North America, in opposite directions, before the Tartars. The Malays or Polynesians are supposed by some philosophers to have formerly been a species of mulatoes between the Hindoos and Chinese. The division of mankind into three great branches, white, tawny, and black, is by no means peculiar to Dr. Mitchill. It has been suggested and acknowledged by many philosophers. But the Esquimaux belong to the tawny branch,

while the Hindus and Celts belong to the brownish division of the white branch. In his letters Dr. Mitchill remarks:

"One of my intelligent correspondents, who has surveyed with his own eyes the region watered by the river Ohio, wrote me very lately a letter containing the following paragraph: "I have adopted your theory respecting the Malayans, Polynesians and Alleghanians. This last nation, so called by the Lennilenapi, or primitive stock of our hunting Indians, was that which inhabited the United States before the Tartar tribes came and destroyed them, and erected the mounds, works, fortifications and *temples* of the western country. This historical fact is now proved beyond a doubt, by the traditions of the Lennilenapi Indians, published by Mr. Heckewelder, in the work just issued by the Philosophical Society of Philadelphia—and your sagacious ideas are confirmed. I may add, that Mr. Clifford, of Lexington, Kentucky, has proved another identity between the Alleghanians and Mexicans, by ascertaining that many supposed fortifications were *temples*—particularly that of Circleville, in Ohio, where human sacrifices were one of the rites. He has discovered their similarity with the ancient Mexican temples, described by Humboldt, and has examined the bones of victims in heaps, the shells used in sacred rites, as in India, and the idols of baked clay, consisting of three heads." pp. 347, 348.

The next article is a letter from JOHN H. FARNHAM, Esq. a gentleman of observation and intelligence, now resident in Jeffersonville, Indiana, containing a description of the Mammoth Cave in Warren County, Kentucky, and of the remarkable *mummy*, or dried Indian woman, which was discovered in the neighbourhood, and which is now in the cabinet of the Antiquarian Society. This letter is followed by one on the same subject from CHARLES WILKINS Esq. of Lexington, one of the proprietors of the cave, from which we make the following extract.

"I received information, that an infant, of nine or twelve months old, was discovered in a saltpetre Cave in Warren county, about four miles from the Mammoth Cave, in a perfect state of preservation. I hastened to the place; but, to my mortification, found that, upon its being exposed to the atmosphere, it had fallen into dust, and that its remains, except the skull, with all its clothing, had been thrown into the furnace. I regretted this much, and promised the labourers to reward them, if they would preserve the next subject for me. About a month afterwards, the present one was discovered, and information given to our agent at the Mammoth Cave, who sent immediately for

it, and brought and placed it there, where it remained for twelve months. It appeared to be the exsiccated body of a female. The account which I received of its discovery, was simply this. It was found at the depth of about ten feet from the surface of the Cave, bedded in clay, strongly impregnated with nitre, placed in a sitting posture, incased in broad stones, standing on their edges, with a flat stone covering the whole. It was enveloped in coarse clothes, (a specimen of which accompanied it) the whole wrapped in deer skins, the hair of which was shaved off in the manner in which the Indians prepare them for market. Enclosed in the stone coffin, were the working utensils, beads, feathers, and other ornaments of dress, which belonged to her. The body was in a state of much higher perfection, when first discovered, and continued so, as long as it remained in the Mammoth Cave, than it is at present, except the depredations committed upon its arms and thighs by the rats, many of which inhabit the Cave. After it was brought to Lexington, and became the subject of great curiosity, being much exposed to the atmosphere, it gradually began to decay, its muscles to contract, and the teeth to drop out, and much of its hair was plucked from its head by wanton visitants. As to the manner of its being embalmed, or whether the nitrous earth and atmosphere had a tendency to preserve it, must be left to the speculations of the learned.

The Cave in which the Mummy was found, is not of great extent, not being more than three quarters of a mile in length; its surface, covered with loose limestone, from four to six feet deep, before you enter the clay impregnated with nitre. It is of easy access, being about twenty feet wide, and six feet high, at the mouth or entrance. It is enlarged to about fifty feet wide, and ten feet high, almost as soon as you enter it. This place had evident marks of having once been the residence of the aborigines of the country, from the quantity of ashes, and the remains of fuel, and torches made of the reed, &c. which were found in it." pp. 361—363.

The account of the *Caraibs*, who inhabited the Antilles, by William Sheldon Esq. of Jamaica, is highly interesting, though it is a mere compilation of what the old French and English writers had previously said about them. We will gratify our readers by a few extracts, but the length, to which we have already extended the present article, requires us to be sparing of them.

"They had some very extraordinary customs respecting deceased persons. When one of them died, it was necessary that all his relations should see him and examine the body, in order to ascertain that he died a natural death. They acted so rigid-

ly on this principle, that if one relation remained who had not seen the body, all the others could not convince that one that the death was natural.—In such a case, the absent relative considered himself as bound in honour to consider all the other relations as having been accessaries to the death of the kinsman; and did not rest till he had killed one of them to revenge the death of the deceased. If a Caraib died in Martinico or Gaudaloupe, and his relations lived in St. Vincents, it was necessary to summon them to see the body; and several months sometimes elapsed before it could be finally interred. When a Caraib died, he was immediately painted all over with roucou, and had his mustachios and the black streaks in his face made with a black paint, which was different from that used in their lifetime. A kind of grave was then dug in the carbet where he died, about four feet square, and six or seven feet deep. The body was let down in it, when sand was thrown in, which reached to the knees, and the body was placed on it in a sitting posture, resembling that in which they crouched round the fire or the table when alive, with the elbows on the knees, and the palms of the hands against the cheeks. No part of the body touched the outside of the grave, which was covered with wood and mats, until all the relations had examined it. When the customary examinations and inspections were ended, the hole was filled, and the bodies afterwards remained undisturbed.—The hair of the deceased was kept tied behind. In this way bodies have remained several months without any symptoms of decay, or producing any disagreeable smell. The roucou not only preserved them from the sun, air, and insects during their lifetime, but probably had the same effect after death. The arms of the Craibs were placed by them when they were covered over for inspection; and they were finally buried with them." pp. 377. 378.

"The Caraibs seem to have been the most expert of all savage inhabitants of America in maritime affairs. They had two sorts of vessels for performing their voyages between St. Vincents, Dominica, Gaudaloupe, and Martinico. One kind was called becassas, with three masts and square sails; the others pirogues, had only two masts. The pirogues were about thirty feet long by four and a half feet wide in the middle. They were elevated at the ends, where they were about fifteen inches wide. Eight or nine banks or seats were made in them of planks, not sawed, but split out and made smooth. About eight inches behind each seat was a brace of wood, about the size of a man's arm, fastened to each side of the vessel, and, being higher than the seat, served to support the rowers sitting on the benches. The edges of the pirogue had holes in them, through which cords of maho were inserted; and by those ropes their

hammocks, provisions, and various other articles, were suspended." p. 390.

"If a Caraib heard of any thing which suited his fancy, he would make as long a voyage as it was possible for him to make in quest of it, and that in the most dangerous season. Perhaps the article in question would be some trifle, such as a knife, which, after the arrival of the Europeans, became a most popular piece of furniture; a Caraib being seldom seen without one naked in his belt, or open in his hand. Whatever he had fixed on, no other article would he take, not even if a whole house full of goods had been offered as an equivalent. He would give all he possessed for a thing he had set his heart upon; but he would not give the merest trifle for what he did not immediately want. If a Caraib was paid, for what he had sold, in coin, it was necessary to range the money in a straight line, like a file of soldiers. If the row was doubled, or the pieces were put one upon another, the additions went for nothing, the whole being considered as only a single rank. A long line of copper coins pleased them as much as it pleased children. In trading, they were impudent rogues; for after having sold any thing, and taken the money for it, they would carry off the articles, and refuse to refund the purchase money. The purchasers who were acquainted with their fantasies, immediately seized and secured what they had bought. It frequently happened that the Caraibs would return and demand the articles they had sold and been paid for; and in those cases, the only peaceable way of getting rid of them was to pretend to know nothing at all about them atter. The Caraibs bought cloth by the arms, i. e. by taking it in their hands, and stretching their arms as wide as possible. What was contained between the hands was called an arm. Six arms of a tall Caraib would make ten French or twelve English ells. No wonder the Caraibs were dishonest; they learned from the Europeans to be so. Even Catholick priests have not scrupled to boast of the dexterity and address with which they duped and overreached the Caraibs." pp. 405, 406.

"They had some strong prejudices. A man would have been dishonoured forever had he spun or wove cotton, or painted a hammock. This was exclusively the business of the women, by whom the catoli, or market basket, was solely used; for if a Caraib had carried one of them, the disgrace he incurred would have been indelible, and he would have been devoted to infamy. This point of honour was carried to such an extreme, that if a Caraib was obliged by any accident to carry the articles contained in a catoli, he made several journies for them, rather than carry them at once in the basket." pp. 414, 415.

This account is valuable, although it is not original. We

wanted a compilation of the scattered information respecting this people, but we want much more an account of the Antillians or Inhabitants of Hayti, Cuba, &c. who were totally destroyed by the Spaniards, and who so nearly resembled our ancient Floridians or Southern Alleghawees. We find that Mr. Sheldon is not far from admitting that the Caraibs were natives of North Africa, and very similar to the Guaches or Canary Islanders. This has long been our opinion. We must therefore believe our continent, north of Pananca, to have received its ancient inhabitants from four different quarters, and to have been settled by four different races of the tawny branch; viz, 1. the Malays, or Polynesians, or Eastern Hindus, which came from the West; 2. the Tartars or Tatars, from the North West; 3. the Scandinavians, or Northern Celts, from the North East; and 4. the Guaches, Getulians, or African Celts from the East. It would be highly interesting and useful to trace the history of these several people, and to ascertain to which particular class each nation of our aborigines has belonged or does yet belong.

The Appendix of the Volume before us consists of an account of a great and extraordinary cave in Indiana, in a letter from the owner, BENJAMIN ADAMS, Esq. to a gentleman in Frankfort, Kentucky.

We have thus endeavoured to furnish our readers with some adequate idea of the nature of this first effort, by a very respectable and growing, although yet infant, society, to acquire, preserve, and diffuse a knowledge of the antiquities and natural curiosities of our country. We will merely remark, in conclusion, that we hope their books will be sought after and read with avidity, and that they will be encouraged, by the patronage afforded to the present publication, to present us, as frequently as possible, with additional volumes of TRANSACTIONS and COLLECTIONS.

HISTORICAL ANECDOTES, RELATING TO THE EARLY SETTLEMENT OF KENTUCKY.

IN the year 1792, general Anthony Wayne was appointed to the command of the army engaged against the Indians. Congress now determined to do, what they ought to have done at first, viz, raise an efficient force to take possession

of the territory of the Indians, and hold it until they were compelled to make peace. A legion was ordered to be raised, to consist of four sub-legions, each composed of twelve companies of infantry and riflemen, one company of artillery, and one troop of horse; each company and troop having one captain, one lieutenant, one ensign or cornet, and ninety five non-commissioned officers and privates. General Wayne repaired to Pittsburgh, whither the recruits were sent as fast as they were raised, excepting those raised in the south, which were ordered to join Wilkinson. General Wayne cantoned his troops for the winter at Legionville on the Ohio, some distance below Pittsburgh Early in April he descended the river to Cincinnati. It having been thought by the Society of Friends that a peace could be brought about, they were permitted to make the experiment, and a treaty was appointed to be had at Rock de Boat, on the Miamies of Lake Erie. General Wayne, in the mean time, was employed in disciplining his troops, opening roads, carrying hay, and throwing a quantity of provisions a head. The Indians discovered these movements, and assigned them as a reason for not treating. Colonel Hamtramck had sent William Wells, who had been a prisoner with the Miami Indians, to attend the treaty, and bring word, whether terms were agreed on. Wells arrived at Fort Jefferson early in October, with the news that the negotiation had been broken off without producing any treaty. General Wayne immediately determined to push into their country; for which purpose one thousand Kentucky volunteers, under general Scott, were ordered to join him. In the mean time the general moved his regulars six miles in advance of fort Jefferson, to await the reinforcement under Scott. A few days after lieutenant Lowry, with part of two companies, was ordered to fort St. Clair to meet a convoy of provisions and escort it to Head Quarters. Lowry, on his return, encamped about four miles in advance of St. Clair, for one night, during the whole of which his sentinels were firing at Indians. Next morning, just as he was about marching, a sudden attack was made by a large body of the enemy, who soon overpowered his small party. Lieut. Lowry and ensign Samuel Boyd were killed; and, being the only commissioned officers in the detachment, the troops soon gave way and got back to fort St. Clair with all possible speed, leaving about twenty men, besides the two officers, dead on the field. Major Adair was a few miles a

head of Lowry, and returned to the scene of action; but the enemy had left the ground, having destroyed the principal part of the provisions, and killed or taken off all the waggon horses, about 250 in number; Adair pursued, and came in sight of their rear, but they were thought too well posted, and too far superior to him in numbers to warrant an attack. The party of course returned. The weather proving unfavorable, the idea of going any farther for the present was abandoned, and the regular troops cantoned, with a view of carrying on a winter campaign. General Scott, with the Kentucky volunteers, returned home. The cavalry of the legion was also sent to Kentucky. In February they were ordered back with a view of taking advantage of the ice to make an expedition into the enemy's country; but just on their arrival, there came on a thaw, which prevented the movement. The general, however, was determined to do something, and moved with a large detachment to St. Clair's battle ground, where he built a small but strong fort, which he called fort Recovery, on acconnt of having there recovered the cannon lost by St. Clair in 1791. The bones of the slain on that unfortunate day were gathered and deposited with military honours; on which occasion the same cannon that had been lost was used.

Nothing of moment happened further during the winter, excepting that a few Indians came in with a flag, no doubt spies, to find out our strength and situation. In the spring there was some skirmishing, but only with very small pieces, in one of which a white man by the name of Miller was taken from the enemy. Miller had been captured by them when a child. He afterwards proved highly beneficial to the army in corps of spies and guides.

About the 1st of June, captain Underwood, of the Chickasaws, and captain Bob Sallad of the Choctaws, joined the general at Greenville, (the name given to our cantonment,) and were employed as reconciling parties. In one excursion Sallad pursued an Indian into a large encampment, and succeeded in killing him, but at the same time also lost his own life. About the 28th of June, 1794, major Mc Mahon had been sent, with four companies of Riflemen and one troop of horse, to escort provisions to fort Recovery. The Chickasaw, captain Underwood, arrived there the same evening that McMahon did, to give intelligence that a large army of the Indians were approaching the fort, but unfortunately could not be understood. The next morning the

pack-horse men had strung along the road to let their horses graze; about seven o'clock they were fired upon by a party of Indians. Major McMahon, supposing there were only a small detachment of the army, pushed on to the fireing, taking only the troop of horse with him. About one mile from the fort, he came up with them and found himself ambuscaded. Just as he halted to give orders, he was shot dead from his horse, the ball entering the fore part of his neck, and passing nearly central to the back part. Captain Taylor, being completely surrounded, had to cut his way through him. Captain Hartshorn, second in command, had come up with the riflemen, and was, in his turn, forced to retreat, being wounded in the knee. His soldiers carried him some distance, but, seeing it was impossible for them to get him off, he desired them to set him down, and make the best of their way to the fort. Just after this, a British officer, captain M'Kee, came up to Hartshorn, and told him if he would surrender he should be well treated. As he had always determined never to fall alive into the hands of the savages, he made a blow at M'Kee with his rifle, and knocked him off his horse; before M'Kee recovered, his Negro and an Indian had put an end to Hartshorn. This account was given by M'Kee himself to some of the American officers at Detroit in 1797. Lieutenant Hastings Marks, of Capt. Hartshorn's company, was surrounded and alone. He fought with his espontoon until he broke it to pieces, and then jumped over some of their heads. Just after, he was seized by an Indian, whom however he knocked down with his fist, and escaped. Captain Gibson, the commanding officer of the fort, sent out Lieutenant Drake with a party of men to cover the retreat. Drake and a few of his men were wounded, but got safe to the fort. The enemy pursued, surrounded the fort, and commenced a close attack, which lasted during the remaining part of the day, and during the whole night. The enemy made several unsuccessful attempts on a small block house, which was erected across the river in order to cover the watering place, and was defended by a corporal and six privates whom captain Gibson had furnished, together with a keg of cartridges and sixty muskets. These were kept loaded, so that Capt. White and his party were prepared to give the enemy a warm reception in case of an attack, and to maintain his post in spite of every effort of the enemy. It is thought this small party destroyed more of the enemy than were

killed from the fort, although it was supplied with twelve pieces of cannon. The Indians carried off their dead and wounded that night, and drew off their forces next morning. From recent information it appeared that their army consisted of upwards of two thousand, besides a company of British regulars, who had come, prepared with ammunition, to make use of the cannon, which had been taken from St. Clair, to batter down the fort. General Wayne however had previously recovered them as before stated. The loss on our side was one major, one captain, one lieutenant, one cornet, five non-commissioned officers, and nineteen privates killed, besides one captain, one lieutenant, and twenty or thirty wounded. The enemy left eleven dead on the groud. From the best information obtained after the conclusion of peace, they had about ninety killed and mortally wounded in the contest.

ADVENTURE WITH THE INDIANS.

In the year 1790 Mr. Frederick Bough arrived in Kentucky, and being on the 13th of October, in that year, in company with a young man of his acquaintence, near Jacob Vanmater's fort, in that part of Nelson, which is now Hardin County, about twenty five miles from Bardstown, fell in with a party of savages. As they approached, he observed to his companion that he thought he saw an Indian, but the young man ridiculed the idea and coolly replying, "you are a fool for having such thoughts," kept on his way. They soon however discovered a party of Indians within ten yards of them. The young man, exclaiming "Good God, there they are," fled with the utmost precipitation, but taking the direction *from* the fort, was soon caught by one of the savages and barbarously killed. Mr. Bough, in running towards the fort, was fired at by the whole party in pursuit which consisted of four, and was hit by three of of them. One ball struck him on the left arm, another on the right thigh, and the third, passing through his waistcoat and shirt, grazed the skin of his left side. He was still however able to run, but, in attempting to cross a creek on his way to the fort, he stuck in the mud, where one of the Indians caught him, pulled him out, and felt of his arm to see if it was broken. Finding it was not, he pulled out

a strap with a loop at the end, for the purpose of confining Mr. Bough, but he, suddenly jerking away his hand, gave the savage a blow on the side of his head, which knocked him down. By this time two other Indians came up, the fourth having gone in pursuit of the horses. Mr. Bough kicked at the one he had knocked down, but missed him. Just at that moment one of the others aimed a blow at his head with a tomahawk, but in his eagerness struck too far over, and hit only with the handle, which however nearly felled Mr. B. to the ground, but he, instantly recovering himself, struck at the tomahawk and knocked it out of his antagonists hand. They both grasped at it, but the Indian, being quickest, picked it up, and entered into conversation with his companion. The latter then struck Mr. Bough with a stick, and as he stepped forward to return the blow, they all retreated, and suddenly went off leaving one of their blankets, and a kettle which Mr. B. took with him to the fort. Four or five days afterwards a gentleman, named Brown, wounded an Indian, not far from Shepherd's Lick Salt Works, who remained in the woods nine days, and then swam the Ohio River and delivered himself up at Clarksville, stating that he was the person whom Mr. Bough had knocked down. He offered, if they would cure him, to deliver up two white prisoners then in possession of the Indians, but, having been cured, he made his escape, and it was afterwards understood that the prisoners were burnt.

Mr. Bough is now living in Bath County, and furnished us himself with the particulars above related.

ASTRONOMY.

ENQUIRIES ON THE GALAXY OR MILKY-WAY.

By Professor C. S. Rafinesque.

1. The contemplation of the Starry Heavens, fills the mind of the enlightened Philosophers with wonder and astonishment; they do not believe with the crowd of vulgar gazers, that Stars are mere specks of fire, droping now and then in blazing tracks, and subservient to the paltry use of affording them a glimmering light, in the absence of the luminary of night; but convinced by study, analogy and the feelings of their understanding that the Sun is a Star, and that Stars are Suns, they attempt to enquire into their emi-

nent destinies in the sublime scale of creation, and to detect the laws of their co-ordination.

2. No where do the Stars shine with more brightness than on lofty Mountains or in the middle of the Ocean, in serene nights; the comparative purity of our atmosphere in those situations, allows them to sparkle with increased intensity: it is then that the contemplative soul delights to gaze at their numberless association, and to reflect on the immensity of their distance, their immeasurable size and their other numerous properties, some of which are not even dreamt of by common philosophers; while a few, gifted with perspicuous foresight, daring to rise on the wings of a sober and well regulated imagination, and delighting to investigate their unknown, concealed and undetected co-operations, dwell with pleasure and sagacity on the attributes of those mighty and splendid bodies.

3. While benighted on the summit of the fiery Mount Etna, while furrowing the surface of the deep Ocean, or while gliding along the gentle stream of the Ohio, my eyes fixed on the celestial expanse of etherial space, I endeavoured to account for the apparent irregular position of the myriads of millions of starry Suns, scattered through it, by unequal velocities in their separate motions, compared with their combined and simultaneous motion.

4. It is well known that every material body suspended in space has a peculiar, simple or compound motion, either rotary or excentric, elliptical or circular, pendular or spiral, &c. and that most of them circulate around common centres: the moons around the planets, these around the suns, &c. Our sun was thought to be provided with a mere rotary and epicydoidal motion on himself; but Piazzi, Laplace and Herschell, have lately ascertained that it has a progressive one besides, which must form part of an orbit.

5. Similar motions have been observed in many stars; but our observations on this subject are of such modern dates that our astronomers have not been able to measure with any degree of precision, the extent and velocity of those motions: future observers will ascertain them now that the respective actual situation of all the large stars (7500) have been accurately fixed by Piazzi in a memoir rewarded by the french institution in 1814.

6. Whatever be the extent and rapidity of those motions, it is evident that they must be commensurate with the size, weight and mass of those huge bodies, of which our sun has been calculated to be one of the smallest; and as various

comparatively, as those of the planets of our solar system; whence arise the multifarious appearances of starry aggregations and constellations.

7. The most conspicuous anomaly in the disposition of visible stars is their peculiar accumulation beyond the largest stars, in an irregular concentric girdle round the etherial canopy, where by their vast number and increased distance they assumed a nebulous light; this second appear- stars being intermediate between the glittering stars and the invisible ones.

8. This belt of Stars, has received the vulgar name of milky way, the astronomers call it the galaxy. These names have a reference to some ancient mythological opinions, hardly worth mentioning. Every mythology, down to the modern Roman mythology which calls it St. James's way, has taken hold of this singular appearance, and connected it with their superstitious opinions.

9. The galaxy has more the appearance of a bright cloud than of a mass of stars; but the Telescope shows that it consists of numberless multitudes of stars, since Herschell has reckoned 351 thousand of them between two stars of the *Swan!*

10. The irregularity of its shape when compared to a girdle or belt is striking, the breadth being various, the edges waving, and there being in the northern hemisphere of our skies two peculiar anomalies, a hole or enclosed unstarry place, between the constellations of *Cepheus* and the *Lizard*, besides a large bifurcation near the *Swan*.

11. The cloudy light of the galaxy,has moreover a different degree of intensity in many parts, which is obviously owing to a difference in the number and distance of the stars included therein.

12. The general shape galaxy in the northern hemisphere, approximates to that of an irregular bow, whose concavity looks towards the polar star; it is narrow in the middle, and widest at the two extremities, one of which (the western) is divided in two forks.

13. Names ought to be given to the different parts and appearances of such remarkable clusters of stars: they must be dedicated to astronomers and philosophers. I shall now attempt to name some of the most remarkable among those perceptible in the northern hemisphere: the southern hemisphere which has not been quite so well delineated and which I have never seen, will not be attempted, it may receive similar names afterwards.

14. But before affixing those names, it appears necessary to distinguish by appropriate denominations such peculiar appearances and anomalies. I propose therefore to call,

Isthmuses, the narrowest parts of the belt,
Dilatations, the broadest parts of the same,
Gulphs and Bays, the hollow sinusses,
Capes and Points, the projecting sinusses,
Sinus, the projecting undulations,
Arms, the branches surrounding the gulfs, &c.
Hollows, the large enclosed unshining and unstarry places,
Elbows, the bents, or incurved undulations,
Clouds, the brightest cloudy spots,
Sheets, the dullest parts,
Veils, the transparent parts, hardly perceptible.
Spots, the small dull specks, or hollows

15. I shall now propose my astronomical names for some of those appearances, stating their respective situations.

1. The Isthmus of *Pytheas*, is situated south of the *Goat Star*, in the constellation of the *Driver*.
2. That of *Cepheus*, at the star *Cepheus*, under the polar star.
3. That of *Halley*, south of the star *a* of the *Swan*, at the base of the arm of *Piazzi*.
4. That of *Archimedes*, west of the above, at a small distance.
5. That of *Euler*, near *Ophiucus*.
6. The dilatation of *Newton*, between the *Gemini* and *Orion*.
7. " of *Mairan*, near the *Lizard*.
8. The gulf of *Leibnitz*, between the arms of *Piazzi* and *Herschell;* which is perhaps a Mediterranean or immense hollow.
9. The gulf of *Descartes*, below the dilatations of *Newton*.
10. The bay of *Huyghens*, in the gulf of *Leibnitz*, near the isthmus of *Euler*.
11. of *Maskeline*, outside of the isthmus of *Halley*.
12. of *Davy*, under the dilatation of *Mairan*.
13. of *Franklin*, south of the isthmus of *Pytheas*.
14. of *Meton*, south of *Andromeda*.
15. The cape of *Theodosius*, at the end of the arm of *Piazzi*.
16. of *Gassendi*, at the end of the arm of *Lacaille*.
17. The point of *Laplace*, above the bay of *Huighens*.
18. of *Hevelius*, outside of the isthmus of *Halley*.

19. The point of *Hipparchus*, south of the isthmus of *Pytheas*.
20. The sinus of *Euclid*, north of the arm of *Lacaille*.
21. of *Lalande*, in the gulf of *Leibnitz*, on the arm of *Herschell*.
22. of *Rittenhouse*, below the bay of *Huighens* and point of *Laplace*.
23. The arm of *Lacaille*, stretching out between *Orion* and the *Little Dog*.
24. of *Herschell*, stretching between the gulf or sea of *Leibnitz*, and the *Lyre*, &c.
25. of *Piazzi*, on the opposite side of the gulf of *Leibnitz*.
26. of *Kepler*, on the northern side of the hollow of *Galileo*.
27. of *Copernic*, on its southern side, between it and the bay of *Davy*.
28. The hollow of *Galileo*, between the two above arms, near *Cepheus*.
29. The elbow of *Olbers*, in the arm of *Herschell*, under the sinus *Lalande*.
30. of *Maraldi*, the isthmus of *Cepheus*.
31. of *Schroeter*, under the point of *Hipparchus*.
32. The cloud of *Flamsteed*, at the base of the arm of *Herschell*.
33. of *Bayer*, in the same arm below the sinus of *Rittenhouse*.
34. of Cassini, in the arm of *Copernic*.
35. The sheet of *Biot*, in the arm of *Piazzi*.
36. of *Aratus*, above the gulf of *Descartes*.
37. of *Lemonier*, between the elbow of *Olbers* and the sinus of *Lalande*.
38. The veil of *Clairaulx*, below the cloud of *Bayer*.
39. of *Pythagoras*, between *Sirius* and the gulf of *Descartes*.
40. The spot of *Hourcastreme*, in the arm of *Piazzi*.

16. Among the remarkable appearances of the southern hemisphere, I shall only mention a few. I find such a diversity in their delineations on planispheres that I can hardly be certain to which denominations some of them may belong.

1. The arm of *Lambert*, is a continuation of the arm of *Herschell*, being separated however by veils and sheets.
2. That of *Maupertuis*, continuation of that of *Piazzi*, also separated by veils.

3. That of *Brahe*, stretches beyond the last at great length.
4. The gulf of *Derham* lies between the two last arms.
5. of *Bailly* divides the arms of *Lambert* and *Manpertius*.
6. The gulf of *Delille*, lays opposite the gulf of *Derham*.
7. The hollow of *Humboldt* is nearly between them.
8. The isthmus of *Confucius*, below that hollow.
9. The veil of *Hermes*, below the last.
10. The cape of *Condamine*, at the end of the arm of *Brahe*.
11. of *Ulloa*, below the veil of *Hermes*.
12. The bay of *Fontenelle*, under that cape.
13. of *Ptolemy*, above the gulf of *Delille*, in the arm of *Lambert*.
14. of *Dalembert*, above the last.
15. of *Plato*, above this last bay, &c.

17. When both hemispheres of the galaxy, shall have been accurately drawn, a complete map and more enlarged designation of their appearances, may be easily delineated.

18 Since it surrounds as a belt the cluster of stars to which our sun belongs, it must have some peculiar connection with it. I think that they all form a single cluster. Herschell has reached with his huge telescopes, to discern stars of the 1342d. magnitude! they are not the last certainly, and the whole is connected with those of the galaxy.

19. Our sun is not quite in the middle of this cluster: but it is very far from the edges, since it is surrounded by stars on all sides. Thinly on each sides of the galaxy; but thickly in the direction of that belt: whence it follows that the shape of our cluster must be an *irregular disk*, compressed laterally on each side of the vertical direction of the belt, which forms the edge of the disk.

20. This shape accounts for the respective disposition of the stars of our cluster, since the center of a disk of starry particles, must be diaphanous, while the edges, seen from this center must assume a cloudy appearance, nearly opaque, similar to that of our galaxy.

21. The nebulosities and nebular cluster or clouds, scattered through the firmament, appear to be peculiar clusters of various nature; but unconnected with our own cluster. Some appear to be similar to our own, and even of the same discoidal shape. I do not mean to dwell on them at present, but shall proceed to state my ideas on our solar cluster.

22. In etherial moving bodies, the spindle shape is the result of the slowest circulating motion, sphericity of a moderate motion, and the discoidal shape of the accelerated or swiftest circulation, wherefore our cluster must move with *rapid velocity* on itself, or perhaps on an unknown central body, imperceptible because not luminous; and together in another forward progressive course.

23. As the planets and planetary comets, perform their revolutions in unequal times and at unequal distances from the sun and each other, such or somewhat similar must be the various respective revolutions of the stars of our cluster.

24. The only star, the elements of whose revolution and motion have been calculated with probable accuracy, is *Arcturus;* Lalande has found that it moves in longitude at the rate of about 3' 2" per century, that its annual motion is 3, 428,000 leagues in one year, and that if it moves in a circle, its circumference must measure 22 millions of millions of leagues, requiring 700,000 years to perform it.

25. Notwithstanding the difference in size and density, this apparent velocity will appear small when compared with the annual motion of our earth, which moves at the rate of 198 millions of leagues in one year; but other astronomers have ascribed to *Arcturus* an annual motion of 80 millions of leagues, producing a circular orbit of 56 millions of millions of leagues.

26. Yet such a motion is a *mere fraction of the actual course,* since it is at best, the mere difference between the velocity of Arcturus compared with the unknown velocity of our sun, who carries the earth along while we endeavour to measure the road of its neighbour star! It is therefore rational to suppose that the velocity of arcturus is at least ten times greater than that of the earth and its orbit commensurate.

27. All the stars have similar rapid motions within the unlimited bounds of space, all different yet all in harmony, with their co-ordinate stars; *Arcturus*, the sun and the stars of the discoidal center of our cluster, have probably a shorter circulation to perform, while those of the galaxy and discoidal edges must perform a much enlarged revolution.

28. From those rapid and combined motions, in a cloud of clustered stars, the discoidal shape of the cluster has resulted; the axis of the disk passing through its compressed sides and the circumvolution of the cluster taking place on the vertical plane of the disk, as in a wheel in motion.

29. Thus the results of my present enquiries, are, 1st. *that our galaxy forms the outward edge of our cluster of stars*, 2d. *that our cluster has an irregular discoidal shape*, 3d. *that it revolves (like a wheel) on its edges*, 4th. *with the utmost velocity, and* 5th. *that this shape is the result of that motion.*

30. Considering those millions of stars and of clusters, visible and invisible, and the numberless imperceptible planetary bodies revolving around them; all suited to their peculiar scales of beings, by the mighty ARCHITECT OF THE UNIVERSE; let us exclaim, *how wonderful are thy works, supreme Lord of the creation!*

MONTHLY RESULTS
OF METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS,

Made in Lexington by Professor Rafinesque.

No. 7. RESULTS FOR JULY 1820.

Temperature. The weather was warm, variable and showery. Highest temperature 87 degrees on the 8th and 86 on the 6th and 10th, lowest 65 degrees on the 13th. It was at 80 and above during many days. Medium about 75 degrees. Greatest daily variation 12 degrees from 72 to 84 degrees.

Atmosphere. There were twelve fair days, seven cloudy ones, ten showery and two rainy, the 13th and 27th.

Rain. It rained all day on the 13th and all the forenoon of the 27th, with a west wind. The showers happened on the 1st, wind N. E.: 4th and 5th, wind S.: 9th. with a gust wind W.: 12th, besides a gust afterwards, wind W.: 4th, wind N. W.: 22d, with a gust from N. W.: 24th, in the afternoon, wind S.: 26th, with a gust in the afternoon wind W.: 28th, wind S. W. 29th, wind W.: Total average of rain fallen about three inches.

Snow and Frost. None this month.

Winds. The prevailing winds have been S. which blew 8 days, S. W. 5, between South and West 5, N. W. 4. The West Wind and N. E. only blew 3 days each a S. E. 2 days. Many of the gusts were attended with a very high wind, but most of the days were nearly calm, a gentle westerly breeze was often perceptible at night.

Electricity. Appearances of it happened on eleven days, on the 1st and 6th in the afternoon the thunder was heard, lightnings were seen on the 3d, 7th, 12th and 24th, principally in the evening. On the 8th, these was a great display

of lightnings to the South and some thunder. Thunder gusts happened on the 12th from the W.: on the 22d morning from N. W. and 26th afternoon from the South. On the 9th, a gust went by to the South in the morning from West to East, and in the afternoon one happened from N. attended with vivid streight lightnings.

Ground. Rather dusty throughout, except after the rain.

Vegetation. On the 2d, the wheat harvest was begun.

5th. *Andromeda arborea* (sour-wood) in blossom.

14th. First ripe apples.

15th. First green corn, fit for boiling.

16th. *Vernonia prealta* (Iron-weed) in blossom.

26th. First ripe pears.

28th. First ripe watermelons.

No. 8. RESULTS FOR AUGUST 1820.

Temperature. Weather warm and dry. Highest temperature 88 degrees on the 11th, and often above 80 degrees: lowest 60 degrees on the 18th, in the morning, being the first cool morning and also on the 19th, 29th and 30th. Medium heat about 74 degrees. Greatest daily difference 15 degrees on the 18th from 60 to 75.

Atmosphere. There were twenty fair days, six overcast or cloudy and five showery or rainy.

Rain. On the 9th a westerly gust passed to the South. On the 13th several showers, wind N. W.: on the 20th, rain in the evening and at night, wind N. E. which continued in the morning of the 21st. On the 30th an evening gust from S. W. the rain continuing in the night and next morning from the same quarter: average rain fallen two inches.

Electricity. Lightnings seen on the 12th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th; thunder gusts on the 9th and 30th.

Snow and frost. None this month.

Winds. The prevailings ones were S. W for 8 days, and W. 7 days. It blew besides four days between S. and W. two days from N. W., two from South, two from East, two from South and one from North. Gentle breezes generally.

Ground. Very dusty generally. The springs begin to fail and dry.

Vegetation. 1st. *Houstonia rupestris* in blossom.

12th. The buck-eyes (*Aesculus pallida*) began to drop their leaves, it is the first tree that shoots, and the first to lose its foliage.

18th. Plumbs begin to be ripe.
25th. Peaches begin to be ripe.
27th. Grapes begin to be ripe.
28th. Plumb trees begin to drop their leaves.

No. 9. RESULTS FOR SEPTEMBER, 1820.

Temperature. Weather fair and dry. Highest temperature 86 degrees on the 6th, lowest 45, on the 19th and 20th. Medium 74 degrees. Greatest daily variation 32 degrees, from 48 to 80 on the 11th.

Atmosphere. There were eighteen fair days, ten of which were consecutive, from the 1st to the 10th, six overcast or cloudy, five showery, and one hazy, on the 18th.

Rain. On the 11th, the wind being S. W. it changed suddenly to N. W. by a gust, with rain and thunder, which was preceded by clouds of dust, and the thermometer sunk from 80 to 48; on the 19th little showers, wind N. E.; on the 21st a drizzling rain in the morning, wind S. E.; on the 28th and 29th, small showers all around the town, average of rain fallen hardly one inch.

Snow. None this month.

Frost. The first white frost happened in the night, between the 19th and 20th, in the country, but was very slight.

Winds. Prevailing N. W. seven days, S. six days, W. five days, S. E. three days, N. E. two days, and two days between South and West. Often gentle breezes.

Electricity. A single gust on the 11th. Hardly any other lightnings or thunder.

Meteors. On the 3rd at sunset the zodiacal lights appeared in splendid beauty in the shape of two blue diverging, reversed pyramids, contracting over the gilt horizon, these pyramids appeared to rest on the sun, below the horizon. The solar eclipse of the 7th was not visible here. In the evening of the 18th, after a hazy day, the sun and clouds were of a deep firy red at sunset, the next day was overcast and showery.

Ground. Very dry and dusty, the springs and wells exceedingly low, most of the streams are dry.

Vegetation. 1st. The *Taraxacum dens-leonis* (Dandelion) and *Verbascum thapsus* (Mullein or Molen) in blossom a second time.

10th. *Eupatorium urticefolium* (Butterweed) in blossom.

12th. *Eupatorium celestinum* (Hog weed) in blossom.

15th. *Isanthus ceruleus* and *Cuphea vissiscossima* in fullblossom.

25th. The foliage of the forest trees begins to colour, and assume its autumnal hue: many leaves droping.

Animals. On the 28th, the first flight of wild Geese was seen going South. All the Swallows and Martins disappeared with the first white frost.

Transylvania University, October 1st, 1820.

POETRY.

MALVINA.—Air, MAID OF LODI.

Malvina, fam'd in story,
In Fingal's Halls of light,
Sings to the Harp of glory
Her hero's deeds in fight.
Her form's the light of beauty;
Around her hero's flame.
Her love-smile claims their duty.
And lights their path to fame.
See, in the land of strangers,
There shines as bright a fair.
Kentucky's death-armed rangers
Find a Malvina there!
Around her chieftains cluster.
Sweet blossom of the wild!
Her song lends music lustre,
She's nature's darling child.

ALBINA.

Frankfort.

TO SILVIA—*A SPANISH BALLAD.*

Why do we blush to own, what all must feel?
What most we wish, why anxiously conceal?
Hence, timid blush! for once I'll boldly dare
To sing of Beauty's self—my matchless fair.

A bloom like hers attends the budding rose;
No lilly can a purer white disclose:
Her dove-like look a thousand charms dispense,
Breathing sweet joy and sweeter innocence.

The smiling loves within her glances play,
And on her eyes I'd gaze the live-long day.
For her I languish, and my fever'd mind
From her removed, no joy nor rest can find.

My transports fond, if she but deign to hear,
To bid me hope, and banish gloomy fear!
Let blissful bonds our happy souls unite,
While each repeats to Heaven in sacred rite.

Life of my soul, oh take me to thy heart!
Soul of my life, no longer let us part!

ERRATUM.—Page 79, line 5th, instead of "*Bethle'm College is much better than Bedlam-College,*" read, *Bedlam-College is much better than Bethle'm-College.*

THE

WESTERN REVIEW

AND

MISCELLANEOUS MAGAZINE.

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Travels through the Western Country in the summer of 1816; *including notices of the Natural History, Antiquities, Topography, Agriculture, Commerce, and Manufactures; with a Map of the Wabash Country, now settling:* by DAVID THOMAS. *Auburn*, N. Y. Printed by David Rumsey, 1819. 12 mo pp. 320.

BOOKS of Travels, made up for sale, and abounding in trash, have become so numerous, that we never take up a volume professing to contain the observations of a tourist upon any section of country, without expecting to be disgusted with egotistical descriptions of unimportant occurrences, or wearied by a minute detail of facts already well known, and a repetition of trite, uninteresting reflections. With such feelings we sat down to the perusal of the volume under review. We expected to find it a mere *catch-penny* production, embracing information, if any, previously before the public in other forms, and possessing no other merit than a fidelity in the narrative of the adventures of a journey. We have however been agreeably disappointed. The work is unpretending in its form, but is evidently the production of a man of science, and abounds in useful information. The author is a quaker, and his connexion with that sect is in no degree calculated to diminish our respect for him. As a practical farmer, a sound philosopher, and a member of a religious community whose worth is so universally acknowledged, he is certainly entitled to our regard, and a perusal of his work has convinced us that he is a man of acute observation, quick apprehension, and discriminating judgement. He does not labour to amuse us by the mere recital of trifling incidents, such as the names and conversation of his travelling companions,

the amount of his tavern bills, the quality of his fare and accommodations, &c. but he introduces valuable scientific information, acquaints us with the geology, botany, &c. of the country over which he passes, mentions important facts, and gives many useful hints. He is concise, sometimes almost to a fault, evincing no disposition to swell his book beyond the size requisite for the communication of valuable information. Every incident which he notices is made the foundation for some practical remarks. Thus, after noticing his arrival at the village of *Union Springs* in the western part of New-York, he observes:

"We were detained half an hour at this village by a thunder shower from the south west. I believe no instance of these storms from the north west is known except when the atmosphere has been previously loaded with vapour. The latter wind is destitute of sensible moisture. Frequently, however, it condenses the exhalations from our lakes, and of those which have been wafted hither from other points of the compass. Rains, from that quarter, result from such retrograde movements, and a clear sky generally attends the calm that succeeds." p. 4.

Again, after crossing the outlet of the Seneca Lake, he proceeds—

"Here we met an Indian man and woman. Her load was so bulky, that to support it, she held up both hands to her head, and yet on the top was laid a rifle, while her *lord* stepped on before her, unincumbered. It reminded me of Marius's mules. The lot of woman has always been hard where mere animal force is the chief object of admiration, and this applies to all savages." p. 5.

In speculating on the geology of the country about the Seneca lake, Mr. Thomas supports the opinion that "the summits of our mountains have been swept by a deluge, and that much of the surface of this country owes its form to that extraordinary movement." He maintains likewise that this deluge had a southward direction, and mentions, in support of his position, that "detached parts of every rocky stratum which is uncovered, from the shore of Lake Ontario to the north bounds of Genoa, are scattered to the south of these ranges, and that seldom, if ever, have any such fragments been found to the North."

In page 25 we have the following remark—

"The influence of the *Lake breeze*, in retarding vegetation, at this season, yesterday was rendered most strikingly visible.

On the shore, the trees were leafless, but in the thick woods, backward from the bluffs, the beaches were green. It will be recollected, that wind pressing along the surface of water, on striking a bold shore, whirls over it in high arches; and a station on it, which at first view might be deemed the most exposed, is, in reality, the most sheltered; for air, like water, has its eddies."

Mr. Thomas introduces some interesting reflections respecting climate, which he very justly asserts to be affected, not only by latitude, but by the elevation of land, and the prevailing winds. He considers too the sources of the rivers passing through a country as calculated very materially to influence its temperature. Those which arise in "snow-capt" mountains, and collect their tributary streams in high northern regions carry with them a portion of their native coldness, and affect the atmosphere wherever they flow. Those, on the contrary, whose waters are originally warm, tend in some degree to soften and moderate the climate of those regions through which they pass. This theory, rational in itself, appears to be supported by facts.

"Thus the sugar cane succeeds further to the north at a distance from the Mississippi than on its banks; because the sources of that stream are in frozen mountains and its whole volume is collected in colder countries. The Ohio, after receiving warm currents from the borders of Carolina, becomes the line where sleighing terminates on the south; and an advancement of one month, in the progress of vegetation, might have been expected, if the waters of this lake had arrived from a campaign country in southern climates." p, 32.

In passing through the western part of Pennsylvania Mr. Thomas remarked a gross inattention to agriculture, a carelessness in the erection of buildings, and an appearance of scarcity, by no means flattering to the inhabitants or alluring to travellers. In some places he observed a remarkable phenomenon in the progress of vegetation. The trees in the valleys were much more backward than those on the high grounds, the latter being often covered with buds and verdure, while on the former not a leaf or a shoot had appeared. This difference was in some instances "so very distinctly marked in its height, that the lower buds of the same tree had not expanded, while the upper branches were perfectly green." The existence of a vapour unfavourable to the progress of vegetation in the low grounds is assigned as the probable cause of this phenomenon.

The following extract contains a remark, so just and rational that we wonder it has not more generally struck the minds and influenced the arrangements of those who have the management of the police in our cities.

"The streets of Pittsburgh are lighted, and consequently the useful order of watchmen is established. My ears, however, have not become reconciled to their music. It is true, I have been more conversant in forests than in cities, and may not comprehend the advantages of these deep-mouthed tones; but breaking the slumbers of the invalid, and giving timely notice to the thief, form two items of much weight in my view as a set off against them." p. 51.

Mr. Thomas furnishes a brief account of Pittsburgh, its manufactories, and surrounding country. The coal which abounds in the neighbouring hills—and indeed all coal—he supposes to have been the result of vegetables deposited by water and compressed by the earth. This theory however, plausible as it may appear, and popular as it undoubtedly is, seems to be attended with difficulties not very easily susceptible of removal. How could vegetables produce fifty or sixty strata of coal, as they are sometimes found in Europe, one above another, separated by thick layers of stone? In Pennsylvania and Ohio a second stratum has in some instance been found, from two hundred to four hundred feet below the first, and perhaps there are many instances where the strata are still farther apart. Coal is probably a deposition of the ancient ocean, and may have been, as the French geologists suppose, ejected by submarine volcanoes.

Speaking of the change in the temperature of the seasons, which was said to have become much colder than they formerly were, Mr. Thomas takes occasion to comment upon the too prevalent notion that they had been affected by the great eclipse of the sun in 1806.

"This popular opinion took its rise from some cool weather in the summer seasons of 1806 and 1807. A retardment, in the average progress of vegetation for a few days, was deemed cause sufficient to overlook all terrestrial agents for the absorption of heat, and to charge it directly to the moon. Of the facility, with which errors not palpable to the senses, may be propagated, we have long been aware; but that men of understanding should adopt this notion,—which originated in the grossest ignorance of the cause of eclipses,—is surprising."

p. 56.

This absurd idea he refutes by a view of the natural tendency of eclipses and by an appeal to facts, and then proceeds:

"This reference, to which I object, comports well, however, with the operations of the human mind. Whenever two remarkable occurrences, whether real or imaginary, have happened near the same period, the ignorant in all ages have believed that one depends on the other. Ancient astronomers arranged the disasters of the times with their accounts of comets and eclipses; and in our own day we have had three remarkable illustrations of this principle. In Eastern Pennsylvania, the swift and perilous lightnings, from the angry clouds, were observed by some to be much increased on the introduction of plaster. To the north east the frequency of cold winds, since the great eclipse, has been *observed* beyond all former example; but in the southwestern part of the United States, *where no great eclipse appeared*, some of the old inhabitants declare, that this change of seasons arrived with the yankees, from the north." pp. 57, 58.

While he thus ridicules the idea of attributing the increased coldness of the climate to an eclipse, he expresses a doubt whether the seasons have really changed so much as is generally imagined, and points out as one cause, among others, of whatever alteration has taken place, the progress of improvement by which the forests have been cleared and the country generally rendered more open.

The following ingenious method was adopted by Mr. Thomas for ascertaining the height of the stratum of coal above the bed of the river.

"The opposite banks of the river, equal in height, furnish two points in the plane of the sensible horizon, from which may be determined how far back the flats co-incide with that plane. A line, from the coal mine on the opposite hill, passing through the top of a long erect piece of scantling, till it touches the plane, forms the hypothenuse of a right angled triangle, the perpendicular of which is the height of the mine. I therefore drew two horizontal lines at right angles to the base of that triangle, one from the end of the hypothenuse, and one from the scantling; because, a perpendicular plane, passing through the mine, to the right or left of the triangle, would cut the horizontal lines of unequal lengths; and, by Euclid B. vi. prop. 4, as their difference in length, is to their distance apart, so is the length of the first horizontal, to the horizontal distance of the mine. And, as their distance apart, is to the height of the scantling, so is the distance last found, to the perpendicular

height of the mine. By my measuration, these proportions determined that height to be 470 feet above the flats." p. 64.

Some very just remarks are introduced on the neglect too generally manifested in the western country to the state of the public roads. This is an evil of no inconsiderable magnitude. Much is indeed attributable to the nature of the soil, but notwithstanding all the natural obstacles, and the apologies resulting from the recent settlement of many parts of the western states and territories, we cannot but regret the existence of a culpable degree of negligence, on a subject so vitally important, not only to the convenience, but to the most valuable interests of the community. We admit that a very considerable increase of attention has of late been manifested to this, as well as to other branches of internal improvement, and we look forward, with some degree of confidence, to the speedy arrival of the period, when, at least in Kentucky, we shall enjoy the benefit of roads not inferior to those in any other part of the Union.

In page 177, Mr. Thomas suggests the enquiry whether the red-bird is the *merula marilandica*. This enquiry we should be inclined to answer in the negative. There are two kinds of red bird in the United States. One is a *Loxia* called also the cardinal bird, and the other is a *Tangara*.

In passing through Indiana, our traveller crossed the Knobs, which constitute the western boundary of the limestone region, or ancient bason of the Ohio, and which were perhaps in ancient times the bank of a lake. He was however incorrectly informed that these Knobs "do not appear south of the Ohio." Those of Indiana reach that stream below the mouth of Salt River, under the name of Silver Hills, and extending across it acquire, on the south side, the name of Barren Hills, and, south of Salt River, are called Muldrow's Hills, separating the waters of the latter stream from those of Green River. Near Danville in this state they take the name of Knobs again and continue to the Ohio River, joining, at the mouth of the Scioto, the Knobs of the state of Ohio, having crossed the Kentucky at the mouth of Black River, and the Licking River near Mud Lick.

In the following paragraph Mr. Thomas pays a compliment to Kentucky rather at the expense of our neighbours in Ohio.

"Certainly the fields are better cultivated in Kentucky than in Ohio round Cincinnati, where freemen only can be employ-

ed. This is so different from what I have observed in Maryland, that I ascribe it to the small number of slaves which are kept here, and to each farmer's being his own overseer. On the contrary these degraded beings, probably, have a prejudicial influence on their neighbours across the Ohio; for labour is disgraceful in the vicinity of slaves. But whether this, the scarcity of hands, or all combined, is the cause, certain it is we were surprised at many marks of slovenliness in the agriculture of that district; and noticed stacks of wheat and oats unthreshed, which were apparently three years old."

Near the French Licks in Indiana there is said to be a quarry of whetstones, equal in quality to the Turkey Oil stone.

"From the position of this quarry, on the top of a high ridge, I conjectured that the sand had not been deposited by water, but collected by the wind, previous to its petrification; but whether the horizontal arrangement will form a sufficient objection to this view, must be left undetermined." p. 136.

The following remarks are made on the *prairies* or *barrens*, which are found in Indiana.

"These openings present a striking contrast to the eastern parts of the continent, which were shaded by forests; and the cause has become a subject of general speculation. The thrifty growth of timber, which is found through this country in many places, proves, that though the woodlands decrease as we advance westward, the cause ought not to be attributed to climate. Indeed we have never seen, to the eastward, more timber on the same extent of ground than many tracts in this vicinity exhibit, if we except groves of white pine. Our search must therefore be confined to the soil, and to circumstances entirely incidental.

"To me it is evident that the immediate causes of these wastes are fire and inundation; but the *predisponent* cause (if physicians will allow the expression) is either an impenetrable hard-pan, or a level rock. At page 98 I have noticed the wet prairies. The same rock, extending under the drier parts, confines the roots, and intercepts the supply of moisture that subsoils generally contribute. The trees, thus stunted, admit amongst them a luxuriant herbage; in autumn it is speedily dried by the sun and wind, and the underbrush perishes in the annual conflagration. Near the borders sufficient evidence of this was often before us in the stools of oak, with shoots from one to six feet in height, which were blasted by recent fires."

pp. 139, 140.

Our traveller, in proceeding westward, passes through Vincennes, with which he does not appear to have been

very well pleased. The natural situation of the town, on an extensive plain, which constitutes the bank of a beautiful river, is generally admired; but the narrow streets, the log buildings, and the prevailing inattention to cleanliness and comfort, were little calculated to gratify the traveller. The following extract will furnish an idea of the population of the town at that time.

"There are eight brick houses, ninety-three frame houses, and one hundred and fifty French houses—in all, two hundred and fifty-one. These are exclusive of barns, stables, and old uninhabited houses, which I think are equal to the number of French houses, and make the whole number of buildings about four hundred. On the commons, east of the town, there are many cellars and old chimney places, which lead me to suppose that Vincennes has decreased in the number of buildings." p. 191.

Eighteen miles above Vincennes is a settlement of *Shakers*. This sect has several establishments in the western country, which are all conspicuous for neatness, and a high degree of improvement. Whatever may be thought of their peculiar tenets and mode of discipline, they must be allowed the credit of great industry, and uncommon ingenuity. Their settlements uniformly abound in well cultivated fields, and agreeable, convenient habitations, and every thing about them has an air of neatness and evinces a regard to real and substantial comfort.

"In their dealings they are esteemed as very honest and exemplary. Until within a few months they entertained travellers without any compensation; but the influx has become so great that they have found it necessary to depart from that practice." p. 149.

Mr. Thomas advanced, along the banks of the Wabash, to *Fort Harrison*, of which he furnishes a brief notice, and then, changing his course eastward, proceeded homwards.

In the course of his narrative, which is given in the form of a diary, he introduces several interesting anecdotes illustrative of the perils attending the first settlement of a new country and the heroism displayed by the early emigrants to the wilds of the west. Even within a few years, especially during the late war with England, the inhabitants of our frontier settlements were exposed to great danger from savage hostility, and some instances are recorded of almost miraculous preservation from the most imminent hazard.

"The case of one young man is too extraordinary to be omit

ted. Riding out to hunt cattle, he passed near Indians in ambush, who shot him through the body, and he fell from his horse. As the savages advanced to scalp him, he recovered from the shock; ran with his utmost speed, warmly pursued; and in the moment of extremity when his strength and breath failed him, his horse, which had loitered behind, came up on full gallop and allowed him to remount. He effected his escape, recovered from his wound, and is now living. p. 154.

Mr. Thomas furnishes some very useful advice to emigrants for the preservation of health and the promotion of comfort. New settlements are commonly unhealthy, but a great deal of the sickness which prevails is properly attributable to carelessness and bad management. The remarks on that subject in the work before us are judicious, and, if properly attended to, would contribute much to the prosperity of a new colony. The mode of travelling, improper exposure, unwholesome diet, bad water, &c. are the causes of much disease, which, by the exercise of a little care, might frequently be avoided.

In the appendix our author introduces some very just, though brief, remarks, on what he terms the "*cant phrases*" prevalent in the western country. We, who are accustomed to them, are scarcely aware of their impropriety, but as education and improvement advance among us, we trust their use will decline and a greater degree of accuracy in conversation and writing will be introduced.

"*A considerable number* is expressed by *a smart chance*; and our hostess at Madison said, there was "a smart chance of yankees" in that village.

"*Rolling* is a term which may be frequently heard in conversations relative to lands. We are not to understand by this word, *a turning round*, but *a diversified surface*.

"*Slashes* means flat clayey land which retains water on the surface after showers. From this comes the adjective, *slashy*. It is in common use, and, like the word *chore* [corruption of *chare*] in the eastern states, is almost an *indispensable*.

"*Balance* is another word which is *twisted* from its proper meaning. This is made to imply the remainder. 'The balance (unappropriated residue of land) willbe sold at auction.'" p. 230.

To these we might add a long list of prevailing improprieties equally gross; but no section of country is exempt from *cant phrases* and peculiarities of expression, and nothing would more effectually tend to remove them, than an improvement in our systems of education, the introduction of accurate and careful teachers, and a minute attention to

those branches of instruction, which are too apt to be regarded as trifling and unimportant.

Our author does not agree with Volney in his theory of a great lake supposed formerly to extend over a large portion of the western country.

"I submitted with regret to the disappointment of not passing the *west bank of Volney's imaginary Lake*, in another quarter. We are willing to allow a wide range of imagination in geological theories; but in support of such opinions, we do think the reader is entitled to the collection of a few facts. It has, indeed, been fashionable to imagine that every valley which pours a stream through mountainous ridges, was formerly the bed of a lake; and some indulgence for the custom of the age may be allowable. We also admit that such speculations are harmless; but we consider them rather as the first efforts of an excursive fancy, than as the sober deductions of a vigorous understanding.

How our mountains were broken to admit a passage for the rivers, presents a problem of difficult solution. We have discovered no fact to shew that these breaches were produced by the pressure of water; and the remaining masses of the Blue Ridge, for example, are so vast as to preclude the conjecture. We can conceive, indeed, that an earthquake might effect a rupture; but so many rivers have been let forth, without one unnecessary opening, that we reluctantly admit the possibility. When we come to reflect, however, that the surface of the valley is so shaped as to guide the stream across it on a brisk current to the very entrance of the mountain; and that no traces are discoverable, of these waters having ever discharged through any other passage, we are satisfied that such suppositions are unwarrantable.

In Volney's theory, still greater difficulties arise. 1st. He has not provided sufficient materials for a dam. 2d. If such dam hadbeen completed, it would not explain the appearances of the country to the eastward. 3d. Neither would it explain the geology of the country, westward.

1st.—The Knobs do not extend across the valley of the Ohio. Neither do those to the north, form any obstructions to the White river, which receives the surplus waters of the great plain in which Lexington is situated.

2d.—The hills in the Ohio country are formed of strata, apparently horizontal, piled up to the height of several hundred feet. Now a pond standing over this vast district, would not produce such appearances. The shell fish, indeed, whose remains chiefly form the limestone, might arrange themselves along the bottom; but no lake in modern times has furnished apy support to an opinion that vegetables are retained in its wa-

ters as a prelude to the formation of coal; and we want evidence for the belief, that materials of this fossil were collected in this manner at any period since the creation. On the reverse, we do not hesitate to ascribe the arrangement of all extensive strata to tides which, like those of the present day, have been caused by *exterior attraction*; and which have swept over the face of every country. In no other way can we rationally account for the conveyance, and regular distribution of sand, over large districts of secondary formation.

3d.—Much of the country westward of the Knobs abounds with marine shells; and it would be equally proper to show the origin of the countless millions which appear in that elevated region. This could not be done, however, on his principles; for no land of sufficient height is found either on the borders of the Ohio, or of the Mississippi.

To conclude, every stone that we have examined on the Knobs is of the latest formation; and the whole pile apparently rests on strata, which, extending, form the surface of the lower country. We therefore assign it a more recent date."

pp. 234, 235.

On this subject there is room for a difference of opinion. We have already mentioned that the Knobs are found on the south, as well on the north, side of the Ohio, and it is thought by some that the dam at the mouth of Salt River was sufficient to overflow the whole limestone region, leaving only some islands scattered through it, and he it seems probable that the narrows, instead of being a dam, formed an outlet communicating with the sea, and that the lake was salt. Of this however our readers will conjecture for themselves.

An ingenious treatise on the Deluge is introduced in the Appendix, in which the configuration of hills and ridges is attributed to external attraction, and the following remark is made.

"Some eminent philosophers have been puzzled by the Mosaic account of the deluge. Four and twenty oceans were computed by one writer as necessary to drown the whole earth; and as it could not be known where such a flood had arrived, or whither it had retired, the truth of the Historian was questioned. Others, more favourable to religion, supposed it was limited by the neighbourhood of Euphrates. We have now sufficient evidence that those who received the account as an article of faith, chose their path in wisdom. Indeed we consider the traces of a deluge *over all the Earth* to be demonstrable; and this passage of scripture, instead of subverting our confidence, has become one of the strongest proofs of divine revelation."

We have likwise a scientific and valuable essay on *vernal frosts*, a subject of no inconsiderable interest to the lovers of fruit, and a long dissertation on the ancient inhabitants of this country, in which he maintains the opinion

"——that America received her population, before the discovery of COLUMBUS, from three different points of the old continent. The resemblance in stature, features, manners, and language, between the *Esquimaux* and the *Greenlanders*, proves conclusively that they are branches of the same race; and the habits and complexion of the Tartars and of some North-American Indians, have induced the belief, that the ancestors of the latter crossed at Behring's Straits." p. 282.

In reply to the remarks of Dr. Robertson, that America could not have been peopled by any nation of the old continent far advanced in civilization, because the arts were not well known on this continent, Mr. Thomas makes the following very judicious observations.

"These remarks would apply with much propriety and force to a stationary people, or to large numbers who quietly migrated in a body; but according to our view of the manner in which America first received its inhabitants, the whole of this reasoning becomes nugatory. Few indeed are the citizens of any country who know how to take iron from the mine and manufacture it into common utensils; and still rarer is the individual. who, after suffering shipwreck on a foreign coast,—while languishing an exile, and roaming in the search of daily food,—would have courage to explore the desert, to disembosom the hidden ore. and to determine on permanent improvements. If few arts were transplanted it ought not to excite our surprise. The class of people most likely to be stranded would be sailors and fishermen; neither ought we to judge of their countrymen, from such feeble attempts as they might make to imitate what they never had practised; and if the skill had been acquired, the materials must have been wanting. Even if the cultivator had been thrown on shore, his knowledge would have been unavailing. No plant, the former object of his culture; no beast to relieve his labour by participation; no implement to subdue the soil,—the agriculture of his country could only be *remembered*, not practised.

Let it not be said, that if mariners from the Mediterranean had been stranded on the shores of America, *letters* would have been introduced. Learning was not generally diffused among the sailors of ancient times. Dressed skins and the leaves of the Papyrus were so valuable in Greece, that bleached bones from the fields have been used as a substitute; nor has Nature disclosed materials for books to the wanderer in the desert.

The aversion of savages to literature is well known, and difficult to overcome; and the retention of the unwieldy alphabet of China, notwithstanding the opportunities of the inhabitants to acquire a better, will illustrate these observations. Indeed the imperious demands for food, for clothing, and for safety, would supercede other considerations, even with the scholar, and engross all the faculties of his mind.

"But these remarks acquire additional force when we reflect on the wretched condition of some who have floated across the Atlantic. Every article of food has been devoured. Every feeling of humanity has been stifled by continual suffering. Neither is this recital the offspring of fancy:—in both instances, which we have taken from the Encyclopedia, the survivors were Cannibals." pp. 285, 286.

Our author does not agree with Mr. Atwater in supposing that the ancient inhabitants of this country migrated hence to Mexico, but advances many arguments against the theory.

On the whole the work before us is worthy the attention of the antiquary and the lover of science, as well as of the emigrant or explorer of new countries. It is defective in arrangement and seems to have been published without that attention to style and method, which an author ought to observe, but it abounds in just remarks, and contains much useful information.

"*A Letter to the Trustees of the South Carolina College, on the approaching election of a President: by a* SOUTH CAROLINIAN. *Charleston*, printed and sold by A. E. Miller.

WE do not notice this pamphlet because we take any peculiar interest ourselves or suppose that our readers in general will take any in the election to which it refers. We are not personally acquainted with the several candidates, if indeed there are several, for the Presidency rendered vacant by the death of the much lamented MAXCY. We perceive that the unknown author of the pamphlet before us zealously urges the pretensions of Mr. STEPHEN ELLIOTT, whom he represents as a gentleman of "mild persuasive manners," of "well known integrity, zeal, and sense of duty" and as possessed of "great talents, both natural and acquired." Our object however in the present review is to add our feeble voice to that of the *Carolinian* in favour of clas-

sical learning, and in opposition to what we are sometimes inclined to fear is a growing defect in our systems of education. The main object of this work is to maintain the importance of Greek and Latin literature, and an intimation is given that a more elaborate treatise on the same topic will shortly be laid before the public by the same author. He urges the necessity of regarding the instructors, and especially the president of a literary institution as paramount among the scholars to any one else, even the board of trustees, and very justly remarks:

"Dr. Busby, it is said, would not take off his hat to Charles the IId. in the school room at Westminster, lest his boys should suppose, that there was a greater man in England than himself. Our young countrymen, gentlemen, have the same sort of feeling. They may be brought to look up to *one* as, under God, *supreme*; but the very term "*supreme*," excludes the notion of participated power. Even upon the very few occasions, where you may be seen *in concurrence* with the President, you should set a good example to the boys, by appearing to look up to *him*, instead of requiring that *he* should look up to *you*. As regards the scheme of education, particularly, let it be once for all settled between you; but let the *execution* of it devolve upon him and his assistants." p. 4.

We are then told that by the plan of instruction of the College at Columbia, an important place is assigned to the Greek and Latin languages, but that "some among the Trustees sedulously decry this study whenever an occasion offers." Such an injudicious course on the part of those who have the management of a seminary of learning, is surely to be deprecated as in no small degree unfavourable to the progress of useful knowledge and to the literary reputation of our already much abused country.

"Sometimes," says the Carolinian, "we are assailed by a vile *conceit*, that these languages stand self-condemned, as being *dead* languages; as if *figurative* words were to be *literally* interpreted. Every body knows that the phrase "dead languages," means nothing more than languages *no longer spoken*. Even in this sense, the phrase is misapplied; for, Latin is so much spoken in some parts of Europe, that science and learning cannot be communicated there, to those who do not understand it; and modern Greece is now employed upon reviving the fine dialects in which Thucydides instructed, Demosthenes thundered, and Homer charmed. And if this were *not* so, can languages be *dead* that abound in *immortal works*, from whence the purest earthly pleasures may be extracted, and by which the

most important of earthly pursuits may be inspired and directed. Is not "the word of life itself," written in Greek? Can any candid man open an Edinburgh or Quarterly Review, (the most popular productions that ever appeared among us) without regretting his ignorance of Greek? Is that language dead to which HORSELY and PRIESTLY appeal in their discussion of the most important points of our religion—by which WARBURTON crushed BOLINGBROKE, and PORSON overwhelmed TRAVIS? Is it of no consequence, whether we can judge for ourselves in these mighty and all-important controversies? Must we be forever content to take things upon trust?" p. 5.

In support of the very erroneous system which would exclude the study of the ancient languages, great reliance has been placed on the authority of two justly celebrated names, —those of SWIFT and LOCKE. It is however conclusively shown, in the pamphlet before us, that neither of these eminent scholars was disposed to undervalue classical literature. The lives of SWIFT by Dr. Johnson and Sir Walter Scott, are quoted to prove, that he was himself well versed in the Latin and Greek languages and inclined to recommend the study of them to others. And as it respects LOCKE, extracts are given from his Essay upon Education sufficient "to silence those who would condemn the study of them upon his authority." He says, that a man "can have no place among the learned who is a stranger to them," and that "no man can pass for a scholar who is ignorant of the Greek tongue," adding "that it may be of use to *gentlemen* too, whenever they have a mind to go deeper than the surface, and to get themselves a solid, satisfactory, and masterly insight into *any* part of learning."

Having thus defended the reputation of these distinguished men, and refuted all the arguments against classical learning drawn from their authority, our author proceeds to quote, in favour of his own opinions, several American publications, and concludes with the following remarks:

"I have thus, gentlemen, completed the narrow outline which I proposed to myself. I have vindicated SWIFT from the calumnies of Dr. RUSH; and have defended Mr. LOCKE from those who would represent *him* as an enemy to classical learning. I have shortly stated the sentiments of JOHNSON, BURKE, and WALTER SCOTT, (men of business as well as scholars,) and, more fully, those of JEFFERSON, MILLER, COOPER, EVERETT, WALSH, and the editors of the "*North American*," and "*Western*" *Reviews*. I have laid much stress upon these *American* authorities, because they are not exposed to the charge of Eng-

lish pedantry, or English prejudice. I have endeavoured to render harmless the poor conceit springing out of the phrase "*dead languages.*" I have shown that these languages still *live* and *flourish*; and that if, in *any* sense, they can be said to be dead, yet

> "E'en *from the tomb* the voice of genius cries;
> E'en *in their ashes* live their wonted fires."

I shall, in a larger work, take a far more extensive view of the arguments of great and wise, as well as learned men, in support of the *utility* of Latin and Greek. I shall endeavour to show in what manner and to what extent these studies are pursued in the English great schools and universities; and shall, in an appendix, exhibit some of the literary fruits derived from an education so conducted: from whence it will appear that *scholarship* is, in that country, and in Europe generally, a word importing much more than it imports among us. The publication of that book will enable every man who reads it candidly and attentively, to judge for himself as to the sort of education that he ought to give his son; and will prevent his being misled by those who sometimes are themselves misled, but more frequently condemn, before they have sufficiently investigated; and, like Dr. Rush, call the best things *husk*, because they do not give themselves time and pains to reach *the kernel and the grain*. By effecting this, I shall have discharged that duty to the rising generation which, I am confident, they will, at some future day, justly appreciate, if they can be induced to devote to classical pursuits that period of their lives (from eight to eighteen) which, generally speaking, is admirably adapted to those studies, *and to no other*. In reading the moralists, historians, philosophers, and poets—in composing Latin and Greek exercises, verse as well as prose—and in committing to memory whole pages of what they will then thoroughly understand, they must become sensible how profitably these ten years may be thus employed, and how much a correct knowledge of all modern languages and of every branch of science is facilitated and promoted by this course of education. It is not fanciful; it is experimental. It has been followed in Europe for centuries; is now in daily practice there; and will soon be *emulated*, and in due time *rivalled*, by our Northern Brethren; to whom, as we do not yield in native talent, why should we be inferior in acquired excellence?

I can hardly suppose that my motives for addressing you on the present occasion will be misunderstood; but, lest they should, I conclude by appealing to the following remarks of one who seems to have *felt* the difficulty of serving those who are not *willing to be served.*

"No man will ever write a book of authority on the institutions and resources of his country, who does not add some of

the virtues of a *censor* to those of a *patriot;* or rather, who does not feel that the noblest, as well as the most *difficult* part of patriotism is that which prefers his country's *good* to its *favour*, and is more directed to reform its defects than to cherish the pride of its virtues."—*Edinburgh Review*, No 66, p. 340.

"I remain, Gentlemen, with respect for yourselves, and with earnest wishes that you may succeed in every attempt to promote the welfare of the Institution which you have been appointed to manage, your obedient servant,

A SOUTH-CAROLINIAN."

We cannot suffer ourselves for a moment to believe that classical learning is destined to fall into general disrepute. We trust there will always be found zeal and talent enough to oppose the innovating spirit of those, who would exclude the study of the ancient languages from our systems of education, and we shall be ever ready to lend our feeble aid to the efforts of those, who appear as the champions of the venerated classics. Should the time ever come, when Latin and Greek should be banished from our Universities, and the study of Cicero and Demosthenes, of Homer and of Virgil should be considered as unnecessary for the formation of a scholar, we should regard mankind as fast sinking into absolute barbarism, and the gloom of mental darkness as likely to increase, till it should become universal.

The Mystery; or Forty Years ago, a Novel. Three Volumes in two. *New-York*, James & John Harper. 12 mo, pp. 525.

As this is a new novel, with a very alluring title, we have thought our readers might be pleased to learn something about it, especially as the very provoking delay of our American publishers has so long kept the public curiosity ungratified by the perusal of the ABBOT, the last work of the celebrated, though unknown author of so many admirable tales. It is true, the MONASTERY, of which the Abbot is said to be a continuation, did not quite equal the expectations of those fastidious readers, whose taste had been most highly gratified by the previous perusal of Ivanhoe. Yet this very circumstance has perhaps increased the desire of another work, in the hope that it may redeem the declining reputation of the author, and prove that he has not exhausted all

his powers on his former productions, but that he has yet the faculty and the materials for administering to the public gratification far beyond any other novel writer of the age. As however, we have not, at the present moment, any work of his to review, we must take such as we have, and if our readers are not pleased, they will have no one to blame but the publishers, who have delayed so long furnishing them with the only book capable at present of exciting their curiosity or gratifying their taste.

The *three* volumes under review, which are very judiciously in the present edition compressed into *two*, contain a tale, professedly very mysterious, the sequel of which however may, by an experienced novel reader, be very correctly guessed, before he reaches the middle of the first volume. The story itself, in all its particulars, is capable of being comprised in a very few pages, being nothing more than the common place incidents of a romance, with the addition of some strange adventures in the wilds of Africa. There are however a number of episodes ingeniously introduced for the purpose of filling out the book, and giving it a respectable size; and a multitude of sage reflections and appropriate remarks are interspersed through the narrative, in part, it is presumed, for the same laudable object. To the style we have but few objections. It is not always correct, but its errors are neither numerous nor flagrant. It is animated, but rather too diffuse; the sentences being often too long and too complicated. The author is somewhat happy in description, but is rather fond of overdrawing, and converting his pictures into carricatures. His characters are neither striking nor uncommon, but they are natural and tolerably well supported. The work, on the whole, is not uninteresting, but is too long for the matter it contains, and is apt too frequently to weary the patience of the reader.

The book commences with an interview between Sir George Henderson, a rich old baronet, and Charles Harley, a young man recently returned from India, where he had spent several years, and where his parents, natives of England, still continued to reside. Sir George expresses a peculiar affection for Charles, enquires anxiously after his parents and particularly his interesting mother, offers him all the hospitality and friendship in his power to bestow, and invites him to spend some time with him at his delightful residence. With this invitation he cheerfully complies, more especially

as he is anxious to renew his acquaintance with the companion of his youthful sports, the lovely daughter of Sir George. The conversation and manners of the baronet induce him to believe that *he* also is desirous the young couple should be, on further intimacy, well pleased, and he feels some anxiety lest he should not find the lady so much to his mind, as to enable him to comply with the supposed wishes of his benevolent friend. On seeing Amelia however he is delighted to find her all that his heart could desire, and now begins to fear that he has misconstrued the intimations of Sir George, and was looking too high in aspiring to the hand of the daughter of a baronet. To her, at length, he avows his passion, and, finding his proposals favorably regarded, after a short interval, is presented with a convenient opportunity for making known his wishes to Sir George, when he finds his sanguine hopes and expectations wofully disappointed.

"'My dear Charles,' said the Baronet, one day after dinner when they were left to themselves, 'the late riots disconcerted my plans not a little. In consequence of the bustle which prevailed every where, I did not introduce you to half the families where you would have been a welcome guest, and where it might have been your interest to visit. I have, however, given you an opportunity of knowing some of those where I thought there were daughters that might engage your attention, but you have not afforded me the pleasure of knowing that any of them touched your heart. You are too reserved with me. I wish you freely to unbosom yourself. Speak to me as you would to a father, who had wished, through life, to avoid exacting that submission, by authority, which he could gain by kindness.'

Charles stammered out an expression of gratitude, and appeared confused. The opportunity for disclosing to Sir George the passion which he had conceived for Amelia, seemed at length arrived; he panted to avail himself of it, but feared to begin.

'Come, young man, speak freely. Do not suppose that you have to address a morose old fellow. who, having exhausted the varieties of folly in his early days, cannot bear the ideas of youth, unless they exactly accord with those which disappointment, experience of the fleeting character of happiness, and approaching infirmity, may have induced him to adopt for himself. You see not, and you dread not the vicissitudes which, in all probability, await you, and I have no great wish that you should, before your time. Too much prudent apprehension at your years, would damp your hope, repress ambition, and make you unfit for exertion in the proper day of enterprise. But, as much of your future comfort depends upon the decision you

may shortly come to on one point, I feel anxious to know your feelings on that. You know what I mean.'

'I presume you mean———'

'You presume I mean—now don't be so formal. You know I mean to ask you, have you been thinking any thing at all about a wife! Have you seen any young lady you could wish to become your partner for life?'

'Why, Sir George, you are acquainted with my sentiments—'

'Well, and you are acquainted with mine. Now, why can't you give a direct answer to a plain straight-forward question? Do you regret any of the beauties we left in town?'

'I cannot say that I do.'

'Then I think you are very particular. What, was there no one of all I have introduced you to, whose beauty and accomplishments could awaken your desires, and command your regret. Really you have a heart of flint, though sometimes, when you steal a glance at a fair face, you have an eye of fire.—Ha! I'm punning without intending it. *Flint*, *steal*, and *fire*, harmonize very prettily. Well, I can only say, I am surprized that no one has yet appeared to captivate your affections.'

'But that is not the fact, Sir George, and——'

'Hey! what ——'

'I only said that I regretted no lady in town.'

'O, "we must speak by the card," I see; so then you sigh for some nymph in the country. Who is it?—I am impatient to hear.'

'I am afraid to tell you, how high my presumption soars above the humility of my condition.'

'Presumption! nonsense! You might, without reproach, aspire to the daughter of a Duke. Well, I am glad you look upwards. Your former romantic speeches about humble loveliness and beauty, or something of that sort, rather disconcerted me. You need not fear meeting with an unfavourable reception, provided that her father is a man of liberality and good sense, and values the happiness of his daughter.'

'I am sure that he is a man of boundless liberality, of excellent understanding, and sincerely anxious for the happiness of his child.'

'Why then it is all safe.—And the lady?'

'Every thing that man could desire, or "the pomp and prodigality of heaven" prepare, for his enjoyment.'

'And her fortune?'

'Most ample.'

'Indeed! Why then the affair is as good as settled. Ah! Charles, you are a sly fellow. I did not think you could have formed such an attachment, without my perceiving something of what has passing in your mind.—But, the lady, does she give you any encouragement?'

'If my passion had the approbation of her father, I do not think that she would prove inexorable.'

'That's all right.—You rejoice me beyond measure. Her father, if he be the man you describe, can have no objection.'

'O yes, many. My want of fortune'—

'Pooh, pooh!—Never think of that.—You have a profession, and I will see that he shall not find you destitute. You may be assured that I will take care nothing of that sort shall stand in the way of your happiness.'

'I already owe so much to your bounty'—

'Not a word of that—we have something better to talk about. So as I was saying, her father, unless he were one of those close-fisted, crack-brained curmudgeons, who have infested the world so long, that they have outlived their humanity, and feel they have nothing in common with the younger and more interesting part of their species.'—

'He is not such a man.'

'Why then I say you may give your fears to the wind. You will confer an obligation on him, by declaring yourself. Suppose his case were mine. Suppose a young, well-made, well-disposed, well-connected sprig like yourself, were to be smitten with my daughter. Do you think that I would make him unhappy, and my daughter miserable at the same time, for the chance of a more splendid offer at some future period? No, no, I should know my interest and my duty better. Who is she?'

'Emboldened by your kindness which first taught me to presume, I will make you acquainted with that which, but for the encouragement you have been so kindly anxious to give, should have been consigned to eternal silence; which, though despair festered in my heart, should have had no voice, but have passed concealed from all the world with me to that grave, from which the secret could not escape.'

'Where are you running? What! is it a Princess of the Blood!'

'No, Sir George, but it is one so far exalted above me, and yet more, so lovely in herself, that the language I use is not extravagant. Confess its justice when I tell you that she to whom, encouraged by your kind partiality, I have dared to lift my eyes, is no other than Amelia—the dear companion of my childhood, your beloved, adored Amelia.'

Sir George seemed thunderstruck. He had cordially clasped the hand of Harley, while he was speaking, but he now released it, and receded one step before he attempted speech. Then, with an air of coldness, very different from what Charles had been accustomed to, and with an expression of ineffable amazement, he exclaimed in a faltering accent,

'*My* Amelia?—Impossible.'

'I know the temerity of my love. I know my own demerits

and her surpassing excellence too well to believe for a moment that if justice held the scales, hope could survive her decision. It is on the partiality of my friend,—my benefactor,—my more than father that I throw myself.'

The baronet seemed a little to recover from the surprise which had at first overcome him, and he endeavoured to resume his wonted air of tranquility and cheerful good will. He replied with a forced smile:

'O! my daughter!—She is but a child. She is but a little more than sixteen. She—is—is—that is—at present, quite out of the question. No, no, you can do better for yourself than that. I can't suffer you to throw yourself away on the daughter of a simple Baronet.'

'Higher, Sir George, human vanity canhot aspire. Rejected by you, I shall never offend another father in the same way. Forgive, forgive, my boldness, but do not forbid me kope.'

'Really Charles, Amelia is too young.'

'I do not seek, I do not desire to be made happy immediately; but by the assurance that at some future period you will not disdain to receive me for your son-in-law.'

'There will be time enough to talk over this matter some years hence.—At present, the discussion of it is quite premature. In fact, you yourself are too young to become a husband.'

'But, Sir George, you have repeatedly advised me to think of making choice of a wife.'

'Aye, but—but *my* Amelia.'

'You have told me that I might aspire to the richest and noblest in the land.'

'But not—not to *my* daughter.'

'That reproof for my boldness which I always expected others would not fail to bestow, if I acted on your counsel, it is my misery to receive from you. Would to Heaven that I had been deaf to it!—I know I am culpably daring, but from your kindness—'

'My dear Charles I—I am not angry with you. If in any thing else I can serve you—'

'No, Sir George, I am too much your debtor already.—I will intrude on your kindness no more. I was weak and vain enough to think when you desired me to seek the hand of some rich heiress—'

'Why, look ye Charles—When a man gives advice, he does not expect it to be used against himself. Present company is always understood to be excepted. I have advised you for your good, and still I say you have nothing to fear in addressing one who may be your superior in rank or fortune. Now there is Lady Denningville, I would have you try there. Trust me you need not fear rejection.'

'The experiment I have already made is quite sufficient.'

'Make your advances any where else, and my connexions, my influence, my fortune, shall support you beyond your most sanguine expectations.' pp. 111---116.

Finding himself thus strangely and unaccountably rejected, he takes himself off, refusing to accept any pecuniary aid from Sir George, although he needs it exceedingly, and seeks his post in the navy, the appointment to which he had previously received. On his way however he is robbed of his little remaining cash, and exposed to the evils of absolute want in a strange place, when he is relieved by the interference of Sir George, who sends him money by a lottery office clerk, under the pretext that a ticket belonging to him had drawn a considerable prize. Charles then repairs to the navy, is appointed to the command of some transports, fitted out to annoy certain small settlements up the Gambia, and, being in danger of capture, swims alone to the shore, while his companions suppose, and send the report home, that he had perished in the waves. On the receipt of this intelligence, Sir George and Amelia beome almost disconsolate, and the latter, notwithstanding the supposed death of her first lover, rejects every other suitor. Previously to his enterprise, Charles had heard of the death of both his parents in India, and, almost simultaneously, of that of a distant relation, by the inheritance of whose fortune he had become sufficiently wealthy to be in point of property on a level with Sir George, and to overcome all the supposed obstacles to his union with Amelia. In the wilds of Africa however he continues for a long time, exposed to the severest hardships and most imminent perils, all of which are accurately enumerated. In the course of them he meets with a Missionary, who sinks under his sufferings and expires in the desert, leaving to Charles certain papers to be transmitted to England, should he ever return or have it in his power to send them. At length he escapes from Africa, and, after repairing again to India, and obtaining his newly acquired property, presents himself unexpectedly before Sir George and Amelia. The latter he finds constant in her love, but the former, notwithstanding the improvement of Charles' fortune, and notwithstanding his professions of continued affection, is inflexible in refusing to accept him as a son-in-law. At length however, and with great reluctance, he explains to him the mysterious cause of this refusal, giving him to understand that he had

reason to consider him as his own son, and as consequently the brother of Amelia. This of course reconciles Charles to the propriety of Sir George's refusal, but leaves him more despondent and wretched than ever. But, fortunately, it appears, that one of the papers brought by Charles from the poor missionary who expired in the deserts of Africa, was a letter from his own mother, explaining the reason why from interested motives she had attempted to induce Sir George to consider him as his son, and declaring that he is not so. This explanation sets all matters right. Charles and Amelia are married, and the book ends in the usual novel style.

Such is the main story. There are however, as we have already stated, several episodes and underplots, some of which appear quite unnecessary, and add very little, if any, to the general interest of the work. A great deal is introduced respecting the local politics of the day, and long discussions on those and other subjects are interwoven with the narrative. The author is a true Englishman, as may be seen from the following extravagant remarks, which he puts into the mouth of Sir George.

"With all the causes for discontent, which Englishmen can always find in abundance, I never knew an instance of one leaving this country to seek a better, or one where he could be more secure from the intrusions of power, who did not return disappointed. He who most repined while at home, never failed to extol its laws, its institutions, nay, even its general administration, abroad. A beautiful picture will sometimes appear a miserable, uninteresting, unmeaning association of colours, laid coarsely, and without an object, on the canvas, to an eye that pores injudiciously close. But when the gazer begins to retire, order springs from chaos; distance gives every tint its just effect; a correct and animated representation of Nature's charms bursts on his view a master-piece of art, and demands involuntary admiration of the head that could design, and the hand that could so felicitously execute, that which precipitation had ventured to arraign—nay more, to condemn. So it is with the English constitution. Though in its workings among ourselves, we severely criticise its parts, yet those who contemplate it at a distance, see in the greatness that it has bestowed on an insignificant island, its value and importance as a whole; and hold England, as its possessor, to be entitled to the envy and admiration of all the world." pp. 29, 30.

We shall not pretend to furnish an outline of all the characters introduced and all the incidents narrated which have

no connexion with the general story, but which are brought in, apparently for no other object, but to relieve the tediousness that is too prevalent after all, and to infuse occasionally a little more than ordinary animation and spirit. The following scene however we may be excused for copying, not because we think it very excellent, but because it is among the most amusing in the work, and may furnish a specimen of the liveliest manner of the writer.

It seems there had been disorder among the populace in consequence of some measure's being proposed for the relief of the Catholics in Ireland, and Lord Dashington, at whose house a family party was assembled, had just returned from Parliament, after having been exposed to the fury of the crowd.

"His Lordship, on coming into the apartment, seemed to have been a little ruffled; and a large patch of mud over his star, attested the violence of the mob had not spared him. The greetings between him and Sir George were brief, and the introduction of Charles to his Lordship followed of course; but the impatience of all present to hear what he had seen of the rioters, prevented those protracted civilities from being exchanged, which might have been looked for under other circumstances. He was about to commence his recital, when Mr. Spanker was announced; and immediately after, that gentleman rushed in with the eagerness of a sportsman when the game is just started.

'Ah! my dear Dashington! I'm so glad to see you safe!—I beg your Ladyship's pardon. I hope I have the pleasure of seeing you well. I need not inquire of Miss Henderson how she is, as she carries a certificate of health in her face. Sir George I am glad to see you in town. Sir, your servant.'

Charles bowed, and looked at Mr. Spanker with the most eager attention; never doubting, from his hurried and unceremonious manner, that he was the bearer of some information connected with the extraordinary proceedings of the day, that made him forget the decorum usually observed in such society.

'I am very glad to see you returned,' continued Mr. Spanker, 'for when I heard they were gone to attack the Lords, I was afraid you would have stood but a queer chance. For my own part, as good men grow scarce, I took care not to go to the commons to-day; though, as I am on the right side of the question, the mob would have dealt more leniently with me, than you, who vote with ministers, could expect them to do by you. Pray how did you get on in your House? I have not heard the particulars.'

'His Lordship was just about to favour us with a report of

what had fallen under his observation,' said Sir George, 'when you came in. We are all impatient to hear'—

'And so am I. I was extremely afraid the mob would have roughly handled my Lord; so I run down, (though I hardly expected to find him to-night,) to shew him the plan of our new race-course, which I have just got completed.'

With these words, he unfolded a roll of paper—'Here, my Lord, you will see the improvements marked in red. Sir George, you know the ground. This is the old starting post.'

'Can you not favour us with a sight of it in the morning? At this moment I am afraid it will not be in our power to do justice to its merits."

'O, it's so plain, a child might understand it! Will your Lordship look? This is the old one-mile course.'

'Really' said his Lordship 'I participate in the apprehension expressed by Sir George, that we shall not be able to do justice to your improvements to-night.'

'Besides,' added Sir George, 'the ladies, who perhaps have not paid sufficient attention to these things, are eager to hear the relation with which his Lordship was about to favour us."

'So am I; I came on purpose. But I knew Dashington would not easily have pardoned me, if I had not kept my promise, by giving him the first sight of the plan. Here you see was the one mile course. Just here there used to be a hollow; and here was a pond, where a poor old woman who sold gingerbread-nuts, was once pushed in, basket and all, and almost drowned before any body could contrive to get her out.'

While speaking thus, he passed his finger over the paper to indicate the several objects that he had mentioned. Anxious to hear Lord Dashington, those to whom he addressed himself would not just then have been very much concerned, if Mr. Spanker and his plan had taken the place of the gingerbread-nut woman and her basket; but he, mounted on his hobby, serenely proceeded.

'Now this pond I have filled up, and the course just here I have raised five feet, from those three dots to this cross; that is, nearly half a quarter of a mile, and at not much more than two thirds of the expense the club calculated upon; so I think I have managed very well.'

Here he looked at Miss Henderson for applause, and received as such, a smile which a something not far removed from derision caused to break through the disappointment of which he was the cause.

'It is certainly a great improvement. The business could not have been entrusted to a person more competent to superintend such works. Now will your Lordship favour us.'

While Sir George spoke thus, Mr. Spanker was busy mark-

ing on the proof of the plan some corrections which he wished to have made.

'Here,' said he, just as Lord Dashington was beginning to speak, 'your Lordship knows, stood a wind-mill. Its sails, you know, once make *Brunswick* take fright, and threw Jack Tibbs over this rail. I've taken the mill from here, and carried it up to this corner. In this nook I have built a snug little house for the clerk of the course.'—

'But, Mr. Spanker,' said Sir George, 'I am sure you will excuse me, when I remind you that the ladies are impatient to hear how his Lordship sped to-day.'

'To be sure they are; so are we all. I was only just going to show you what a bend I've got out of the course.'

'Now will your Lordship have the goodness to proceed,' said Sir George, with some appearance of irritation, and in a louder voice than he had previously used.

'Perhaps Mr. Spanker had better finish.'

'O, no, by no means. I was only going to show what a bend used to be here, and how I have managed—'

'We are all attention, my Lord,' Sir George interrupted, and Mr. Spanker, checked in the midst of his new heat by the peremptory tone of the Baronet, was silent." pp. 54--57.

In consequence of excessive fatigue, exposure to the sun, parching thirst, and a variety of other circumstances, the Missionary, whom Charles met with in Africa, becomes deranged, and at length expires in the wilderness. The scene is tolerably well drawn, but we have room only for a few extracts.

"Smithers had appeared much indisposed through the morning, but now he grew rapidly worse. A raging fever consumed him, and though he frequently drank, he continued to rave for water, even the moment after he had taken a large draught, which could ill be spared from the slender stock which remained to them. On a sudden, he told Harley that he discovered a fine broad river. Then he called to him hastily to ascend *Mount Pisgah*, and gaze with him on *the promised land*, which he could clearly descry; and he also perceived that, according to the word, it was indeed flowing with *milk and honey*. Upon this refreshing vision, he sung a hymn of thanksgiving for their deliverance, and sharply rebuked his companion for not joining with him in this pleasing work of devotion. At first, Charles reasoned with him on the delusions which floated before him, and endeavoured to awaken him to the realities of their situation, but he soon found that it was wholly useless, and that misery had at length triumphed over reason." Vol. 2, pp. 138, 139.

After a while, he sinks down exhausted, and appears to

sleep. Charles, unwilling to disturb him, lies by his side.

"At the end of two hours, he heard the delirious Smithers call out aloud, 'awake thou that sleepest.' Harley had slept not, but now summoned to proceed, he considered that policy and humanity concurred in requiring him to obey the call. The sun was fast declining, and the anguish attendant on an attempt to walk was less insurmountable than it had been. Smithers advanced with a rapidity that frequently left Charles, who was charged with the conveyance of the little means of refreshment that remained to them, considerably in the rear. The Missionary was evidently bereft of reason, but the most blissful illusions gladdened his delirious moments. Frequently would he exhort his pitying friend 'to press forward with joy and thankfulness, since their painful wanderings were so nearly at an end, that he could now not only see the river which bounded their thorny path, but he could also perceive the *shining Ones* waiting to welcome and receive them on the farther shore, as they had done *Christian* and *Hopeful* before, and the thrones on which the faithful were to be exalted, to sing glory to the Lamb, and all the joys of the New Jerusalem lay open to his ravished view.'

"It was the last effort of the kind, that religious enthusiasm could gain from exhausted nature. The strong impulse that had lifted the feeble Missionary above the consciousness of pain and fatigue was no more, and he suddenly sunk to the ground. He attempted to speak, but articulation failed. The purport of what he wished to say it was impossible for Charles to comprehend. Smithers pointed to his heart, and seemed anxious to express what he had now no power to utter. Harley was persuaded that in the instant his speech failed him, he had an interval of reason, but it expired with the struggle to give it language. His animate form lay extended on the sands, and a flush of unusual colour in the face, and short interrupted breathings, alone indicated that the sufferer still lingered within the precincts of life.

It was in vain that Harley attempted to administer the slightest relief to the prostrate and perishing Missionary. Incapable of receiving nourishment, or of listening to the soothing language of friendship, he knew nothing of what passed around. Respiration became more difficult, it was plain that he was dying, but many hours might elapse before he would breathe his last. Charles reflected that those from whom they had escaped, by this time informed of the route their late captives had taken, and guessing the direction in which they would subsequently travel, might be rapidly approaching the place where he watched over the unconscious form of one, who in all probability would never again wake to sense and recollection; and who, if he could do

so for a moment, could profit nothing from cares, which in all probability would endanger his own life. Would it then be well because one could not escape, to devote both to destruction? Acting thus, he was sure that he should do that against which the poor Missionary would not have failed to remonstrate, had he retained the power of thinking, and uselessly to sacrifice his own existence, was to do that which could hardly be justified. Ought he not then to take the course which policy would recommend; exert the little strength that remained to him, to extricate himself if possible, from the desert, and leave his unhappy friend, whom no human power could snatch from the jaws of death, to perish alone?

Such were the suggestions which the feeling designated by the multitude, *prudence*, strove to press upon Harley for the regulation of his future conduct. In the busy world, how many men are there who are called "*good*," even in the city of London, who would rejoice if they had so fair an opportunity of breaking from calamity, so plausible an excuse for abandoning the unhappy! Memory and sensibility, faithful to virtue, forbade Charles to avail himself of such ideas; the former reminded him of the devoted generosity with which the benevolent being, now about to escape from pain forever, had risked his life by affording him such relief and consolation as he had the power of imparting, in the presence of the ferocious Moors; and the latter whispered, that a gleam of reason flitting across the mind of the expiring Smithers, might aggravate the bitterness of the final struggle, by the reflection that his countryman had deserted him in the last stage of his distress. No; he could not act such a part. Though the probability was, that Smithers would never revive to thank him for, or even to recognize this last resolve of friendship; though far removed from the haunts of men, no admiring spectators could witness the virtuous act, and sustain the effort by their applause; though none could reproach if he did it not, still did Charles feel, that one All-seeing eye watched his path through the desert, and he considered that it would have been the height of presumption to provoke the wrath of that power which had thus far supported him, by neglecting the poor, unconscious, dying Missionary. 'I will,' he exclaimed, 'I will remain till the vital spark has fled to its eternal home. Perhaps it may be mine to allay his pain by a cooling draught!—by suggesting some topic of consolation in the last sad hour, or by receiving some word of comfort, which he may be anxious to bestow. Thus I would not leave him, though inevitable death were the consequence of my stay. Under circumstances of greater immediate peril, he would not desist from aiding me, *because it was his duty*. Let me now prove that I have learnt one lesson of virtue from him!

'Alas! if I quit him, escape seems almost impossible. Exposing myself to attend him, I make but a mean, a worthless offering at the shrine of humanity!' " pp. 141—144.

Previously to his dissolution, the Missionary recovers his reason and entrusts to Charles the papers which afterwards prove so important to him. Having made his last request, he begins to sing, with his dying breath, a hymn which he had himself composed.

"His voice failed him at the close of the second verse, and instead of singing, he but faintly repeated the concluding stanzas. He then strove to utter a prayer, of which but few words could be heard by Charles. The sounds were so faint as to be wholly unintelligible—they ceased—He was no more.

"Bending with unaffected grief over the cold remains of his countryman, Harley saw the first ray of returning light fall on the ghastly countenance of the lifeless Smithers. No bird, no insect fluttered near to announce the opening of a new day. All created beings seemed to shrink from the solitude and silence that prevailed. No life but that which yet lingered in his own emaciated frame appeared to have withstood the baleful influence of the climate, and the blasts which hurled in showers the ambient sands over the living and dead, alone disturbed 'the awful repose of the desert.'

"The spectacle was sad, but the melancholy survivor did not fail to reflect that the scene he had beheld, was less appalling than that which is often witnessed in the splendid chambers of the great, beneath the superbly decorated canopy surmounted by the dazzling coronet. True, he had watched the last struggles of a human being, but the agonizing throbs of a guilty conscience pondering with horror over scenes of recollected crime,—shrinking from the terrible change which must snatch away forever all the dearly prized objects of earthly grandeur,—and shuddering at the contemplation of eternal punishment—these he had not seen. On the contrary, the cheerful resignation with which he had observed piety yield its peaceful spirit, to him from whom it emanated, cheered the forlorn mourner in the midst of his regrets, brightened the dreary scene in which he was now the sole remaining actor, and disposed him to exclaim in the spirit of scriptural quotation which he had in some degree imbibed from his intercourse with the Missionary,—'*Let me die the death of the righteous, and may my end be like his.*' "

When Charles is subsequently made acquainted with the contents of the important paper entrusted to him by Smithers he makes the following appropriate reflection.

"Forgive me, Sir George. My thoughts were raised to the

Giver of all good, and wholly occupied with admiration of his mysterious dispensations; for it just then occurred to me, that when bending over the unconscious, inanimate Smithers in the desert, had I attended to the cold suggestions of selfish reason, and left him to expire alone, that precious packet, which has restored me to life, joy, and Amelia, would never have been put into my hand; the despair, in which you plunged me yesterday, would have been perpetuated to the last hour of my life; the prospect of earthly happiness had been closed against me forever, and the remaining days of my existence, blasted by sordid prudence, had proved but a cold, cheerless, uninteresting void."

"The reflection becomes you, Charles, and you will do well to remember it through all your future life, and to believe, from what you now feel, that he only is true to his real interest who is faithful to his duty." pp, 240, 241.

But we must forbear. We have already made more extracts than we intended, and more, perhaps our readers will think, than the work deserves. We will dismiss it therefore with a few remarks. The moral tendency of the story is such as we cannot admire. Vice, it is true, in every shape, is condemned, and fine sentiments are expressed, but the impression, we fear, left on the youthful mind by the perusal of the tale is on the whole unfavourable. Sir George is a character, whom most readers, especially at the commencement of the story, would regard with much respect and esteem, and when afterwards they find that he confesses, although it be with contrition, the baseness of which, in early life, he had been guilty, they can scarcely cease to admire the man, but are naturally led to apologize for his crimes. Such a train of thought and feeling is certainly unfavourable to that abhorrence of vice and that strictness of moral feeling so important to be preserved. The belief that a man may be guilty of one of the grossest derelictions from principle, and yet not only sustain a respectable reputation but be regarded with the highest esteem and veneration, is certainly calculated to diminish the fear of vice and to remove one of the greatest obstacles to the unrestrained indulgence of human passions. We do not however suspect the author of a laxity of principle or of any unworthy motive, and, while we cannot but think the tendency of his book to be rather unfavourable, we admit that it does not in any instance directly give its sanction to immorality or offer an apology for the commission of crime.

A LETTER,

Touching Russell's Cave, from a tourist in Kentucky to his friend in Philadelphia.

LEXINGTON, August, 1820.

I remember the promise, my dear Sir, which I made to you at parting, that I would occasionally let you hear from me at different points of my western excursion. You will have reason, I fear, to regret the politeness, which led you to ask of me as a favor what is too likely to prove only an unwelcome interruption of your studies. My miscellaneous and mixed manner of writing can afford little pleasure to your discerning mind and cultivated taste. A letter however, may be compounded of what is serious and sportive, without being absolutely unworthy of a perusal on this account, and may possibly amuse you for a moment, in a very moderate degree, when you are pre-disposed to relaxation, and are contented with a small share of entertainment.

It is well known that the soil of this western country rests upon immense masses of limestone, which are so disposed as to form numerous caverns, and to allow very extensive communications between them. Air, sound, and water show, by the easy passage which they find from cave to cave, how loosely the stones beneath us are laid together, or how much they are crumbled and wasted by time. Water is continually percolating through the soil, and finding its way to subterraneous streams which are murmuring in these dark palaces of limestone, and which are employed in cooling grottos for no one to inhabit, or at least for none but gnomes that know not how to enjoy them. Much of the finest and richest mould is thus carried away to form alluvial deposits which nobody can cultivate, and which none but bats, lizards, and their companions can claim as their possessions. How many years or centuries will be required to decompose the stones, which bar communication, except for air, sound, and water, between these subterranean apartments, and to permit an uninterrupted passage for travellers to any of the latitudes or settlements of the lower regions, I leave to the distinguished philosopher Mr. Symmes to determine. For myself I have no disposition to make an excursion to the North Pole in any way, and particularly in this, but have become quite satisfied with a very few hundred yards of travel in this novel and wonderful style. Good carriages and roads, navigable rivers and

steam boats, the great ocean and ships, day light and green fields with flowers and fruit, are, I acknowledge, more agreeable to my taste than the labors and privations of the more marvellous passage under ground. I cannot say that I have yet arrived at such a degree of perfection in philosophical enterprize as to be anxious to give up comfortable inns, warm meals, and good beds, above the earth, for dismal caves, a dirty allowance of cold food with snakes and bats, and a pallet of mortar or a bed of rocks, beneath it, even to inherit Symmesian glory and immortality.

I have had an hour's experience to day, much to the annoyance of my bones and muscles, in traversing Russell's Cave in the vicinity of Lexington. The exterior of this mansion is so imposing that I was tempted to explore the wonders within. The party consisted of Mr A, Mr F, Mr Y, and Mr L. Mr A, having as much judgement as curiosity, and choosing the more discreet and comfortable course of relying upon our testimony in regard to the discoveries we should make, calmly seated himself in the vestibule of the cavern, with the famous novel Wirt's life of Henry in his hand, while Mr F and myself, with Mr L for our guide, prepared to pay our respects to Pluto in this, one of his remoter dominions. Understanding that it was neither customary, nor acceptable to him, to be visited in full dress, but that he had a vulgar taste in regard to the costume of his court and his guests, we stripped off our coats, tied handkerchiefs round our heads, girded our waists, and looked like French cooks, or like wrestlers and boxers at a country muster of militia. Some of us adopted the oriental custom of paying our homage barefooted, and left our shoes behind. As it was a very warm day, and the water, through which we were obliged to pass, was as cold as that of a well, our outset in this chilling element, notwithstanding the copious draughts which we had made from a bottle of madeira, was more agitating than agreeable. Bare feet too furnish by no means the most comfortable soles, with which to meet sharp and rugged stones; nor is the power to guard against falling aided by being compelled to hold a greasy candle in one's hand, whose light is to be most cautiously preserved under the certain alternative of our being otherwise bewildered and lost. A death and burial under such circumstances present not the most agreeable prospect. After going about two hundred yards in a circuitous and changing direction, climbing over rude fragments of rock, and squeezing our

bodies through narrow straits, we reached a wide portion of the cave with an immense flat surface of limestone above us, and a shallow lake under our feet with a bottom of mud varying from the depth of the knee to that of the whole leg or limb. Walking with our bodies bent double, our heads and backs striking the jagged and dripping roof, our noses nearly in contact with the water and occasionally ploughing its surface, our legs drawn out of the mud at every step with great difficulty, our candles in danger of a ducking which would not much increase their usefulness, the possibility that we might meet with some deep hole in the way and suddenly plunge entirely under water at the hazard of drowning, and being at the same time told that we had only *sixty yards* to traverse in this position, we could not, (so perverse were our impressions at the moment,) consider as perfectly delightful. A laborious respiration, a complaining back, and necks which were cramped under the necessity of looking forward in a tortuous disposition of the cervical vertebræ, we were not able to persuade ourselves were as agreeable as a free play of the lungs, an upright and unconstrained posture, and the natural easy motion of the head and neck in all the liberty of space and the open air. The feebleness of candle light in such a breadth of darkness, the figure that we made in our dress and position, the line that we formed while tracking each other in mud and water, and the panting laugh that we could not resist at our own ridiculous situation and at the burlesque accompaniments of our hard labour with some real danger, could not but make Pluto and his courtiers grin at our approach. This part of the enterprize over, we came to the proper palace of his infernal majesty, high, rugged, and gloomy. He echoed our voices as we offered our salutations and as we paid our devotions. We felt the awe of his presence and dignity when we found his replies cease the moment that we ceased our addresses. We were invited no further; no hospitable board was spread for our refreshment; not even the cheerless splendours of stalactitical walls, which are usually furnished to adorn the apartments of this grisly king, were offered for our gratification, or for the reward of our curiosity, our anxiety, and our homage. I had before visited him in one of his possessions in the Ancient Dominion, in the palace of *Wier*, near to the deserted one of *Madison*, where he keeps a dazzling court, and admits of dance and song, of beauty and fashion, of mirth and ele-

gance. But here all was dark, and dismal, and naked, and grim. With trembling and disappointed courtesy we bade the frowning monarch farewell, fearing that we might perchance offend him and be drowned before we could retrace our steps, and escape from his appalling regions. Our ascent to the upper air, though laborious and painful, was with increased alacrity, as it was animated by a better hope. Our dripping faces, the ardent glow of our cheeks, the rapid and audible action of our lungs, and the agitation of our frames, bore ample testimony to the interest which had been excited by this initiation into the mysteries of Pluto's western court. Mr A hailed our return with the joy of one receiving his friends from the grave, and we offered together copious libations of wine to the infernal god that he had granted us a safe retreat from his empire, and allowed us, as we trusted, many years of absence from every part of his dominions.

To be for a moment serious, I may safely inform you, my dear friend, should you ever visit this part of the country, that you need not indulge your curiosity to go into this cave. The most interesting part of it is that which you see as you stand at its mouth. The dry apartment is spacious, and the composition of the stone is curious, though not singular. It is evidently secondary, and contains shells and petrifactions. The opening on the other side, at which a beautiful stream of water issues from under a low roof of rock, furnishes an agreeable and refreshing coolness, and at this season strongly tempts one by its invitation to enter. The general course of the cave is south east, and has been followed, and accurately surveyed, for three quarters of a mile. Although we went but two hundred and fifty yards, we were amused, when we came out, to see, as we were shown above ground, where we had been, the trees, fences, eminences, and rocks under which we had passed. There is nothing however in the cave to reward a visitor for his labour and hazard. Wier's cave in Virginia, which is in the same hill with that of Madison, to both of which I have already referred, is extremely interesting, and fully repaid me for a visit of five hours. The stalactites and stalagmites are innumerable, splendid, and of inexhaustible variety. The apartments are spacious, high, and magnificent. The fret work of the walls and ceilings is extremely complicated and curious, while from many points the prismatic colors are brilliantly reflected. That is a cave worthy of hav-

ing a sacrifice made to be traversed and examined; but as it regards this one near Lexington, it is best to stop, with Mr A, at the vestibule, and content yourself with a cooling draught of its water and a comfortable seat under its shade.

An extract from a Letter written at Hudson, State of New York, August 28th, 1820, in answer to inquiries concerning the expenses of living in that city.

"Good brick houses, which, with the lot and appurtenances could be bought for a sum between $6,000 and $8,000, rent for $250 per annum, and from that to $350, according to the situation, and the use intended. Those, which are next lower in rank, rent, as dwelling houses, for $150 or $200. Wood, consisting of a fair mixture of hickory, maple, oak, &c, is about $4 a cord. Labor, during the summer, is from $10 to $12 a month, and during the winter from $6 to $8. Mechanical labor is, for a carpenter, $1,25 a day, and for a mason $1,50. Pasturage for horn-cattle is from 50 to 62 cents a month, and for horses from 75 cents to $1. Beef is from 1 to 7 cents a pound; veal and lamb from 4 to 5 cents; pig 8 cents; fresh pork from 6 to 8 cents; barrelled pork from 5 to 8 cents; butter 10 cents; cheese from 4 to 6 cents; lard 8 cents; fowls from 6 to 8 cents a piece; potatoes and turnips from 25 to 37 1-2 cents a bushel; corn 50 cents; wheat 87 1-2 cents; rye 50 cents; wheat flour $3,50 a hundred; and hay from 37 1-2 to 50 cents. The average price of farms in Columbia county, which is a good tract for agriculture, and is near to market, is not far from $30 an acre, including buildings. This is probably 30 per centum lower than it was five years ago, but every thing is diminished in price, so that I think the value of land is as high as ever, though men, who got into debt at high prices, find it difficult to get out at low. The prices of meats I obtained from butchers, and indeed most of the prices are predicated of the market in this city. I believe however, as it regards the retail price, there is little difference between the city and the country."

In this estimate, one's attention is attracted to the price of butter, cheese, fowls, and potatoes. Why should these articles be so much higher in Lexington, where the country is fertile almost beyond a comparison, than they are in

Hudson? What a difference between 10 cents a pound for butter, and 25 cents; between 4 or 6 cents for cheese, and 20 or 25 cents; between 6 or 8 cents for a fowl, and 12 1-2 or 18 cents; and between 25 or 37 1-2 cents for potatoes, and 50 cents! Many things in our market are sufficiently cheap, but these are too dear. When our groceries are so expensive, we ought to be able to find a compensation in the facility with which we can obtain the articles of home production.

FISHES OF THE RIVER OHIO.

BY C. S. RAFINESQUE,

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(CONTINUED FROM VOL. 2 PAGE 363)

XXVI Genus. RIBBONFISH. SARCHIRUS. Sarchire.

Body scaleless slender cylindrical, slightly compressed. Vent posterior. Head nearly square. Jaws elongated narrow flat, with four rows of small unequal teeth, the lower one shorter and moveable, the upper one longer immobile, with an obtuse knob atthe end. Pectoral fins round without rays, but with a thin circular membrane surrounding an adipose base. Abdominal fins anterior with six rays. Dorsal fin posterior nearer to the tail than the anal. Caudal fin lanceolate, decurrent beneath.

A very distinct genus of the family Esoxida, differing from all the genera of it by its fleshy pectoral fins: It differs besides from *Lepisosteus* by the naked body, and from *Esox* by the tail &c. The name means fleshy arms.

83 Species. OHIO RIBBONFISH. *Sarchirus vittatus*. Sarchire rubanne.

Back olivaceous brown, and with three longitudinal furrows, a black lateral band from the mouth to the end of the tail, no lateral line. Belly with a lateral row of black dots on each side. Jaws obtuse longer than the head. Anal and dorsal fins ovate acute with two transverse black bands, the anal with ten rays, the dorsal with nine. Tail unequilateral acuminate.

Sarchirus vittatus. Raf. in Journ. Ac. Nat. Sc. Philadelphia, V. 1, page 418, tab. 17. fig. 2.

In the lower parts of the Ohio and at the falls; length from six to twelve inches. Vulgar names Ribbonfish and Garfish. Not used as food. Abdominal fins narrow almost linear acute. and with two transverse black bands, situated half way between the pectoral and anal fins. This last far from the tail.

XXVII Genus. Pike. Esox. Brochet.

Body cylindrical or very long covered with small scales, vent posterior. One dorsal fin behind the abdominal fins. Mouth large, jaws long and flattened with very strong teeth: opening of the gills very large. Head bony scaleless. Tail not obliqual. All the fins with rays.

There are several species of Pikes in the Ohio, Mississippi, Wabash, Kentucky, &c. I have not yet been able to observe them thoroughly. I have however procured correct accounts, and figures of two species; but there are more. They appear to belong to a peculiar subgenus distinguished by a long dorsal fin, a forked tail, and the abdominal fins anterior, being removed from the vent. It may be called *Picorellus.* The French settlers of the Wabash and Missouri call them *Piconeau,* and the American settlers Pikes or Pickerels. They are permanent but rare fishes, retiring however in deep waters in winter. They prefer the large streams, are very voracious, and grow to a large size. They prey on all the other fishes except the Garfishes, &c. They are easily taken with the hook, and afford a very good food, having a delicate flesh.

34th Species. Streaked Pike. *Esox vittatus.* Brochet raye.

White, with two blackish longitudinal streaks on each side, back brownish: jaws nearly equal, very obtuse, eyes large and behind the mouth: dorsal fins longitudinal between the abdominal and anal fins: tail forked.

E. vittatus. Raf. in American Monthly Magazine, 1818, Volume 3, page 447.

This fish is rare in the Ohio, (although it has been seen at Pittsburgh,) but more common in the Wabash and Upper Mississippi. It is called *Piconeau* or *Picaneau* by the Canadians

and Missourians. It reaches the length of from three to five feet. The pectoral and abdominal fins are trapezoidal, the anal and dorsal longitudinal with many rays and nearly equal. It is sometimes called Jack or Jackfish. Lateral line straight.

85th Species. SALMON PIKE. *Esox salmoneus.* Brochet saumonne.

White, with many narrow transversal brown bands, somewhat curved: jaws nearly equal, very obtuse: dorsal fins brown longitudinal and extending over the anal fins: tail forked and brown.

It is one of the best fishes in the Ohio, its flesh is very delicate, and divides easily, as in Salmon, into large plates as white as snow. It is called Salmon Pike, White Pike, White Jack or White Pickerel, and *Picaneau blanc* by the Missourians. It has a short and thick head, eyes not very large, and situated upwards. Pectoral and abdominal fins trapezoidal. Dorsal fin beginning behind these last and extending over the anal. The number of transversal bands is twelve or more, rather distant and with the concavity towards the head. It reaches the length of five feet. Lateral line nearly straight.

XXVIII. Genus. GARFISH. LEPISOSTEUS. Lepisoste

Body cylindrical or fusiform, covered with hard bony scales, vent posterior. Head bony scaleless. Jaws very long, and with strong unequal teeth. Opening of the gills very large. Tail obliqual. All the fins with rays. One dorsal fin behind the abdominal fins which are removed from the vent.

The Garfishes or Gars, are easily known from the Pikes by their large and hard scales. This fine genus had been overlooked by Linneus and united with the Pikes. Lacepede was the first to distinguish it; but he has not been able to ascertain nor elucidate its numerous species. He has blended all the North American species under the name of *Lepisosteus gavial*, the type of which was the *Esox osseus* of Linneus, or rather the Alligator fish of Catesby. I find that Dr. Mitchill, in a late publication, describes another species quite new under the obsolete name of *Esox osseus*. I shall describe and distinguish accurately five species living in the Ohio or Mississippi, which must be divided into two subgenera. To this number

must be added three other known species. 1. *L. gavial*, the Garfish or Alligator fish of the Southern Atlantic States. 2. *L. spatula* or the Gar of Chili. 3. *L. indicus* or the East Indian Gar. I suspect however that there are more than ten species of these fishes in the United States, and many others in South America, &c. The Gars of the Ohio partake of the inclinations and properties of the Pikes; but they are still more dangerous and voracious. Their flesh may be eaten: but is often rejected owing to the difficulty of skinning them, the operation may however be performed by splitting the skin beneath in zig-zag. Their scales are very singular, they are not embricated as in all other fishes; but lay over the skin in oblique rows, and are as hard as bones. They have many other peculiarities in common which have been stated by Cuvier, or may be collected from the following descriptions.

1 Subgenus. CYLINDROSTEUS.

Body cylindrical, dorsal fin beginning behind the anal fin. The name means *bony cylinder*.

86th Species. DUCKBILL GARFISH. *Lepisosteus platostomus*. Lepisoste platostome.

Jaws nearly equal, as long as the head, about one ninth of total length, and flattened; body cylindrical olivaceous brown above, white beneath: fins yellowish, dorsal and anal spotted with eight rays, abdominal fins with seven rays, tail obtuse oboval and spotted with brown: lateral line nearly obsolete.

This species is not uncommon in the Ohio, Miami, Scioto, Wabash, Mississippi, Missouri, Tennessee, Cumberland, &c. and other tributary streams. It reaches the length of four feet. It is taken with the seine, the hook, and even with the gig or harpoon. It is found as far as Pittsburgh and in the Alleghany River. Its flesh is as good as that of the Streaked Pike; but is erroneously thought poisonous by some persons. I shall give a full description of it, which will preclude the necessity of repetitions in describing the others. The individuals which I observed were 26 inches long, the head 5½, the jaws 2¾ inches: the dimension from the end of the jaws to the abdominal fins was 12 inches, and to the vent 18. The body was 2 inches horizontally and 2¾ vertically; nearly cylindrical, but slightly

flattened on the back and belly, with convex sides slightly yellowish: the whole body is covered with hard bony scales, some what unequal and obliquely rhomboidal, but with the two inner sides concave and the two outward sides convex, lying in oblique rows, surface smooth and convex. Head scaleless, hard, and bony, eyes behind the base of the jaws, iris large gilt with a brown stripe across, centre or real eyes small and black. Jaws short, broad, flat and obtuse, breadth about one fifth of the length, the upper one putting over the lower one and with four small nostrils at the end, motionless and with three longitudinal furrows. The lower jaw moveable, soft in the middle. Teeth white, unequal, acute, strong, and upon a single row. Tongue bilobed cartilaginous and rough. Branchial with 8 rays, jutting out and gilt. Pectoral fins yellow with 12 rays, situated directly behind the gill covers and elliptical acute. Abdominal fins yellow, obliquely oboval obtuse and with 7 rays. Anal and dorsal fins oval nearly equal and acute, each with 8 rays the anterior of which is serrated, yellowish olivaceous and spotted with brown, the dorsal beginning behind the beginning of the anal. Space between those fins and the tail attenuated. Tail or caudal fin four inches long, oblong oboval, entire obtuse, base obliqual, the lower part decurrent, with twelve rays, the upper one serrated, yellowish olivaceous spotted with small unequal brown spots. Lateral line concealed under the scales, hardly visible outside. This fish bears (together with the following) the names of Gar, Garfish, Alligator Gar, Alligator fish, Jack or Gar Pike, &c. and on the Mississippi the French names of *Brocheteau*, *Picaneau*, *Poisson caymon*, &c.

87th Species. WHITE GARFISH. *Lepisosteus Albus*. Lepisoste blanc.

Jaws nearly equal, as long as the head, about one eighth of total length, and very broad; body cylindrical and white, fins olivaceous unspotted, tail obtuse oblong, lateral line obsolete.

This fish resembles very much the foregoing, and has the general shape of a Pike. It is covered all over with white shining obliqual elliptical smooth and convex scales. It reaches the length of six feet, and is often called Garpike or Pike-gar.

It is a rare fish in the Ohio. Jaws shorter and broader than in the foregoing, breadth one fourth of the length.

88th Species. Ohio Garfish. *Lepisosteus oxyurus.* Lepisoste oxyure.

Upper jaw longer, longer than the head, one sixth of total length, flat and narrow: body cylindrical olivaceous brown above, white beneath: dorsal fin with eight rays, anal fin with ten, abdominal with six, lanceolate acute, spotted with black; lateral line straight, but raised upwards at the base.

This is a very distinct species by the shape of the jaws and tail. It is found in the Ohio; but is by no means common. It reaches six feet in length. Its flesh is not very good to eat, rather tough and strong smelling, like that of some strong sturgeons. The individual which I observed was caught at the falls, and was 30 inches in length, with the upper jaw 5 inches long, while the lower jaw was only four inches: the upper one has three furrows and juts over the lower by a thick curved obtuse point with four small openings or nostrils, although there were two other oblong nostrils in obliqual furrows, at the base before the eyes. This does not appear in *L. platostomus.* Lower jaw straight with a membrane between the lateral lines. Teeth unequal straight very sharp and on a single row. Breadth of the jaws one eighth of the length. Iris large and gilt. Head rough nearly square, covered with six broad plates, two of which on each side, and of a fulvous grey colour. Body cylindrical covered with the usual hard scales in oblique rows; but not two scales exactly alike either in shape or size; they are generally elongated obliquely with the two longest lateral sides straight, the upper one concave and the lower one convex, but these is a row of obcordated ones on the back. All the fins fulvous, the pectoral lanceolate acute with 12 rays, the abdominal lanceolate acute and with only 6 rays. Dorsal and anal trapezoidal elongated, serrated by scaly rays anteriorly. Caudal fins with 12 rays, one sixth of total length, covered with a few large black spots, of a lanceolate shape, with an oblique flexuose base decurrent beneath and acute at the end, serrated both upwards and downwards, and serratures extending on the

body. Lateral line not obsolete, quite straight, but raised a little upwards at the base.

89th Species. Longbill Garfish. *Lepisosteus longirostris.* Lepisoste longirostre.

Esox osseus. Mitchill in Amer. Monthly Magazine, Vol. 2, page 321.

Upper jaw longer than the lower and the head one fourth of total length and narrow: body cylindrical, dorsal and anal fins with 8 rays, abdominal fins with 6, tail unspotted nearly truncate, lateral line obsolete.

I have only seen the head of this fish, which was taken in the Muskingum. It is evidently the same fish described at length by Dr. Mitchill under the old Linnean name of *Esox osseus* and found in Lake Oneida; although his description is very minute in some respects, he has omitted to mention the colour of the body, shape of the fins, and many other peculiarities. I refer to his description, and shall merely add its most striking discrepancies from the former species. Length forty inches, upper jaw ten inches with two crooked teeth at the end, lower jaw nine inches, teeth of three sizes crowded on the jaws. Scales rhomboidal. Abdominal fins nearly medial. Tail with 13 rays, serrated above and below.

2d Subgenus. Atractosteus.

Body fusiform or spindle shaped, dorsal and anal fins quite opposite. The name means *bony spindle.*

90th Species. Alligator Garfish. *Lesisosteus ferox.* Lepisoste feroce.

Jaws nearly equal, as long as the head, about one eighth of total length and broad: body fusiform and brownish; dorsal and anal fins opposite, tail obliqual oval, lateral line obsolete.

This is a formidable fish living in the Mississippi, principally in the lower parts, also in Lake Pontchartrain, the Mobile, Red River, &c. It has been seen sometimes in the lower parts of the Ohio. It reaches the length of eight to twelve feet, and preys upon all other fishes, even Gars and Alligators. Mr. John D. Clifford told me that he saw one of them fight with an alligator five feet long and succeed in devouring him, after cutting him in two in its powerful jaws. My description is made

from a sketch drawn by Mr. Clifford, and a jaw bone preserved in his Museum. These jaws are from twelve to eighteen inches long, and from four to six inches broad. They are crowded with teeth, unequally set, not two of which are alike in size, the largest lie towards the end, and have many small ones between them: they are however all of the same structure, implanted in sockets and conical, base grey, striated and hollow, top white smooth, curved and very sharp. The longest measure one and a half inch, and are three quarters of an inch thick at the base. The diameter of the body is nearly one sixth of the total length. The anal and dorsal fins are small and with few rays. It is called the Alligator fish or Alligator gar, and by the Louisianians *Poisson Cayman*. The scales are large, convex, and rhomboidal.

XXIX Genus. Diamond Fish. *Litholepis*. Litholepe.

Body fusiform, covered with hard stony pentaedral scales, vent nearly medial. Abdominal fin near the vent. One dorsal fin opposite to the anal. Head bony scaleless protruded anteriorly in a long snout, mouth beneath the head, jaws not elongated, with strong unequal teeth. Opening of the gills very large. Tail not obliqual. All the fins with rays.

A very singular genus, which comes very near to the last subgenus; but differs by the snout, mouth, tail, scales, &c. It must belong however to the same family. The name means *Stony scales*.

91st Species. Devil-Jack Diamond-fish. *Litholepis adamantinus*. Litholepe adamantin.

Snout obtuse as long as the head; head one fourth of total length; body fusiform blackish: dorsal and anal fins equal and with many rays: tail bilobed, lateral line obsolete.

Litholepis adamantinus. Raf. in American Monthly Magazine, 1818, Vol. 3, p.447, and in *Journal de Physique et Hist. Nat. 70 N. G. d'Animaux, G.* 20.

This may be reckoned the wonder of the Ohio. It is only found as far up as the falls, and probably lives also in the Mississippi. I have seen it, but only at a distance, and have been shown some of its singular scales. Wonderful stories are related concerning this fish, but I have principally relied upon

the description and figure given me by Mr. Audubon. Its length is from 4 to 10 feet. One was caught which weighed 400lbs. It lies sometimes asleep or motionless on the surface of the water, and may be mistaken for a log or a snag. It is impossible to take it in any other way than with the seine or a very strong hook; the prongs of the gig cannot pierce the scales, which are as hard as flint, and also proof against lead balls! Its flesh is not good to eat. It is a voracious fish. Its vulgar names are Diamond-fish, (owing to its scales being cut like diamonds,) Devil-fish, Jack-fish, Gar-jack, Devil-jack, &c. The snout is large, convex above, very obtuse, the eyes small and black, nostrils small round before the eyes, transversal with large angular teeth. Pectoral and abdominal fis trapezoidal. Dorsal and anal fin equal longitudinal with many rays. Tail obtusely and regularly bilobed. The whole body covered with large stony scales lying in oblique rows, they are conical pentagonal and pentaedral with equal sides, from half an inch to one inch in diameter, brown at first, but becoming of the colour of turtle shell when dry: they strike fire with steel, and are ball proof!

THE ABBOT, by the Author of Waverley.

Our readers have already been informed that the new novel, which we are persuaded is, like the rest of the series, from the pen of Sir Walter Scott, and which is just published under the title of the ABBOT, is a continuation of the MONASTERY, of which we gave some account in our number for July. We have not yet had an opportunity to peruse this last work, but we find, from the criticisms and extracts in the British Reviews, that it is much superior to its immediate predecessor, and is, on the whole, well calculated to sustain the exalted reputation of its author. Our fellow citizen, Mr. WALSH, has likewise, in a brief article contained in the National Gazette, expressed an opinion highly favourable of it. The first volume indeed he pronounces "dull and tedious in some of the dialogues; oppressively circumstantial in parts of the narrative and descriptions; extravagant in several of the situations and characters, and not altogether free from sheer puerilities and absurdities;"

but the excellencies of the second volume, he thinks, amply atone for all these defects. "The inspiration of the author is here in full play through many pages; his subject acquires the highest dignity and interest; his touches are more natural, rapid, and delicate; attention cannot be fatigued with his picturesque and animated details, and the rich eloquence of parts of the dialogue must be felt by the most phlegmatic reader." We will endeavour to furnish an epitome of the story and a few extracts such as we can glean from the notices we have met with.

The readers of the Monastery are aware that Halbert Glendinning and the Lady of Avenel were united in marriage. This work commences at the expiration of ten years from the period of their union. They have no children, and Halbert, being often absent from home, engaged in the political turmoils and contentions of the day, leaves his wife, with no other company but her domestics, and the preacher, Warden. At length she obtains an addition to her family in the person of a youth, then about ten years of age, who afterwards becomes somewhat conspicuous in the narrative. This youth is Roland Græme, who is rescued from drowning through the agency of a dog, and whose only relative, an aged grandmother, consents, with some hesitation, to his being made the page of Lady Avenel. He is received as such, and soon becoming, from his many interesting qualities, a peculiar favorite, is indulged, especially by his Lady, to an extent that renders him insolent and overbearing to the rest of the household, and induces a conspiracy against him which results in his dismissal from the family. He is then consecrated by his grandmother, Magdalen Græme, to some important service in Rome, and soon afterwards meets with the heroine, Catharine Seyton, who appears to be intimately connected with the far-famed Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots. Thus the author, in the present work, adopts his usual practice of connecting his fictitious narrative with well known historical incidents, and Mary becomes a prominent character. Roland also is a partizan of the unfortunate queen, and, after the flight of George Douglass, whose zeal in her behalf is attested by history, becomes the principal agent for effecting her escape. The Abbot, who is no other than Edward Glendinning, although he gives title to the work, appears to take but little part in it, and contributes scarcely any to the interest of the narrative. Young Henry Seyton, the brother of Catharine, detects a

plot of Dryfesdale, the steward of the Queen, to effect her destruction, and kills him in a personal conflict. He is however himself subsequently slain, and so is George Douglass, in a manner truly affecting, in sight of the afflicted Mary. Roland Græme turns out to be the child of Julian Avenel and his wife, mentioned in the Monastery as having been found on the field of battle, and rescued by Halbert Glendinning, after the death of both its parents. He is at length married to Catharine Seyton, "who was compelled to leave her sovereign when her imprisonment in England was rendered more straight by the dissembling Elizabeth and her crafty counsellors." We will now proceed to make a few selections from such parts of the work, as we have met with in the foreign reviews, and, following the order of the narrative, we will introduce first the spirited account of the preservation of Roland from drowning by the dog, Wolf, and the description of Magdalene Græme, whom Mr. Walsh calls "another Meg Merrilies, varied also, but not so happily, by religious fervor heightened to frenzy." Lady Avenel is described as pensively walking on the battlements, and noticing some boys who were amusing themselves on the banks of a neighbouring lake.

"A large stag-hound of the grey-hound species, approached at this moment, and, attracted perhaps by the gesture, licked her hands and pressed his large head against them. He obtained the desired caress in return, but still the sad impressions remained.

"'Wolf,' she said, as if the animal could have understood her complaints, 'thou art a noble and beautiful animal; but alas! the love and affection that I long to bestow, is of a quality higher than can fall to thy share, though I love thee much.'

"And as if she were apologizing to Wolf for withholding from him any part of her regard, she caressed his proud head and crest, while looking in her eyes he seemed to ask her what she wanted, or what he could do to show his attachment. At this moment a shriek of distress was heard on the shore, from the playful group which had been so jovial. The lady looked and saw the cause with great anxiety.

"The little ship, the object of the children's delighted attention, had struck among some tufts of the plant which bears the water-lily, that marked a little shoal in the lake about an arrow's flight from the shore. A hardy little boy, who had taken the lead in the race round the margin of the lake, did not hesitate a moment to strip off his *wylie-coat*, plunge into the water, and swim towards the object of their common solicitude. The first movement of the Lady was to call for help; but she ob-

served that the boy swam strongly and fearlessly, and as she saw that one or two villagers, who were distant spectators of the incident, seemed to give themselves no uneasiness on his account, she supposed that he was accustomed to the exercise, and that there was no danger. But whether, in swimming, the boy had struck his breast against a sunken rock, or whether he was suddenly taken with the cramp, or whether he had over-calculated his own strength, it so happened that when he had disembarrassed the little plaything from the flags in which it was entangled and sent it forward on its course, he had scarce swam a few yards in his way to the shore, than he raised himself suddenly from the water and screamed aloud, clapping his hands at the same time with an expression of fear and pain.

"The Lady of Avenel instantly taking the alarm, called hastily to the attendants to get the boat ready. But this was an affair of some time. The only boat permitted to be used on the lake was moored within the second cut which intersected the canal, and it was several minutes before it could be got under way. Meanwhile the Lady of Avenel with agonizing anxiety, saw that the efforts which the poor boy made to keep himself afloat, were now exchanged for a faint struggling, which would soon have been over, but for aid equally prompt and unhoped for. Wolf, who, like some of that large species of grey-hound, was a practised water dog, had marked the object of their anxiety, and, quitting his mistress's side, had sought the nearest point from which he could with safety plunge into the lake. With the wonderful instinct which these noble animals have so often displayed in the like circumstances, he swam straight to the spot where his assistance was so much wanted, and, seizing the child's under dress in his mouth, he not only kept him afloat, but towed him towards the causeway. The boat having put off with a couple of men, met the dog half way and relieved him of his burthen. They landed on the causeway by the entrance to the castle, with their yet lifeless burthen, and were met at the entrance of the gate by the Lady of Avenel, attended by one or two of her maidens, eagerly waiting to administer assistance to the sufferer.

"He was borne into the castle, deposited upon a bed, and every mode of recovery resorted to which the knowledge of the times, and the skill of Henry Warden, who professed some medical knowledge, could dictate. For some time it was all in vain, and the lady watched with unspeakable earnestness the pallid countenance of the beautiful child. He seemed about ten years old. His dress was of the meanest sort, but his long, curled hair, and the noble cast of his features, partook not of that poverty of appearance. The proudest noble in Scotland might have been yet prouder could he have called that child his heir. While, with breathless anxiety, the Lady of Avenel ga-

zed on the well-formed and expressive features, a slight shade of colour returned gradually to his cheek; suspended animation became restored by degrees, the child sighed deeply, opened his eyes, which to the human countenance produces the effect of light upon the natural landscape, stretched his arms towards the Lady and muttered the word 'mother,' that epithet, which is dearest to the female ear.

"'God, madam,' said the preacher, 'has restored the child to your wishes; it must be yours so to bring him up, that he may not one day wish that he had perished in his innocence.'

"'It shall be my charge,' said the lady; and again throwing her arm around the boy, she overwhelmed him with kisses and caresses, so much was she agitated by the terror arising from the danger in which he had been just placed, and by joy at his unexpected deliverance.

"'But you are not my mother,' said the boy, collecting his recollection, and endeavouring, though faintly, to escape from the caresses of the Lady of Avenel, 'you are not my mother—alas! I have no mother—only I have dreamt that I had one.'

"'I will read the dream for you, my love, answered the Lady of Avenel; 'and I will be myself your mother. Surely God has heard my wishes, and in his own marvellous manner, hath sent me an object on which my affections may expand themselves?' She looked towards Warden as she spoke. The preacher hesitated what he should reply to a burst of passionate feeling, which perhaps seemed to him more enthusiastic than the occasion demanded. In the meanwhile, the large stag-hound, Wolf, which, dropping wet as he was, had followed his mistress into the apartment, and had sate by the bed-side a patient and quiet spectator of all the means used for the resurrection of the being whom he had preserved, now became impatient of remaining any longer unnoticed, and began to whine and fawn upon the Lady with his great rough paws.

"'Yes,' she said, 'good Wolf, and you shall be remembered also for your day's work, and I will think the more of you for having preserved the life of a creature so beautiful.'"

The presence of Warden, who disapproved the sudden warmth of affection, operated as a restraint upon the expression of her emotions; but when—

"He left the apartment, the Lady of Avenel gave way to the feelings of tenderness, which the sight of the boy, his sudden danger, and his recent escape, had inspired; and no longer awed by the sternness, as she deemed it, of the preacher, heaped with caresses the lovely and interesting child. He was now, in some measure, recovered from the consequences of his accident, and received passively, though not without wonder, the tokens of kindness with which he was thus loaded. The face

of the lady was strange to him, and her dress different and far more sumptuous than any he remembered. But the boy was naturally of an undaunted temper; and indeed children are generally acute physiognomists, and not only pleased by that which is beautiful in itself, but peculiarly acute in distinguishing and replying to the attentions of those who really love them. If they see a person in company, though a perfect stranger, who is by nature fond of children, the little imps seem to discover it by a sort of free-masonry, while the awkward attempts of those who make advances to them for the purpose of recommending themselves to their parents usually fail in attracting their reciprocal attention. The little boy, therefore, appeared in some degree sensible of the lady's caresses, and it was with difficulty she withdrew herself from his pillow, to afford him leisure for necessary repose.

"'To whom belongs our little rescued varlet?' was the first question which the Lady of Avenel put to her hand-maiden Lilias, when they had retired to the hall.

"'To an old woman in the Hamlet, said Lilias, 'who is even now come so far as the porter's lodge to enquire concerning his safety. Is it your pleasure that she be admitted?' 'Is it my pleasure?' said the Lady of Avenel, echoing the question with strong accents of pleasure and surprise; 'can you make any doubt of it? What woman but must pity the agony of the mother, whose heart is throbbing for the safety of a child so lovely!' 'Nay, but madam,' said Lilias, this woman is too old to be the mother of the child; I rather think she must be his grand mother, or some more distant relation.'

"'Be she who she will, Lilias,' replied the Lady, 'she must have a sore heart while the safety of a creature so lovely is uncertain. Go instantly and bring her hither. Besides, I would willingly learn something concerning his birth.'

"Lilias left the hall, and presently afterwards returned, ushering in a tall female very poorly dressed, yet with more pretension to decency and cleanliness than was usually combined with such coarse garments."

This stranger is by no means backward in introducing herself.

"'Magdalen Græme is my name,' said the woman; 'I come of the Græmes of Heatherhill, in Nicol forest, a people of ancient blood.'

"'And what make you,' continued the lady, 'so far distant from your home?'

"'I have no home,' said Magdalen Græme, 'it was burnt by your Borderriders—my husband and my son were slain—there is not a drop's blood left in the veins of any one which is of kin to mine.'

"'That is no uncommon fate in these wild times, and in this unsettled land,' said the lady; the English hands have been as deeply dyed in our blood as those of Scotsmen ever have been in yours.'

"'You have a right to say it, lady,' answered Magdalen Græme; 'for men tell of a time when this castle was not strong enough to save your father's life, or to afford your mother and her infant a place of refuge.—And why ask ye me, then, wherefore I dwell not in my own home, and with my own people?' 'It was indeed an idle question, where misery so often makes wanderers; but wherefore take refuge in a hostile country?' 'My neighbours were popish and mass-mongers,' said the old woman; it has pleased heaven to give me a clearer sight of the gospel, and I have tarried here to enjoy the ministry of that worthy man Henry Warden, who to the praise and comfort of many, teacheth the Evangel in truth and in sincerity.' 'Are you poor?' again demanded the Lady of Avenel. 'You hear me ask alms of no one,' answered the Englishwoman.

"Here there was a pause. The manner of the woman was, if not disrespectful, at least much less than gracious, and she appeared to give no encouragement to farther communication. The Lady of Avenel renewed the conversation on a different topic.

"'You have heard of the danger in which your boy has been placed?' 'I have, lady, and how by an especial providence he was rescued from death. May heaven make him thankful and me!' 'What relation do you bear to him?' 'I am his grandmother, lady, if it so please you; the only relation he has left upon earth to take charge of him.' 'The burthen of his maintenance must necessarily be grievous to you in your deserted situation,' pursued the lady. 'I have complained of it to no one,' said Magdalen Græme, with the same unmoved, dry, and unconcerned tone of voice in which she had answered all the former questions.

"'If,' said the Lady of Avenel, 'your grandchild could be received into a noble family, would it not advantage both him and you?' 'Received into a noble family!' said the old woman, drawing herself up, and bending her brows until her forehead wrinkled into a frown of unusual severity; 'and for what purpose, I pray you?—to be my lady's page, or my lord's jackman, to eat broken victuals, and contend with other menials for the remnants of the master's meal? Would you have him to fan the flies from my lady's face while she sleeps, to carry her train while she walks, to hand her trencher when she feeds, to ride before her on horseback, to walk after her on foot, to sing when she lists and to be silent when she bids?—a very weathercock, which, though furnished in appearance with wings and plumage, cannot soar into the air—cannot fly from the spot

where it is perched, but receives all its impulses, and performs all its revolutions, obedient to the changeful breath of a vain woman? When the eagle of Helvellyn perches on the tower of Lanecost, and turns and changes to shew you how the wind sits, Roland Græme shall be what you would make him.'

"The woman spoke with a rapidity and a vehemence which seemed to have in it a touch of insanity; and a sudden sense of the danger to which the child must necessarily be exposed in the charge of such a keeper, increased the lady's desire to keep him in the castle if possible.

"'You mistake me, dame,' she said, addressing the old woman in a soothing manner; 'I do not wish your boy to be in attendance on myself, but upon the good knight my husband. Were he himself the son of a belted earl, he could not better be trained to arms, and all that befits a gentleman, than by the instructions and discipline of Sir Halbert Glendinning.'

"'Aye,' answered the old woman in the same style of bitter irony, 'I know the wages of that service;—a curse when the corslet is not sufficiently brightened,—a blow when the girth is not tightly drawn; to be beaten because the hounds are at fault,—to be reviled because the foray is unsuccessful,—to stain his hands, for his master's bidding, in the blood alike of beast and man,—to be a butcherer of harmless deer, a murderer and defacer of God's own image, not at his own pleasure, but at that of his lord; to live a brawling ruffian and common stabber,—exposed to heat to cold, to want of food, to all the privations of an anchoret, not for the love of God, but for the service of Satan,—to die by the gibbet, or in some obscure skirmish,—to sleep out his life in carnal security, and to awake in the eternal fire, which is never quenched.'

"'Nay,' said the Lady of Avenel, 'but to such unhallowed course of life your grandson will not be here exposed. My husband is just and kind to those who live under his banner: and you yourself well know, that youth have here a strict as well as a good preceptor in the person of our chaplain.'

"The old woman appeared to pause.

"'You have named,' she said, 'the only circumstance which can move me. I must soon onward, the vision has said it—I must not tarry in the same spot—I must on, it is my weird. Swear, then, that you will protect the boy as if he were your own, until I return hither and claim him, and I will consent for a space to part with him. But especially swear, he shall not lack the instructions of the godly man who hath placed the gospel truth high above these idolatrous shavellings, the monks and friars.' 'Be satisfied, dame,' said the Lady of Avenel; 'the boy shall have as much care as if he were born of my own blood. Will you see him now?' 'No,' answered the old woman sternly, 'to part is enough. I go forth on my own mission. I

will not soften my heart by useless tears and wailings, as one that is not called to a duty.' "

The following is the account of the first interview of Roland and Catharine. As he entered, with his grandmother, the house where she was sitting,

"She adjusted a veil which hung back over her shoulders, so as to bring it over her face; an operation which she performed with much modesty, but without either affected haste or embarrassed timidity.

"During this manœuvre Roland had time to observe, that the face was that of a girl not much past sixteen apparently, and that the eyes were at once soft and brilliant. To these very favourable observations was added the certainty, that the fair object to whom they referred possessed an excellent shape, bordering on *embonpoint*, and therefore rather that of a Hebe than that of a Sylph, but beautifully formed, and shewn to great advantage by the close jacket and petticoat, which she wore after a foreign fashion, the last not quite long enough absolutely to conceal a very pretty foot, which rested on a bar of the table, at which she sate; her round arms and taper fingers were busily employed in repairing the piece of tapestry which was spread on it, which exhibited several deplorable fissures, enough to demand the utmost skill of the most expert seamstress.

"It is to be remarked, that it was by stolen glances that Roland Græme contrived to ascertain these interesting particulars; and he thought he could once or twice, notwithstanding the texture of the veil, detect the damsel in the act of taking similar cognisance of his own person. The matrons in the meanwhile continued their separate conversation, eyeing from time to time the young people, in a manner which left Roland in no doubt that they were the subject of their conversation. At length he distinctly heard Magdalen Græme say these words; 'Nay, my sister, we must give them opportunity to speak together, and to become acquainted; they must be personally known to each other.' "

The following is a picturesque and admirable description of the Regent's palace in Edinburgh, at that season of commotion.

"It was indeed no common sight to Roland, the vestibule of a palace, traversed by its various groupes,—some radiant with gaiety,—some pensive, and apparently weighed down by affairs, concerning the state, or concerning themselves. Here the hoary statesman, with his cautious, yet commanding look, his furred cloak and sable pantoufles; there the soldier in buff and steel, his long sword jarring against the pavement, and his

whiskered upper lip and frowning brow; there again passed my lord's serving man, high of heart and bloody of hand, humble to his master and his master's equals, insolent to all others. To these might be added the poor suitor, with his anxious look and depressed mien—the officer, full of his brief authority, elbowing his betters, and probably his benefactors, out of the road—the proud priest, who sought a better benefice—the proud baron, who sought a grant of church lands—the robber chief, who came to solicit a pardon for the injuries he had inflicted on his neighbours—the plundered franklin, who came to seek vengeance for that which he had received. Besides, there was the mustering and disposition of guards, and of soldiers—the dispatching of messengers, and the receiving of them—the trampling and neighing of horses without the gates—the flashing of arms, and rustling of plumes, and jingling of spurs within it. In short, it was that gay and splendid confusion, in which the eye of youth sees all that is brave and brilliant, and that of experience much that is doubtful, deceitful, false, and hollow—hopes that will never be gratified—promises which will never be fulfilled—pride in the disguise of humility—and insolence in that of frank and generous bounty."

The manner in which Mary Stuart is introduced and made so prominent an object in this fictitious narrative, is considered by the critics as the *chef d'œuvre* of the author in this last work. On this subject Mr. Walsh remarks—"The confidence of original powers is shewn in his choice of Mary Queen of Scots as his leading character. She had been the theme of so many romances, of such admirable histories, of dramas of so much excellence, that the most fertile mind might have despaired of investing her, even in a professed romance, with any new attraction, or perhaps of rivalling the picture which had been left in most imaginations by her regular biography. It must be confessed, however, that the author has justified his boldness by the enchanting grace and graphic distinctness of his delineation. Mary excites under his hands a new sympathy: we are brought nearer to her, and enlisted on her side in spite of the prepossessions against her which we may have received from the severe investigation of history." After this high encomium from so respectable a source, let us endeavour to afford our readers a specimen, by which they may be enabled to form some opinion for themselves. The traits, it is true, of Mary's character as drawn by our author, are said to be "closely blended with the greater portion of the work," but some parts of the description may be selected, as a speci-

men of the enchanting manner of the writer. The following, for example, presents at once to the mind's eye the lovely figure of the unfortunate queen.

"Her face, her form, have been so deeply impressed upon the imagination, that, even at the distance of three centuries, it is unnecessary to remind the most ignorant and uninformed reader of the striking traits which characterise that remarkable countenance which seems at once to combine our ideas of the majestic, the pleasing, and the brilliant, leaving us to doubt whether they express most happily the queen, the beauty, or the accomplished woman.

"Who is there, at the very mention of Mary Stuart's name that has not her countenance before him familiar as that of the mistress of his youth, or the favourite daughter of his advanced age? Even those who feel themselves compelled to believe all, or much of what her enemies laid to her charge, cannot think without a sigh upon a countenance expressive of anything rather than the foul crimes with which she was charged when living, and which still continue to shade, if not to blacken her memory. That brow so truly open and regal—those eyebrows, so regularly graceful, which yet were saved from the charge of regular insipidity by the beautiful effect of the hazel eyes which they overarched, and which seem to utter a thousand histories—the nose with all its Grecian precision of outline—the mouth so well proportioned, so sweetly formed, as if designed to speak nothing but what was delightful to hear—the dimpled chin, the stately swan-like neck, form a countenance, the like of which we know not to have existed in any other character moving in that high class of life, where the actresses as well as the actors command general and undivided attention. It is in vain to say that the portraits which exist of this remarkable woman are not like each other; for amidst their decrepancy, each possesses general features which the eye at once acknowledges as peculiar to the vision our imagination has raised while we read her history for the first time, and which has been impressed upon it by the numerous prints and pictures which we have seen. Indeed we cannot look on the worst of them, however deficient in point of execution, without saying it is meant for Queen Mary; and no small instance it is of the power of beauty, that her charms should have remained the subject not merely of admiration, but of warm and chivalrous interest, after the lapse of such a length of time. We know that by far the most acute of those who, in later days, have adopted the unfavourable view of Mary's character, longed, like the executioner before his dreadful office was performed, to kiss the fair hand of her on whom he was about to perform so horrible a duty."

The following too furnishes a full length portrait of the character of Mary. She is represented as giving audience to the adverse Lords.

"'And is this *all* my loving subjects require of me, my lord?' said Mary, in a tone of bitter irony. 'Do they really stint themselves to the easy boon that I should yield up the crown, which is mine by birthright, to an infant, which is scarcely more than a year old—fling down my sceptre, and take up a distaff—O no! it is too little for them to ask—that other roll of parchment contains something harder to be complied with, and which may more highly tax my readiness to comply with the petition of my lieges.'

"'This parchment,' answered Ruthven, in the same tone of inflexible gravity, and unfolding the instrument as he spoke, 'is one by which your Grace constitutes your nearest in blood, and the most honourable and trustworthy of your subjects, James, Earl of Murray, Regent of the Kingdom during the minority of the young King. He already holds the appointment from the Secret Council.'

"The Queen gave a sort of shriek, and clasping her hands together, exclaimed, 'Comes the arrow out of his quiver?—out of my brother's bow? Alas! I looked for his return from France as my sole, at least my readiest chance of deliverance. And yet, when I heard that he had assumed the government, I guessed he would shame to wield it in my name.'

"'I must pray your answer, madam,' said Lord Ruthven, 'to the demand of the Council!'

"'The demand of the Council!' said the Queen; 'say rather the demand of a set of robbers, impatient to divide the spoil they have seized. To such a demand, and sent by the mouth of a traitor, whose scalp, but for my womanish mercy should long since have stood on the city gates, Mary of Scotland has no answer.'

"'I trust, madam,' said Ruthven, 'my being unacceptable to your presence will not add to your obduracy of resolution. It may well become you to remember that the death of the minion, Rizzio, cost the house of Ruthven its head and leader. My father, more worthy than a whole province of such vile sycophants, died in exile, and broken hearted.'

"The Queen clasped her hands on her face, and resting her arms on the table, stooped down her head and wept so bitterly that the tears were seen to find their way in streams between the white and slender fingers with which she endeavoured to conceal them.

"'My lords,' said Sir Robert Melville, 'this is too much rigour. Under your lordships' favour, we came hither, not to revive old griefs, but to find the mode of avoiding new ones.' 'Sir

Robert Melville,' said Ruthven, 'we best know for what purpose we were delegated hither, and wherefore you were somewhat unnecessarily sent to attend us.' 'Nay, by my hand,' said Lord Lyndesay, 'I know not why we were cumbered by the good knight, unless he comes in place of the lump of sugar which pothicars put into their wholesome but bitter medicaments, to please a forward child—a needless labour, methinks, where men have the means to make them swallow the physic otherwise.' 'Nay, my lords,' said Melville, 'you best know your own secret instructions. I conceive I shall best obey mine in striving to mediate between her grace and you.' 'Be silent, Sir Robert Melville,' said the Queen, arising, and her face still glowing with agitation as she spoke. 'My kerchief, Fleming—I shame, that traitors should have power to move me thus.—Tell me, proud lords,' she added, wiping away the tears as she spoke, 'by what earthly warrant can liege subjects pretend to challenge the rights of an anointed sovereign—to throw off the allegiance they have vowed, and to take away the crown from the hand on which Divine warrant hath placed it?'

" 'Madam,' said Ruthven, 'I will deal plainly with you. Your reign, from the dismal field of Pinkie-cleuch, when you were a babe in the cradle, till now, that ye stand a grown dame before us, hath been such a tragedy of losses, disasters, civil dissensions, and foreign wars, that the like is not to be found in our chronicles. The French and English have, of one consent, made Scotland the battle-field on which to fight out their own ancient quarrel. For ourselves, every man's hand has been against his brother, nor hath a year passed over without rebellion and slaughter, exile of nobles, and oppressing of the commons. We may endure it no longer, and therefore as a prince, to whom God hath refused the gift of hearkening to wise counsel, and on whose dealings and projects no blessing hath ever descended, we pray you to give way to other rule and governance of the land, that a remnant may yet be saved to this distracted realm.' "

She is at length persuaded to sign the documents.

" 'My lords,' said Mary, with inexpressible grace and dignity, 'the evils we cannot resist, we must submit to—I will subscribe these parchments with such liberty as my condition permits me. Were I on yonder shore, with a fleet jennet, and ten good and loyal knights around me, I would subscribe my sentence of eternal condemnation as soon as the resignation of my throne. But here, in the castle of Lochleven, with deep water around me,—and you my lords beside me,—I have no freedom of choice. Give me the pen, Melville, and bear witness to what I do, and why I do it.' 'It is our hope, your Grace will not suppose yourself compelled, by any apprehension from us,'

said the Lord Ruthven, 'to execute what must be your own voluntary deed.' The Queen had already stooped towards the table, and placed the parchment before her, with the pen between her fingers, ready for the important act of signature. But when Lord Ruthven had done speaking, she looked up, stopped short, and threw down the pen. 'If,' said she, 'I am expected to declare I give away my crown of free will, or otherwise than because I am compelled to renounce it by the threat of worse evils to myself and my subjects, I will not put my name to such an untruth—not to gain full possession of England, France, and Scotland, all once my own, in possession, or by right.'

"'Beware, madam,' said Lyndesay; and snatching hold of the Queen's arm with his own gauntletted hand, he pressed it, in the rudeness of his passion, more close y perhaps than he was himself aware of,—'beware how you contend with those who are stronger, and have the mastery of your fate' He held his grasp on her arm, bending his eyes on her with a stern and intimidating look, till both Ruthven and Melville cried shame; and Douglas, who had hitherto remained in a state of apparent apathy, had made a stride from the door as if to interfere. The rude baron then quitted his hold, disguising the confusion which he really felt, at having indulged his passion to such extent, under a sullen and contemptuous smile. The Queen immediately began, with an expression of pain, to bare the arm which he had grasped, by drawing up the sleeve of her gown, and it appeared that his grasp had left the purple marks of his iron fingers upon her flesh. 'My lord,' she said, 'as a knight and gentleman, you might have spared my frail arm so severe a proof that you have the greater strength on your side, and are resolved to use it. But I thank you for it—it is the most decisive token of the terms on which this day's business is to rest. I draw you to witness, both lords and ladies,' she said, shewing the marks of the grasp on her arm, 'that I subscribe these instruments in obedience to the sign manual of my Lord of Lindesay, which you see imprinted on mine arm.' "

The following is an interesting scene between the Queen and Catherine Seyton, just before her escape from confinement.

" 'For God's sake, madam, droop not now—sink not now.'—'Call upon Our Lady, my Liege,' said the Lady Fleming—'call upon your tutelar saint.' 'Call the spirits of the hundred kings you are descended from,' exclaimed the page, 'in this hour of need, the resolution of a monarch were worth the aid of a hundred saints.' 'O! Roland Græme,' said Mary, in a tone of deep despondency, 'to be true to me—many have been false to me. Alas! I have not always been true to myself. My mind misgives me, that I shall die in bondage, and that this bold attempt

will cost all our lives. It was foretold me by a soothsayer in France, that I should die in prison, and by a violent death, and here comes the hour—O, would to God, it had found me prepared!' 'Madam, said Catherine Seyton, 'remember you are a queen. Better we had all died, in bravely attempting to gain our freedom, than remained here to be poisoned, as men rid them of the noxious vermin that haunt old houses.' 'You are right, Catherine,' said the Queen, 'and Mary will bear her like herself. But, alas! your young and buoyant spirit can ill spell the causes which have broken mine. Forgive me, my children, and farewell for a while—I will prepare both mind and body for this awful sentence.' "

We will conclude with the animated description of the parting interview between Malcolm Græme and her grandson.

"Seizing Roland's hand, she led him to the Queen's feet, kneeling herself upon one knee, and causing him to kneel on both. 'Mighty princess,' she said, 'look on this flower—it was found by a kindly stranger on a bloody field of battle, and long it was ere my anxious eyes saw, and my arms pressed all that was left of my only daughter. For your sake, and for that of the holy faith we profess, I could leave this plant, while it was yet tender, to the nurture of strangers—aye, of enemies, to whom, perchance, his blood would have been as wine, had the heretic Glendinning known that he had in his house the heir of of Julian Avenel. Since then I have seen him only in a few hours doubt and I now part with the child of my love—forever—forever. O for every weary step I have made in your rightful cause, in this and in foreign lands, give protection to the child whom I must no more call mine!' 'I swear to you, mother,' said the Queen, deeply affected, 'that for your sake and his own, his happiness and fortunes shall be our charge!' 'I thank you, daughter of princes,' said Magdalen, and pressed her lips, first to the Queen's hand, then to the brow of her grandson. 'And now,' she said, drying her tears, and rising with dignity; 'Earth has had its own, and Heaven claims the rest. Lioness of Scotland, go forth and conquer, and if the prayers of a devoted votaress can avail thee, they will rise in many a land, and from many a distant shrine. I will glide like a ghost from land to land, from temple to temple; and where the very name of my country is unknown, the priests shall ask who is the Queen of that distant northern land, for whom the aged pilgrim was so fervent in prayer. Farewell, honour be thine, and earthly prosperity, if it be the will of God—if not, may the penance thou shalt do here, ensure thee happiness hereafter. Let no one speak or follow me—my resolution is taken—my vow cannot be cancelled.' "

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

A work has lately been published by Louis Buonaparte, ex king of Holland, which has excited a great interest in Europe, and has been translated into German, English, Dutch, and Italian. It contains a history of the events which led to his nomination of the crown of Holland, an account of his administration and abdication, and of the efforts which he afterwards made to re-establish himself on the throne. As the work is official it is interesting. It contains many unpublished letters of considerable length written by the Emperor Napoleon. It appears that Louis acted from conscientious principles in the government of the country to which his brother had assigned him. This he did to such an extent as to draw upon him the Emperor's indignation, who levied a non intercourse between France and Holland, and threatened an occupation of the latter. As Louis considered the prosperity of Holland dependent on her commerce, it would seem that he persisted in refusing to give his entire compliance with the continental system till his abdication. After this event he lived in obscurity till the reverses of the northern campaign, when he made an offer to his brother to take Holland out of his way by resuming the government, and was pretty harshly treated in return. The whole book is an amusing specimen of the manner in which Napoleon arranged at a word the vital interests of the vast governments of Europe. During the campaign of Paris, Louis wrote a most elaborate letter to the magistrates of Amsterdam to attempt to obtain their nomination of him to the crown. It must have been a singular delusion, which led him to think it practicable to oppose the policy of his brother, which alone placed him on the throne, and alone could keep him there. The book has no pretensions to literary merit.

A volume of poems has lately been published in Boston of rather more claims to notice than usual. It consists of two pieces of some length, Judith and Esther, and a large number of minor poems. It is evidently by a lady, and is pretty, lady-like poetry. The author seems to have drawn considerably on the inspiration of Chateaubriand, and to have travelled considerably in our northern forests. A good deal of the beauty of some of the minor pieces depends on the botanical allusions, which sound appropriately on a lady's lips. On the whole, if the author has neglected no

more important pursuits, it is pleasant to have her succeed so well in this.

Mr. Gould, principal of the Latin School in Boston, has published a "Prize Book," containing some English Essays, and some Latin and English Poems, to which prizes have been adjudged. It seems that there is a fund of $110 annually for five years, which has been raised by subscription. Some of the Latin poetry is excellent, and the English not bad.

An American novel, said to be by the author of the Sketch Book, has been published at New York, "Giovanni Sbogarro." It is pretty well written, greatly superior to the usual quality of the productions which load the Minerva Press at London. The story is next to nothing, but some of the allusions, and the descriptions of scenery, are not without merit.

A new Literary Journal, larger in dimensions at least than any periodical work we know, has just commenced at New York, the "Quarterly Repository." It professes to contain extracts from English Reviews, with some original articles. In the number, which we have seen, the original matter bears a very small proportion to the foreign. The editor is said to be Colonel Gardner, lately, or still, of the United States' army, who was engaged at Chippewa, &c.

Dr. Ware, Professor at Cambridge, has published Letters to Calvinists and Trinitarians, a balance for Dr. Wood's Letters to Unitarians. We have not had an opportunity of reading this pamphlet, but it is said to be written in a manner worthy of the temper and talents of the amiable and sensible author.

A young American has published a poem called Percy's Masque, which is certainly very charming. A considerable knowledge of English history is displayed with great simplicity, propriety, and sweetness of execution. Some of the poetry in it is really good, and all pretty. It shows at least a well cultivated taste, and is the evidence of an accomplished mind, if not of a brilliant genius. It reminds one of Leigh Hunt's Descent of Liberty.

A new work of some value, not only to the lawyer, but to the scholar and the citizen, is proposed to be published semiannually under the superintendence of the Hon. William Griffith of New-Jersey. It is to be entitled "The Law Register of the United States," and is to contain, according to the plan laid down in the prospectus, a great variety of

valuable and interesting matter. Among other heads, it will comprise notices of the national and state constitutions; of statute laws and judicial decisions in relation to property, the rights of aliens, bankrupts and insolvents, commercial transactions &c:—also of such Law Reports as are of general importance, with references to the books in which they may be found at large; and indeed of law books in general. It is to be published in Burlington, New Jersey, in half volumes of at least 250 pages, at five dollars per annum. The editor is said to be "an industrious and learned lawyer, whose professional repute and general character are such as to inspire confidence in the execution of the useful enterprise which he announces."

The following poem of Lord Byron has never, to our knowledge, been reprinted in America.

1

When we two parted
In silence and tears,
Half broken-hearted
To sever for years,
Pale grew thy cheek and cold,
Cold was thy kiss;
Surely that hour foretold
Sorrow to this.

2

The dew of the morning
Fell chill on my brow;
It felt like the warning
Of what I feel now.
Thy vows are all broken,
And light is thy fame;
I hear thy name spoken
And share in its shame.

3

They name thee before me,
A spell to mine ear:
A shudder comes o'er me,
Why wert thou so dear?
They know not I knew thee,
Who knew thee too well;
Long, long, shall I rue thee
Too deeply to tell.

4

In silence we met,
In silence I grieve
That thy heart could forget,
And thy spirit deceive.
If I should meet thee
After long years,
How should I greet thee?
In silence and tears.

POETRY.

The following Lines were presented, among those from several other persons, on the 18th of May, to an accomplished married Lady, as a Birth Day compliment to her Virtues.

An ode, a Birth-Day ode prepare,
It is Louisa's natal day;
The Muses to her court repair,
And join to sing their choicest lay.
Prophetic on her birth they smil'd,
Her future worth in vision shone,
They saw and mark'd the lovely child,
Her parents' favorite and their own.
Delighted, they Apollo hear;
The god's own voice speaks in the lyre:
"This child henceforth be yours to rear,
"Her soul with every grace inspire.
"Her mind with wisdom's light illume,
"Her breast with pure affections warm,
"Let joys maternal round her bloom,
"And lend to life its sweetest charm.
"Divine Philosophy's bright page
"To her inquiring eye disclose,
"To youth impart the fruits of age,
"Immortal youth on wisdom grows."

Thus spake the god: the Sisters fair,
In choral song descending move,
To Pierus the infant bear,
The adopted daughter of their love.
Grave Clio taught, with faithful tongue,

And accent slow, historic lore;
CALLIOPE's heroic song
Unlock'd the glorious epic's store.
MELPOMENE, with tearful eye,
With trembling lips and aching breast,
Unveil'd the woes of tragedy,
And Pity's melting soul address'd.
THALIA next all mirth appears,
With comic mask and wit to play,
To charm our grief, beguile our tears,
And make e'en cherish'd sorrow gay.
The harp of fair TERPSICHORE,
EUTERPE's flute of magic sound,
Imbued her soul with melody,
And drew enchanted spirits round.
Sweet ERATO, the heart's fond power,
Breath'd o'er her breast love's hallow'd air
And, joyous, hail'd the future hour,
When love an equal love might share.
POLYMNIA, with skill refined,
Ingenuous truth's persuasion taught,
Just views with sentiment combined,
The useful with the tasteful wrought.
But chief URANIA, chosen Muse,
Most sacred of the sacred Nine,
Whose lips Castalia's holiest dews
Have touch'd with incense more divine,
Who would immortal minds inspire
With hopes and aims immortal too,
Who warms the breast with heavenly fire,
And leads to pleasures ever new,—
This muse of *mind*, of moral truth,
URANIA chief Louisa taught,
To wisdom joined the heart of youth,
Simplicity with knowledge brought.

Instructed thus, behold her now
A wife and mother's station fill;
Around her, social friendships glow;
The Muses lend their favors still.
Joy then to this her Natal Day,
We hail it with a grateful song;
This EIGHTEENTH DAY of merry May,
Shall many a cheerful ode prolong.

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Remarks made on a short Tour between Hartford and Quebec in the Autumn of 1819, by the author of a Journal of Travels in England, Holland, and Scotland. *New Haven,* printed and published by S Converse, 1820. pp, 407, duodecimo.

THIS book is a lively and entertaining record of first impressions. For a work of this kind, the author in his foreign tour, proved himself to be as happily constituted as, in his American Journal of Science, he has shewn himself qualified to make liberal contributions to our present stock of knowledge in experimental philosophy. A book of first impressions, written by a man of cultivation and taste, cannot fail to be both instructive and agreeable. Talent, though of a different sort, is as indispensable to seize and preserve such impressions with fidelity and vivacity, as to collect and arrange the slow and patient operations of the mind in a more formal and imposing course of inquiry. Indeed, a man may become eminent for attainments in physical science, who has little of what is appropriately called genius, or even of what is necessary to the study of his own faculties. To us, Professor Silliman appears as advantageously in discerning, feeling, catching, and describing the beauties of a morning at Lake George, as in giving the geology of its mountains. We think in fact, that mental powers of a superior kind are required for the first. Although we are ardent admirers and supporters of all the sciences, whose object is to explain the phenomena of matter, we are far from allowing more glory to success in any of these than to success in explaining the phenomena of mind.

We have heard some readers speak of the Tour to Que-

bec as containing too much that is light and unimportant; but we do not in the least assent to the propriety of this representation. The book meets its pretensions, and is a useful and most agreeable manual for all persons taking the same journey. Were we about to travel over the ground, we should feel ourselves peculiarly obliged to the author for having collected, in so pleasing a manner, the most interesting facts and observations connected with the great events which have happened there, and which cannot fail to engage the attention and sympathy of every American reader. The historical details are happily selected, and well condensed. We have indeed often been over them before, but we are willing to go over them again, and as many times more in succession as they shall be combined and presented anew with as much feeling and judgement as this gentleman brings to the task. We should think but poorly of our patriotism and sensibility if we could not say this with cordiality. Mr. Silliman writes with so much simplicity, with moral feelings so pure and excellent, with such freedom from artifice and affectation, and lays open the emotions of his heart with so little fear of ridicule, that we are not only entertained as we read, but find ourselves attached to the man, and improved by our sympathy with his affections. It is delightful to be let into the familiar operations of a benevolent and cultivated mind in regard to the common occurrences of life, and the perpetually changing incidents of a journey. There is a degree of *naivete* in these Remarks, with which we are gratified and refreshed. Minutiæ, both of feeling and of circumstances, are occasionally mentioned in a manner that at first amuses, but immediately afterward pleases us in a higher form, and excites our approbation and esteem. There is great felicity in his mode of letting out his slight personal anxieties and gratifications. There is just enough of local habits of thinking, feeling, and judging, occasionally exhibited, to satisfy us of the sincerity and genuineness of the writer's claims to the gratitude of his native state, and to show us that travelling and science have not perfectly *generalized* his affections. He is, in nearly all instances, liberal and fair; and even when he makes some remarks about cards, theatres, and races, which may be considered as somewhat too puritanical for the age, or for his own intelligence, he still preserves the benevolent cast of his mind, and appears no less amiable and excellent than before. We approve his delicacy in the limits, which he has observed in

relating anecdotes of private character, and in giving praise to living persons; but we should have justified him in carrying this part of his journal considerably further. We are, from reflection, convinced, that much useful instruction and innocent enjoyment are withheld from the community by a too cautious fear that the sense of propriety, which hospitable and enlightened persons wish to cherish, may be wounded even by a judicious publication of the observations made in our itineraries in praise of their manners and virtues. Let us curtail the licentious freedom of our newspapers in regard to the sanctity of private character, and add to the liberty of amiable, discreet, and scientific tourists. Every reader rejoices in the admirable use, that Peter, in his "Letters to his Kinsfolk," has made of this liberty in reference to the distinguished personages of Scotland. We are aware that the wish, which we here express, may be easily interpreted so as to justify excess and abuse; but the same danger attends the expression of every important sentiment. Discretion must invariably be called in to regulate the application of all advice and of every principle to practice. Qualifications and guards are endless, and can never be detailed in writing.

We intend to select some parts of Mr. Silliman's work as specimens of its character, and shall gratify our readers with the extracts; but at present, we turn our attention, for a moment, to the engravings. When we consider that Mr. Jocelyn is very young and self taught, it must be allowed that these are delicate and beautiful, particularly the two devoted to Monte Video. The most striking, that which has the most relief and character, which marks the most freedom, and which most excites the mind, is the view of Quebec from the Chaudiere. It is a good subject, and is well managed both by the painter and the engraver. It has many excellent points, a bold outline, fine contrasts, deep shadows and strong lights, and a great variety of objects. The *clear obscure*, in which the Chaudiere and the hill are given, is an advantageous exhibition of its importance and utility, and the eye loves to retire into it from the blaze of the illuminated stream and the high castellated rock of Quebec. Soon however it is invited away by the peculiarly well drawn and venerable tree, through which it eagerly contemplates the brilliant evening sky and the consecrated plains of Abraham.

The sketches of Lake George are not so interesting as

several others, which we have seen. The Falls of Montmorenci fail to inspire us with the feelings, which ought to be produced by their height, their vapour, and the boldness of the cliffs. The second print of Monte Video, to which we have already referred, is a charming subject. The hill and tower appear to very great advantage, as well as the grounds about the mansion. The lake is rendered much more lively than in the first engraving, by the sequestered summer house on its shore embowered amid trees, and by the distinctness of the persons and pennons in the barge. We assent to all that Mr. Silliman has said of this romantic and singular villa, and do not think that the beauty, grandeur, and interest of its scenery can easily be exaggerated by description. We should like much to see a view of it taken from the valley on the west. We want some aid to give us a just idea of its height and seclusion. Were such a villa in any part of Europe, views of it would be indefinitely multiplied from all points and under all aspects.

The talent of sketching natural scenery with fidelity and taste is one of the most enviable, that an accomplished gentleman or lady can possess as a qualification for travelling. We felicitate Mr. Wadsworth upon his skill in this art, and upon his habit of employing it. The readers of the Journal are greatly indebted to him for the interest thus added to the work. We are enabled to feel as though we had personally seen Quebec, and sailed upon the river to the most remarkable points in its vicinity. We wish that it were in our power to persuade those of both sexes, who are pursuing liberal studies, and who make any pretensions to the cultivation of taste and the fine arts, early to devote their attention to drawing, and to the laws of perspective. We are satiated with the bad copies of European pictures, which are so assiduously and laboriously made by our children at boarding schools, and which put us to a great expense for a frivolous accomplishment, when even less expense, properly applied, might have obtained for them an accomplishment of real utility and of great dignity and value. We wish to be emphatic and urgent upon this subject, and to effect, if possible, some change in the course of our education as it respects the employment of the pencil. We have, in every part of the United States, natural scenery of the finest kind, and we are accustomed to travel as much as any people in the world. But how few of these scenes are presented to us on canvass, and how much is

our country dishonoured by this persevering neglect! Some individuals have indeed put into colours American Scenery, or filled their private port folios with excellent and animated drawings in lead. These however, rarely get into the engraver's hands, and the public are never benefitted by them. They will be lost, or effaced, or forgotten. Let us encourage genius and taste, industry and skill, both in the painter and the engraver, and have books of American Views in the libraries and parlours of the rich and the cultivated, instead of the loads of newspapers, and the piles of magazines of stale selections, which now so constantly meet our eye, and balk our desire for amusement and gratification. Our own state of Kentucky has already furnished many admirable subjects for the pencil, which have been happily selected and celebrated by the talents of an artist who was equally distinguished for his classical and mathematical attainments, and for his devotion to the grand, the beautiful, and the picturesque, in the works of nature. Few events, in relation to this class of interests, would delight us more than to see the views, which the late GEORGE BECK, ESQ. took of various points of the Kentucky River and its cliffs, engraved in our own country, on a scale, and in a style, worthy of the sketches and of their subjects. It mortifies us to see the best efforts of our artists exhausted upon the engraving of bank bills, and a degree of talent wasted upon this mercenary subject, which would, had it been as strenuously devoted to the fine arts, have made some of our countrymen the rivals of the great Florentine, Raphael Morghen. Our western youth, daughters as well as sons, ought particularly to learn and practise the art of making sketches from nature. The world of landscape about us is almost, as yet, untouched. What a treasure have we in the Ohio, the Mississippi, and innumerable points of the picturesque on the Missouri; in such high and rocky cliffs, for instance, as those which are crowned with shot towers at Herculaneum; in the range of imposing walls along the American Bottom now deserted by the Father of Floods; and in the scenery spread out before the Mammelles to the Illinois and to the junction of the two greatest rivers in the world! No tourists will make themselves more interesting to the public, both at home and abroad, than those, who will present to our eyes select portions of this inexhaustible store of beauty and sublimity.

We now return to Mr. Silliman, and take up a variety of particulars, which we noted as we perused his Remarks.

Monte Video, the two interesting prints of which we have already introduced to the attention of our readers, is characterized by such wild and uncommon features, that we make no effort to resist our inclination to extract the description of it, both for itself, and as a favorable specimen of the author's manner of writing in this department of his book.

"After constantly ascending, for nearly three miles, we reached the highest ridge of the mountain, from which a steep declivity of a few rods brought us to a small rude plain, terminated at a short distance by the western brow, down which the same fine turnpike is continued. From this plain, the traveller who wishes to visit a spot called Monte Video, remarkable for the extraordinary beauty of its natural scenery, will turn directly to the north, into an obscure road, cut through the woods by the proprietor of the place to which it conducts. The road is rough, and the view bounded on the east by the ridge, which, in many places, rises in perpendicular cliffs to more than one hundred feet above the general surface of the summit of the mountain. On the west, you are so shut in by trees, that it is only occasionally, and for a moment, that you perceive there is a valley immediately below you.

At the end of a mile and a half, the road terminates at a tenant's house, built in the Gothic style, and through a gate of the same description you enter the cultivated part of this very singular country residence.

Here the scene is immediately changed. The trees no longer intercept your view upon the left, and you look almost perpendicularly into a valley of extreme beauty, and great extent, in the highest state of cultivation, and which, although apparently within reach, is six hundred and forty feet below you. At the right, the ridge, which has, until now, been your boundary, and seemed an impassable barrier, suddenly breaks off and disappears, but rises again at the distance of half a mile in bold grey masses to the height of one hundred and twenty feet, crowned by forest trees, above which appears a tower of the same colour as the rocks.

The space or hollow, caused by the absence of the ridge, or what may very properly be called the *back bone* of the mountain, is occupied by a deep lake of the purest water, nearly half a mile in length, and somewhat less than half that width. Directly before you, to the north, from the cottage or tenant's house and extending half a mile, is a scene of cultivation, unenclosed, and interspersed with trees, in the centre of which

stands the house. The ground is gently undulating, bounded on the west by the precipice which overlooks the Farmington valley, and inclining gently to the east, where it is terminated by the fine margin of trees, that skirt the lake. After entering the gate, a broad foot-path leaving the carriage road passes off to the left, and is carried along the western brow of the mountain, until, passing the house, and reaching the northern extremity of this little domain, it conducts you, almost imperceptibly, round to the foot of the cliffs on which the Tower stands. It then gradually passes down to the northern extremity of the lake, where it unites with other paths, at a white picturesque building, overshadowed with trees standing on the edge of the water, commanding a view of the whole of it, and open on every side during the warm weather, forming at that season a delightful summer house, and in the winter, being closed, it serves as a shelter for the boat. There is also another path which, beginning at the gate, but leading in a contrary direction and passing to the right, conducts you up the ridge to what is now the summit of the south rock, whose top, having fallen off, lies scattered in huge fragments and massy ruins around and below you.

From this place you have a view of the lake; of the boat at anchor on its surface, gay with its streamers and snowy awning; of the white building at the north extremity; and, (rising immediately above it,) of forest trees, and bold rocks, intermingled with each other, and surmounted by the Tower.

To the west the lawn rises gradually from the water until it reaches the portico of the house, near the brow of the mountain, beyond which the western valley is again seen.

To the east and north the eye wanders over the great valley of Connecticut river, to an almost boundless distance, until the scene fades away among the blue and indistinct mountains of Massachusetts.

The carriage road, leaving the two foot-paths, just described, at the gate, passes the cottage and its appendages, inclining at first down towards the water, and then following the undulations of the ground, where the ascent is the easiest, winds gently up to the flat on which the house stands. Along this house the tower, the lake, &c. occasionally appear and disappear through the openings in the trees; in some parts of it all these objects are shut from your view, and in no part is the distant view seen, until passing through the last group of shrubbery near the house, you suddenly find yourself within a few yards of the brow of the mountain, and the valley with all its distinct minuteness immediately below, where every object is as perfectly visible as if placed upon a map. Through the whole of this lovely scene, which appears a perfect garden, the Farmington

river pursues its course, sometimes sparkling through imbowering trees, then stretching in a direct line, bordered with shrubbery, blue, and still like a clear canal, or bending in graceful sweeps round white farm houses or through meadows of the deepest green.

The view from the house towards the east, presents nothing but the lake at the foot of the lawn, bounded on the north and south by lofty cliffs, and on the opposite shore by a lower barrier of rocks, intermixed with foreign trees, from amongst which a road is seen to issue passing to the south along the brink of the water, and, although perfectly safe, appears to form, from that quarter, a dangerous entrance to this retired spot.

Every thing in this view is calculated to make an impression of the most entire seclusion; for, beyond the water and the open ground in the immediate neighbourhood of the house, rocks and forests alone meet the eye, and appear to separate you from all the rest of the world. But at the same moment that you are contemplating this picture of the deepest solitude, you may without leaving your place, merely by changing your position, see through one of the long Gothic windows of the same room, which reach to a level with the turf, the glowing western valley, one vast sheet of cultivation, filled with inhabitants, and so near that with the aid only of a common spy-glass you distinguish the motions of every individual who is abroad in the neighbouring village, even to the frolicks of the children, and the active industry of the domestic fowls seeking their food or watching over, and providing for their young. And from the same window, when the morning mist, shrouding the world below and frequently hiding it completely from view, still leaves the summit of the mountain in clear sunshine, you may hear through the dense medium the mingled sounds, occasioned by preparation for the rural occupations of the day.

From the boat or summer house several paths diverge; one of which, leading to the northeast, after passing through a narrow defile, is divided into two branches; the first passes round the lake and generally out of sight of it for a quarter of a mile, until, descending a very steep bank through a grove of evergreens, so dark as to be almost impervious to the rays of the sun even at noon day, it brings you suddenly and unexpectedly out upon the eastern margin of the water, into the same road which was seen from the opposite side, and from thence along it to the cottage beyond the foot of the south rock. The other branch of the path, after leaving the defile, passes to the east side of the northern ridge, and thence you ascend through the woods to its summit, where it terminates at the Tower, standing within a few rods of the edge of the precipice. The tower is a hexagon, of sixteen feet diameter and fifty five feet high; the ascent, of about eighty steps on the inside, is easy, and from the

top, which is nine hundred and sixty feet above the level of Connecticut river, you have at one view all those objects which have been seen separately from the different stations below. The diameter of the view in two directions is more than ninety miles, extending into the neighbouring states of Massachusetts and New York, and comprising the spires of more than thirty of the nearest towns and villages. The little spot of cultivation surrounding the house, and the lake at your feet with its picturesque appendages of boats, winding paths, and Gothic buildings, shut in by rocks and forests, compose the foreground of this grand Panorama.

On the western side, the Farmington valley appears in still greater beauty than even from the lower brow, and is seen to a greater extent, presenting many objects which were not visible from any other quarter. On the east is spread before you the great plain through which the Connecticut river winds its course, and upon the borders of which the towns and villages are traced for more than forty miles. The most considerable place within sight is Hartford, where, although at the distance of eight miles in a direct line, you see, with the aid of a glass, the carriages passing at the intersection of the streets, and distinctly trace the motion and position of the vessels, as they appear and vanish upon the river, whose broad sweeps are seen like a succession of lakes extending through the valley. The whole of this magnificent picture, including, in its vast extent, cultivated plains and rugged mountains, rivers, towns, and villages, is encircled by a distant outline of blue mountains, rising in shapes of endless variety." (pp, 10—16.)

The connexion, which subsists between the visible landscape and the geology of the region, is happily illustrated, and furnishes an occasion for an additional notice of Mr Wadsworth's country seat.

"Such are the outlines of the scenery, and of the rocks upon which it depends in the middle regions of Connecticut.

It enables us to understand the peculiarities of the beautiful and grand scenery of Monte Video, which makes this villa, with its surrounding objects, quite without a parallel in America, and probably with few in the world.

To advert again, briefly, to a few of its leading peculiarities. It stands upon the very top of one of the highest of the green stone ridges of Connecticut, at an elevation of more than one thousand two hundred feet above the sea, and of nearly seven hundred above the contiguous valley. The villa is almost upon the brow of the precipice; and a traveller in the Farmington valley sees it a solitary tenement, and in a place apparently both comfortless and inacccessible, standing upon the summit,

ready, he would almost imagine, to be swept away by the first blast from the mountain. The beautiful lake is on the top of the same lofty greenstone ridge, and within a few yards of the house; it pours its superfluous waters in a limpid stream down the mountain's side, and affords in winter the most pellucid ice that can be imagined. Arrived on the top of the mountain, and confining his attention to the scene at his feet, the traveller scarcely realizes that he is elevated above the common surface. The lake, the Gothic villa, farm house and offices, the gardens, orchards, and serpentine walks, conducting the stranger through all the varieties of mountain shade, and to the most interesting points of view, indicate a beautiful but peaceful scene; but, if he lift his eyes, he sees still above him on the north bold precipices of naked rock frowning like ancient battlements, and on one of the highest peaks the tall tower, rising above the trees, and bidding defiance to the storms. If he ascend to its top, he contemplates an extent of country that might constitute a kingdom, populous and beautiful, with villages, turrets, and towns; at one time he sees the massy magnificence of condensed vapour, which reposes, in a vast extent of fog and mist, on the Farmington and Connecticut rivers, and defines, with perfect exactness, all their windings; at another, the clouds roll below him, in wild grandeur, through the contiguous valley, and, should a thunder storm occur at evening, (an incident which every season presents,) he would view with delight, chastened by awe, the illuminated hills and corresponding hollows, which every where fill the vale west of the Talcot Mountain, and alternately appear and disappear with the flashes of lightning."

pp, 25, 27.

The unnecessary multiplication of houses for public worship in small parishes is justly, though not severely, censured. (p, 31.) This is an evil which is felt extensively in New England. The salaries, given to ministers of several rival and alienated congregations, would, if united, be a fair support for one well educated man, and would enable him to devote his whole time to his flock, unembarrassed by occupations foreign to his profession. In this manner his public services would be worthy of the dignity and importance of the station, and might be rendered deeply interesting to the community. The clerical character is very much injured, not only when the individual is in debt and unable to pay, but when he is cramped and harrassed by his want of means, and cannot meet the multiplied demands which must always come upon a professional man, and especially upon one who is considered as the property of the people. The ministers of religion in our country, out of the large

towns, very generally suffer, to an immense extent, for the want of books, and of the leisure necessary to study them with fidelity and success. At last also, the people suffer, for, if the teachers be ignorant and narrow minded, how can the taught, or those who ought to be taught, be enlightened and liberal?

On the subject of "American Inns," and the families who are found in them, (p, 32,) we agree with Mr. Silliman and with all sensible people. We have had occasion already, in our first volume, (pp, 243—245,) to express our sentiments with distinctness and animation, concerning "the folly and impudence of many English tourists" in their remarks upon our houses of entertainment, and upon the persons by whom they are kept. Such is the state of society among us at present, and such it will long continue to be, that our inn-keepers are in the most intelligent and repectable part of our population, especially when our cities are not included.

The account of the Shakers near New Lebanon in New York, (pp, 41—52,) is written, in the main, with a benevolent and an apologetical spirit. We were however sorry to see the word "*blasphemous*" applied, by so intelligent a casuist as our author, even with the softening note of interrogation that accompanies it. The essence of blasphemy is in the intention, in the state of the mind; and Mr. Silliman can have no design to deny the reality of a sincere Shaker's piety when he is singing his sacred songs. We think that the doctrines of this sect of Christians, although capable of an explanation which removes much of their apparent absurdity, are still burdened with a very large remainder, and are liable to insurmountable objections. We should not be entirely satisfied however with the analysis of Shakerism, as we find it in this Tour, were we at all inclined to join the sect, or to become its defenders. The writer does not appear to us to have read the large work, called "Christ's Second Appearing," or "Dunlavy's Manifesto," an octavo volume, when he says, in reference to the Shakers, "They rarely publish any thing respecting their own principles and habits." They have in fact given very full statements of their principles, and have labored, like other believers, to fortify their creed by numerous quotations from the Bible, and even by criticisms on the Hebrew and Greek originals. They do not differ so much, as is supposed, from the other followers of Christ, when we go beyond their *exoteri-*

cal faith, and enter fully into the *esoterical*. Their Christ is the redeeming, anointing, and consecrating operation of the spirit of God upon human nature, and is not limited to either sex, nor to any age or country. They believe that the Divine Being imparts this blessing, in greater or less degrees, to all the truly religious; and they worship Christ, apparently with great sincerity and zeal, wherever they find satisfactory manifestations of the Divine Gift or Operation. They do not consider the sex as affecting this question, nor do they attempt or wish to justify any of the acknowledged errors or sins of Ann Lee. While she was without the anointing grace of God, she was like other persons in the flesh, and served the world in the same manner. Her marriage and her children only prove, that she was once the property of Antichirst, but afterward, she was turned to God and received the First Gift granted, during her life, to any individual on earth. The Divine Spirit is not contaminated by taking any portion of human nature, which it may select, into union with itself. Even unregenerate persons may be used by God as instruments to accomplish his purposes, to convey his truth, to work miracles, to utter prophecies, and to show his power. Those, who were once wicked, may be sanctified, and may furnish a fit residence for a heavenly guest. Ann Lee was thus hallowed and honored. She is called *Mother*, not merely because she was a woman, but because she had the First Gift of the Holy Spirit at the time, and because the Holy Spirit, in its sanctifying influences, as distinguished from the creative or productive power of God the Father, is considered as maternal, as sustaining a character analogous to that of the Mother of the faithful. Properly speaking, God as creator is our Father, but as sanctifier and cherisher, is our mother. The Shakers do not appear to believe that God is actually and literally male and female, but that he has the affections and performs the offices both of Father and Mother in regard to his children. Jesus, being a male, and united to God, was a son, while Ann, being a female, and enjoying a similar union, was a daughter. Jesus however, when considered in relation to his disciples whom he has spiritually begotten in his church, may be denominated Father, as Ann, when considered in relation to her disciples, whom she has brought forth in her church, may be denominated Mother. The highest sense, in which a shaker uses Father, carries him to God as creator, while the highest sense, in which he

uses Mother, carries him to God as sanctifier. It is not our duty to defend these ideas and distinctions, but to state them as an article of justice toward the singular people, to whom they relate. Mr. Silliman seems not to have been perfectly initiated into the esoteric of their faith.

Another point in their creed, which it is somewhat interesting to know, is this, that New Lebanon in New-York is destined to be always the Metropolitan See, and its church the Vatican of Shakerism. The head or Pope, the individual or individuals having the First Gift on earth, enjoying the most intimate union with God, and appointed to give infallible directions to the people of the true faith, must always reside at New-Lebanon. This person, when the Gift falls upon one, may be either male or female; when the Gift falls jointly and equally on two, as it may, and they are of different sexes, they are then the Father and the Mother of believers. The common idea, that there is always an Elect Lady, who is the lawful successor of Ann Lee, is erroneous. It happens at this time that Lucy Wright of New-Lebanon is the Elect Lady, or has, as it may be otherwise expressed, the First Gift. But where the Gift is bestowed jointly and equally upon a male and a female, and the female should die first, the male would then be the Elect, and the will of Christ would be made known, by way of eminence, through him. Christ may be called *it*, as well as *he*, or *she;* and it depends on the circumstances of the particular application of the term, whether one of these pronouns, or another, shall be used. When the reference is to Jesus, it is proper to use the pronoun *he* for Christ; when to Ann, the pronoun *she;* and when to the operation of the Holy Spirit, without including any individual person as the instrument, the pronoun *it*.

We do not suppose it to be necessary for us as reviewers to go into further details upon this mystical subject. We only wish to furnish a clue to carry such of our readers through this theological labyrinth as may desire to gratify their curiosity in so great an extent. No faith is more easily misunderstood and misrepresented than that of the Shakers. The metaphysical explanation of it is so different from popular apprehension, that great pains, and some talent in conducting a moral analysis, are necessary to do justice to this remarkable sect. We may be in an error in what we have said, but we have given our impressions fairly, after having read their books and talked much with their

teachers. We might easily go on to show, that the doctrine of the trinity is considerably modified by them in comparison with the common form in which it is held, and that several other doctrines of theirs, besides the absurd one of celibacy, are not strictly orthodox; but we have not time to follow out such a plan of exposition. We can only say, that we admire the industry, temperance, neatness, systematic arrangement, and efficiency, of the clusters of Shakers, which we have visited.

We are happy to find, that as much justice, as words will allow, is done to the "scenery of New Lebanon." (p, 58.) The prospect from the gallery of the public house at the spring is delightful beyond the power of description.

When our author visits the capitol at Albany, his admiration is interrupted by the marks of a filthy practice, which he thus mentions in a note.

"I could not but regret that the tesselated marble pavement of the vestibule, otherwise very handsome, was shamefully dirtied by tobacco spittle: such a thing would not be suffered in Europe. It is however, unfortunately, only a sample of the too general treatment of public buildings, and places in the United States, and constitutes no *peculiar* topic of reproach in this instance; but it is particularly offensive in so fine a building."

pp, 66 67.

We agree entirely with Mr. Silliman in reprobating this vulgar habit, and in wishing for its speedy abolition. It is a national stain, which we ought to wash out of our manners, or it will be of little use to wash it out of our houses and temples.

We presume, that the following extract contains a compliment to Chancellor Kent, which is not the less acceptable because it is offered as an apology for one.

"Among the gentry and professional and literary men of Albany, there are individuals of distinguished eminence. But eminent men, of our own time and country, are rather too near for much minuteness of delineation. Were it not for the restraint thus imposed by delicacy, it would be a task, by no means ungrateful, to draw likenesses from the life, and to exhibit the combined effect of talent, learning, and social virtues. An American in Europe is free from this embarrassment, and should he there discover a mind of amazing vigor and activity—always glowing—always on the wing—replete with various and extensive knowledge, flowing out in the most rapid, ardent, and impressive eloquence, while simplicity and familiarity of man-

ners were associated with a high minded integrity and independence, he would fearlessly pronounce the possessor of such qualities an original and captivating man." (pp, 69, 70.)

Another notice of this gentleman on the same leaf easily guides and fixes our conjecture.

"The private library of Chancellor Kent does honour to him and to learning. It contains between two and three thousand volumes of choice books. The collection on jurisprudence embraces not only the English, but the Civil and French law. It contains Latin, Greek, English and French Classics, belles lettres, history, biography, travels, and books in most branches of human learning. The numerous manuscript remarks and annotations, on the blank leaves and margins of the books, evince that they are not a mere pageant, and at a future day will form some of the most interesting of our literary relics. p, 70.

In the tribute of respect to this distinguished scholar and able jurist we cordially unite.

The description of a singular horse ferry-boat may not only gratify our readers, but may be of practical use to some of them upon our western waters.

"The ferry boat is of most singular construction. A platform covers a wide flat boat. Underneath the platform there is a large horizontal solid wheel, which extends to the sides of the boat; and there the platform or deck is cut through and removed, so as to afford sufficient room for two horses to stand on the flat surface of the wheel, one horse on each side and parallel to the gunwale of the boat. The horses are harnessed, in the usual manner for teams, the whiffle trees being attached to stout iron bars, fixed horizontally at a proper height into posts, which are a part of the fixed portion of the boat. The horses look in opposite directions, one to the bow and the other to the stern; their feet take hold of channels, or groves, cut in the wheels in the direction of radii; they press forward, and, although they advance not, any more than a squirrel in a revolving cage or than a spit dog at his work, their feet cause the horizontal wheel to revolve in a direction opposite to that of their own apparent motion; this, by a connection of cogs, moves two vertical wheels, one on each wing of the boat, and these, being constructed like the paddle wheels of steam boats, produce the same effect, and propel the boat forward. The horses are covered by a roof, furnished with curtains, to protect them in bad weather; and do not appear to labour harder than common draft horses with a heavy load.

The inventor of this boat is Mr. LANGDON, of Whitehall, and

it claims the important advantages of simplicity, cheapness, and effect. At first view the labour appears like a hardship upon the horses, but probably this is an illusion, as it seems very immaterial to their comfort whether they advance with their load, or cause the basis, on which they labour, to recede."

pp, 75, 76.

The anecdote concerning lady Ackland, (p, 96,) though often told, will continue to be read with interest and admiration. The extracts from the letters of the Baroness Reidesel are well adapted to enlist all our sympathies. We select the following.

"The Baroness Reidesel, the lady of Major General the Baron Reidesel, in some very interesting letters of hers, published at Berlin in 1800, and in part republished in translation in Wilkinson's memoirs, states that she, with her three little children, (for she had, with this tender charge, followed the fortunes of her husband across the Atlantic, and through the horrors of the campaign,) occupied this house, which was the only refuge within protection of the British army. The rooms which it contained remain to this day as they then were, although some other rooms have been since added.

The house stood at that time, perhaps, one hundred yards from the river, at the foot of the hill; it was afterwards removed to the road side, close by the river, where it now stands.

The Baroness, with her little children, occupied the room in which we took tea, and General Frazer, when brought in wounded, was laid in the other room. In fact, as it was the only shelter that remained standing, it was soon converted into a hospital, and many other wounded and dying officers were brought to this melancholy refuge.

Thus a refined and delicate lady, educated in the elegance of affluence and of elevated rank, with her little children, was compelled to witness the agonies of bleeding and dying men, among whom some of her husband's and of her own particular friends expired before her eyes. She imparted to them of her few remaining comforts, and soothed them by offices of kindness. This distinguished lady was not without female companions, who shared her distresses, or felt with keenness their own misfortunes. Among them was lady Harriet Ackland, the wife of Major Ackland, who commanded the British grenadiers. Every thing that has been said of the Baroness Reidesel will apply to her. News came from time to time, from the heights, that one officer and another was killed, and among the rest that Major Ackland was desperately wounded, and a prisoner with the enemy.

Major (called in General Burgoyne's narrative *Colonel*) Ack-

land had been wounded in the battle of Hubberton, but had recovered and resumed the command of the Grenadiers. He was wounded the second time, in the battle of October 7, and found by General (then Colonel) Wilkinson, who gives the following interesting statement of the occurrence:——"With the troops I pursued the hard pressed, flying enemy, passing over killed and wounded, until I heard one exclaim, 'protect me, Sir, against this boy.' Turning my eyes, it was my fortune to arrest the purpose of a lad, thirteen or fourteen years old, in the act of taking aim at a wounded officer, who lay in the angle of a worm fence. Inquiring his rank, he answered, 'I had the honour to command the Grenadiers;' of course I knew him to be Major Ackland, who had been brought from the field to this place, on the back of Captain Shrimpton, of his own corps, under a heavy fire, and was deposited here to save the lives of both."

"I dismounted, took him by the hand and expressed hopes that he was not badly wounded; 'not badly,' replied this gallant officer and accomplished gentleman, 'but very inconveniently; I am shot through both legs; will you, Sir, have the goodness to have me conveyed to your camp?' I directed my servant to alight, and we lifted Ackland into his (the servant's) seat, and ordered him to be conducted to head quarters."

Two other ladies, who were in the same house with madam Reidesel, received news, the one that her husband was wounded, and the other that hers was slain; and the Baroness herself expected every moment to hear similar tidings; for the baron's duties, as commander in chief of the German troops, required him to be frequently exposed to the most imminent perils.

The Baroness Reidesel gives, in her narrative, the following recital respecting General Frazer's death:—"Severe trials awaited us, and on the 7th of October our misfortunes began; I was at breakfast with my husband, and heard that something was intended. On the same day I expected the Generals Burgoyne, Philips, and Frazer to dine with us. I saw a great movement among the troops, my husband told me it was a reconnoisance, which gave me no concern as it often happened. I walked out of the house, and met several Indians, in their war dresses, with guns in their hands. When I asked them where they were going, they cried out War! War! (meaning that they were going to battle.)—This filled me with apprehensions, and I had scarcely got home before I heard reports of cannon and musketry, which grew louder by degrees till at last the noise became excessive. About four o'clock in the afternoon, instead of the guests, whom I expected, General Frazer was brought, on a litter, mortally wounded. The table, which was already set, was instantly removed, and a bed placed in its stead for the wounded General. I sat trembling in a cor-

ner; the noise grew louder and the alarm increased: the thought that my husband might, perhaps, be brought in, wounded in the same manner, was terrible to me and distressed me exceedingly.

General Frazer said to the surgeon, 'tell me if my wound is mortal, do not flatter me.' The ball had passed through his body, and, unhappily for the General, he had eaten a very hearty breakfast, by which the stomach was distended, and the ball, as the surgeon said, had passed through it. I heard him often exclaim, with a sigh, 'O FATAL AMBITION! POOR GENERAL BURGOYNE! O MY POOR WIFE!' He was asked if he had any request to make, to which he replied, that 'IF GENERAL BURGOYNE WOULD PERMIT IT, HE SHOULD LIKE TO BE BURIED at 6 o'CLOCK IN THE EVENING, ON THE TOP OF A MOUNTAIN, IN A REDOUBT WHICH HAD BEEN BUILT THERE.' Towards evening I saw my husband coming; then I forgot all my sorrows, and thanked God that he was spared to me."

The German Baroness spent much of the night in comforting lady Harriet Ackland, and in taking care of her children, whom she had put to bed. Of herself she says—"I could not go to sleep, as I had General Frazer and all the other wounded gentlemen in my room, and I was sadly afraid my children would awake, and by their crying, disturb the dying man, in his last moments, who often addressed me, and apologised *'for the trouble he gave me.'* About three o'clock in the morning, I was told, he could not hold out much longer; I had desired to be informed of the near approach of this sad crisis, and I then wrapped up my children in their clothes, and went with them into the room below. About eight o'clock in the morning he *died.* After he was laid out, and his corspe wrapped up in a sheet, we came again into the room, and we had this sorrowful sight before us the whole day; and, to add to the melancholy scene, almost every moment some officer of my acquaintance was brought in wounded."

What a situation for delicate females—a small house, filled with bleeding and expiring men—the battle roaring and raging all around—little children to be soothed and protected, and female domestics, in despair, to be comforted—cordials and aids, such as were attainable, to be administered to the wounded and dying—ruin impending over the army, and they knew not what insults, worse than death, might await themselves, from those whom they had been taught to consider as base, as well as cowardly.

Both these illustrious females learned, not long after, a different lesson. I have already remarked, that Major Ackland was wounded and taken prisoner. His lady, with heroic courage, and exemplary conjugal tenderness, passed down the river, to our army, with a letter from General Burgoyne to General

Gates, and although somewhat detained on the river, because it was night when she arrived, and the centinel could not permit her to land, till he had received orders from his superior, she was, as soon as her errand was made known, received by the Americans, with the utmost respect, kindness, and delicacy. Her husband, many years after the war, even lost his life in a duel, which he fought with an officer, who called the Americans cowards. Ackland espoused their cause, and vindicated it in this quarter." (pp, 90—96.)

The record of General Schuyler's humanity embalms his memory for ever.

"After the surrender, and the officer had gone over to General Gates' army, General Reidesel sent a message to his lady, to come to him with her children. She says in her narrative, "I seated myself once more in my dear calash, and then rode through the American camp. As I passed on, I observed, (and this was a great consolation to me,) that no one eyed me with looks of resentment, but they all greeted us, and even shewed compassion in their countenances, at the sight of a woman with small children. I was, I confess, afraid to go over to the enemy, as it was quite a new situation to me. When I drew near the tents, a handsome man approached and met me, *took my children from the calash, and hugged and kissed them, which affected me almost to tears.* 'You tremble,' said he, addressing himself to me, 'be not afraid.' 'No,' I answered, 'you seem so *kind* and *tender* to my children, it inspires me with courage.' He now led me to the tent of General Gates."——"All the Generals remained to dine with General Gates."

"The same gentleman who received me so kindly, now came and said to me, 'You will be very much embarrassed to eat with all these gentlemen; come with your children to my tent, where I will prepare for you a frugal dinner, and give it with a free will.' I said, 'YOU ARE CERTAINLY A HUSBAND AND A FATHER, you have shewn me so much kindness.'

"I now found that he was General SCHUYLER. He treated me with excellent smoked tongue, beef steaks, potatoes, and good bread and butter! Never could I have wished to eat a better dinner: I was content; I saw all around me were so likewise; and what was better than all, my husband was out of danger! When we had dined, he told me his residence was at Albany, and that General Burgoyne intended to honour him as his guest, and invited myself and children to do so likewise. I asked my husband how I should act; he told me to accept the invitation."——"Some days after this, we arrived at Albany, where we often wished ourselves; but, we did not enter it, as we expected we should, victors! We were received by the good General Schuyler, his wife, and daughters, not as ene-

mies, but kind friends; and they treated us with the most marked attention and politeness, as they did General Burgoyne, who had caused General Schuyler's beautifully finished house to be burnt; in fact they behaved like persons of exalted minds, who determined to bury all recollection of *their own* injuries in the contemplation of *our* misfortunes. General Burgoyne was struck with General Schuyler's generosity, and said to him, 'You shew me great kindness, although I have done you much injury.' '*That was the fate of war*,' replied the brave man, 'let us say no more about it.'"

Thus, not only General Burgoyne, but a number of the most distinguished officers of the army, including Baron Reidesel and Major Ackland, and their ladies, were actually lodged for weeks, and most hospitably entertained. in the house of the man, whose elegant villa at Saratoga, they had wantonly burnt, and whose fine estate there they had spoiled." (pp, 99—101.)

What a situation have we, in which this same baroness was placed during the battle!

"To protect his family from shot, General Reidesel, soon after their arrival at Saratoga, directed them to take shelter in a house not far off. They had scarcely reached it, before a terrible cannonade was directed against that very house, upon the mistaken idea that all the Generals were assembled in it. 'Alas,' adds the Baroness, 'it contained none but wounded and women; we were at last obliged to resort to the cellar for refuge, and, in one corner of this, I remained the whole day, my children sleeping on the earth, with their heads in my lap, and, in the same situation, I passed a sleepless night. Eleven cannon balls passed through the house, and we could distinctly hear them roll away. One poor soldier, who was lying on a table for the purpose of having his leg amputated, was struck by a shot which carried away his other; his comrades had left him, and when we went to his assistance we found him in a corner of the room, into which he had crept, more dead than alive, scarcely breathing. My reflections on the danger to which my husband was exposed, now agonized me exceedingly, and the thoughts of my children, and the necessity of struggling for their preservation, alone sustained me.' A horse of General Reidesal was in constant readiness for his lady to mount, in case of a sudden retreat, and three wounded English officers, who lodged in the same house, had made her a solemn promise that they would, each of them, take one of her children upon a horse, and fly with them, when such a measure should become necessary. She was in a state of wretchedness on account of her husband, who was in constant danger, exposed all day to the shot, and never entering his tent to sleep, but, notwithstanding the great cold, lying down whole nights by the watch fires.

'In this horrid situation,' they remained six days, till the cessation of hostilities, which ended in a convention for the surrender of the army; the treaty was signed on the sixteenth, and the army surrendered the next day." (pp, 119—120.)

We would pass over the massacre of Miss McCrea, without calling the attention of our readers to it, were it not that every motive, which can be furnished against employing Indians in our wars, ought to be added to the common mass of dissuasives both among Europeans and Americans.

"The story of this unfortunate young lady is well known, nor should I mention it now, but for the fact, that the place of her murder was pointed out to us near Fort Edward.

"We saw and conversed with a person, who was acquainted with her, and with her family; they resided in the village of Fort Edward.

It seems she was betrothed to a Mr. Jones, an American refugee, who was with Burgoyne's army, and being anxious to obtain possession of his expected bride, he dispatched a party of Indians to escort her to the British army. Where were his affection and his gallantry, that he did not go himself, or at least that he did not accompany his savage emissaries!

Sorely against the wishes and remonstrances of her friends, she committed herself to the care of these fiends;—strange infatuation in her lover, to solicit such a confidence—stranger presumption in her, to yield to his wishes; what treatment had she not a right to expect from such guardians!

The party set forward, and she on horseback; they had proceeded not more than half a mile from Fort Edward, when they arrived at a spring and halted to drink. The impatient lover had, in the mean time, dispatched a second party of Indians on the same errand; they came, at the unfortunate moment, to the same spring, and a collision immediately ensued as to the promised reward.

Both parties were now attacked by the whites, and at the end of the conflict the unhappy young woman was found tomahawked, scalped, and (as is said) tied fast to a pine tree just by the spring. Tradition reports, that the Indians divided the scalp, and that each party carried half of it to the agonized lover.

This beautiful spring, which still flows limpid and cool from a bank near the road side, and this fatal tree, we saw. The tree, which is a large and ancient pine, 'fit for the mast of some tall admiral' is wounded, in many places, by the balls of the whites fired at the Indians; they have been dug out as far as they could be reached, but others still remain in this ancient tree, which seems a striking emblem of wounded innocence, and the trunk, twisted off at a considerable elevation by some

violent wind that has left only a few mutilated branches, is a happy, although painful memorial of the fate of Jenne M'Crea.

Her name is inscribed on the tree, with the date 1777, and no traveller passes this spot without spending a plaintive moment in contemplating the untimely fate of youth and loveliness.

The murder of Miss M'Crea, a deed of such atrocity and cruelty as scarcely to admit of aggravation) occurring as it did, at the moment when General Burgoye, whose army was then at Fort Anne, was bringing with him to the invasion of the American States hordes of savages, 'those hell hounds of war,' whose known and established modes of warfare were those of promiscuous massacre, electrified the whole continent, and indeed the civilized world, producing an universal burst of horror and indignation. General Gates did not fail to profit by the circumstance, and in a severe, but *too personal* remonstrance, which he addressed to General Burgoyne, charged him with the guilt of the murder, and with that of many other similar atrocities. His *real guilt*, or that of his government, was *in employing the savages at all* in the war; in other respects he appears to have had no concern with the transaction; in his reply to General Gates, he thus vindicates himself: 'In regard to Miss M'Crea, her fall wanted not the tragic display you have laboured to give it, to make it as sincerely lamented and abhorred by me as it can be by the tenderest of her friends. The fact was no premeditated barbarity. On the contrary, two chiefs who had brought her off for the purpose of security, not of violence to her person, disputed which should be her guard, and in a fit of savage passion in one, from whose hands she was snatched, the unhappy woman became the victim. Upon the first intelligence of this event, I obliged the Indians to deliver the murderer into my hands, and though to have punished him by our laws, or principles of justice, would have been perhaps unprecedented, he certainly should have suffered an ignominious death, had I not been convinced by my circumstances and observation, beyond the possibility of a doubt, that a pardon under the terms which I presented, and they accepted, would be more efficacious than an execution, to prevent similar mischiefs.'" (pp, 134—138.)

A note, concerning the massacre at Fort William Henry by Indians, (p, 161,) is almost too horrible to be put in print, but it may aid the object of the story above.

"Men and women had their throats cut, their bodies ripped open, and their bowels, with insult, thrown in their faces. Infants and children were barbarously taken by the heels; and their brains dashed out against stones and trees. The Indians

pursued the English nearly half the way to Fort Edward, where the greatest number of them arrived in a most forlorn condition."

From these scenes of ferocity and blood, we are delighted to turn to the beauties of nature and the charms of the landscape. We have already alluded to Mr. Silliman's morning at Lake George. We now give a part of the description of it as it was witnessed by himself and Mr. Wadsworth.

"Anxious to witness, from the surface of the lake, the first appearance of the sun's orb, we regained our boat, and, in a few moments, attained the desired position. Opposite to us, in the direction towards the rising sun, was a place or notch, lower than the general ridge of the mountains, and formed by the intersecting curves of two declivities.

Precisely through this place, were poured upon us the first rays, which darted down, as if in lines of burnished gold, diverging and distinct, as in a diagram; the ridge of the eastern mountains was fringed with fire, for many a mile; the numerous islands, so elegantly sprinkled through the lake, and which recently appeared and disappeared through the rolling clouds of mist, now received the direct rays of the sun, and formed so many gilded gardens; at last came the sun, 'rejoicing in his strength,' and, as he raised the upper edge of his burning disk into view in a circle of celestial fire, the sight was too glorious to behold;—it seemed, as the full orb was disclosed, as if he looked down with complacency, into one of the most beautiful spots in this lower world, and, as if gloriously representing his great creator, he pronounced 'it all very good.' I certainly never before saw the sun rise with such majesty. I have not exaggerated the effect, and, without doubt, it arises principally from the fact, that Lake George is so completely environed by a barrier of high mountains that it is in deep shade, while the world around is in light, and the sun, already risen for some time, does not dart a single ray upon this imprisoned lake, till, having gained a considerable elevation, he bursts, all at once, over the fiery ridge of the eastern mountains, and pours, not a horizontal, but a descending flood of light, which, instantly piercing the deep shadows, that rest on the lake, and on the western side of the eastern barrier, thus produces the finest possible effects of contrast. When the sun had attained a little height above the mountain, we observed a curious effect; a perfect cone of light, with its base towards the sun, lay upon the water, and, from the vertex of the cone, which reached half across the lake, there shot out a delicate line of parallel rays, which reached the western shore, and the whole perfectly represented a gilded

steeple. As this effect is opposite to the common form of the sun's effulgence, it must probably depend upon some peculiarities in the shape of the summits of the mountains at this place." (pp, 146. 147.)

The note in praise of General Hoyt (p, 157,) is devoted to a good object, and we earnestly wish, that, in our own state, all those, who can give us accurate information of the battles which have been fought here, of the places where they were fought, and of other interesting points of our past history, may not be allowed to die, before we secure their evidence by any faithful and durable record.

The old man of the age of Louis XIV, whom Mr. Silliman saw on his tour, we learn by the newspapers, has very recently died.* The longevity is so remarkable, and the circumstances are so striking, that we shall be excused for copying the statement of our author.

"Two miles from Whitehall. on the Salem road to Albany, lives Henry Francisco, a native of France, and of a place which he pronounced *Essex*, but doubtless not the orthography, and the place was, probably, some obscure village, which may not be noticed in maps and Gazetteers.

Having a few hours to spare, before the departure of the steam boat for St. John's in Canada, we rode out to see (probably) the oldest man in America. He believes himself to be one hundred and thirty-four years old, and the country around believe him to be of this great age. When we arrived at his residence, (a plain farmer's house, not painted, rather out of repair, and much open to the wind,) he was up stairs, at his daily work, of spooling and winding yarn. This occupation is auxiliary to that of his wife, who is a weaver, and although more than eighty years old, she weaves six yards a day, and the old man can supply her with more yarn than she can weave. Supposing he must be very feeble, we offered to go up stairs to him, but he soon came down, walking somewhat stooping, and supported by a staff, but with less apparent inconvenience than most persons exhibit at eighty-five or ninety. His stature is of the middle size, and, although he is rather delicate and slender, he stoops but little even when unsupported. His complexion is very fair and delicate, and his expression bright, cheerful, and intelligent; his features are handsome, and, considering that they have endured through one third part of a second century, they are regular, comely, and wonderfully undisfigured by the hand of time; his eyes are of a lively blue; his profile is Grecian and very fine; his head is completely covered with the most beautiful and delicate white locks imaginable; they are so long and

*October 25th, 1820.

abundant as to fall gracefully from the crown of his head; parting regularly from a central point, and reaching down to his shoulders; his hair is perfectly snow white, except where it is thick in his neck; when parted there, it shews some few dark shades the remnants of a former century.

He still retains the front teeth of his upper jaw: his mouth is not fallen in, like that of old people generally, and his lips, particularly, are like those of middle life; his voice is strong and sweet toned, although a little tremulous; his hearing very little impaired, so that a voice of usual strength, with distinct articulation, enables him to understand; his eyesight is sufficient for his work, and he distinguishes large print, such as the title page of the Bible, without glasses; his health is good, and has always been so, except that he has now a cough and expectoration.

He informed us that his father, driven out of France by religious persecution, fled to Amsterdam; by his account it must have been on account of the persecutions of the French protestants, or Hugonots, in the latter part of the reign of Louis XIV. At Amsterdam, his father married his mother, a Dutch woman, five years before he was born; and, before that event, returned with her into France. When he was five years old, his father again fled on account of 'de religion,' as he expressed it, (for his language, although very intelligible English, is marked by French peculiarities.) He says he well remembers their flight, and that it was in the winter; for he recollects that, as they were descending a hill which was covered with snow, he cried out to his father, 'O fader, do go back and get my little cariole,'—(a little boy's sliding sledge or sleigh.)

From these dates we are enabled to fix the time of his birth, provided he is correct in the main fact, for he says he was present at Queen Anne's coronation, and was then sixteen years old the 31st of May, old style. His father, (as he asserts,) after his return from Holland, had again been driven from France by persecution, and the second time took refuge in Holland, and afterwards in England, where he resided, with his family, at the time of the coronation of Queen Anne, in 1702. This makes Francisco to have been born in 1686; to have been expelled from France in 1691, and therefore to have completed his hundred and thirty-third year on the eleventh of last June; of course he is now more than three months advanced in his hundred and thirty-fourth year. It is notorious, that about this time, multitudes of French protestants fled, on account of the persecutions of Louis XIV, resulting from the revocation of the edict of Nantz, which occurred October 12, 1685, and, notwithstanding the guards upon the frontiers, and other measures of precaution or rigor to prevent emigration, it is well known that for years multitudes continued to make their escape, and

that thus Louis lost six hundred thousand of his best and most useful subjects. I asked Francisco if he *saw* Queen Anne crowned; he replied, with great animation, and with an elevated voice, 'Ah! dat I did, and a fine looking woman she was too, as any dat you will see now-a-days.'

He said he fought in all Queen Anne's wars, and was at many battles, and under many commanders, but his memory fails, and he cannot remember their names, except the Duke of Marlborough, who was one of them.

He has been much cut up by wounds, which he shewed us, but cannot always give a very distinct account of his warfare.

He came out with his father, from England to New-York, probably early in the last century, but cannot remember the date.

He said, pathetically, when pressed for accounts of his military experience, 'O, I was in all Queen Anne's wars; I was at Niagara, at Oswego, on the Ohio, (in Braddock's defeat, in 1755; where he was wounded.) I was carried prisoner to Quebec, (in the revolutionary war, when he must have been at least ninety years old.) I fight in all sorts of wars, all my life; I see dreadful trouble; and den to have dem, we tought our friends, turn tories; and the British too, and fight ourselves, O, dat was de worst of all."

He here seemed much affected, and almost too full for utterance. It seems, that, during the revolutionary war, he kept a tavern at Fort Edward, and he lamented, in a very animated manner, that the tories burnt his house and barn, and four hundred bushels of grain; this, his wife said, was the same year that Miss M'Crea was murdered.

He has had two wives, and twenty-one children; the youngest child is the daughter, in whose house he now lives, and she is fifty-two years old; of course, he was eighy-two when she was born; they suppose several of the older children are still living, at a very advanced age, beyond the Ohio, but they have not heard of them in several years. The family were neighbours to the family of Miss M'Crea, and were acquainted with the circumstances of her tragical death.

They said that the lover, Mr. Jones, vowed vengeance against the Indians, but, on counting the cost, wisely gave it up.

Henry Francisco has been, all his life, a very active and energetic, although not a stout framed man. He was formerly fond of spirits, and did, for a certain period, drink more than was proper, but that habit appears to have been long abandoned.

In other respects, he has been remarkably abstemious, eating but little, and particularly abstaining, almost entirely, from animal food; his favourite articles being tea, bread and butter, and baked apples. His wife said, that, after such a breakfast,

he would go out and work till noon; then dine upon the same, if he could get it, and then take the same at night, and particularly that he always drank tea whenever he could obtain it, three cups at a time, three times a day.

The old man manifested a great deal of feeling, and even of tenderness, which increased as we treated him with respect and kindness; he often shed tears, and particularly when, on coming away, we gave him money; he looked up to heaven, and fervently *thanked God*, but did not thank us; he however pressed our hands very warmly, wept, and wished us every blessing, and expressed something serious with respect to our meeting in another world. He appeared to have religious impressions on his mind, notwithstanding his pretty frequent exclamamations, when animated, of Good God! O, my God! which appeared, however, not to be used in levity, and were probably acquired in childhood, from the almost colloquial 'Mon Dieu,' &c. of the French. The oldest people in the vicinity remember Francisco, as being always, from their earliest recollection, much older than themselves; and a Mr. Fuller who recently died here between eighty and ninety years of age, thought Francisco was one hundred and forty.

On the whole, although the evidence rests, in a degree, on his own credibility, still, as many things corroborate it, and as his character appears remarkably sincere, guileless, and affectionate, I am inclined to believe that he is as old as he is stated to be. He is really a most remarkable and interesting old man; there is nothing, either in his person or dress, of the negligence and squalidness of extreme age, especially when not in elevated circumstances; on the contrary, he is agreeable and attractive, and were he dressed in a superior manner, and placed in a handsome and well furnished apartment, he would be a most beautiful old man.

Little could I have expected to converse and shake hands with a man, who has been a soldier in most of the wars of this country for one hundred years—who, more than a century ago, fought under Marlborough, in the wars of Queen Anne, and who, (already grown up to manhood,) saw her crowned *one hundred and seventeen years since;* who, one hundred and twenty-eight years ago, and *in the century before last*, was driven from France by the proud, magnificent, and intolerant Louis XIV, and who has lived *a forty-fourth part of all the time that the human race have occupied this globe!*

What an interview! It is like seeing one back from the dead to relate the events of centuries now swallowed up in the abyss of time! Except his cough, which, they told us, had not been of long standing, we saw nothing in Francisco's appearance, that might indicate a speedy dissolution, and he seemed to have suf-

ficient mental and bodily powers to endure for years yet to come."

To this may be added two other instances of longevity in the north; and the whole, taken with very numerous cases, which might easily be collected, from the history of life in high latitudes, may serve to remind us of the system of compensation in Providence, by which evils are balanced by blessings. A fair comparison shows that the South has no right to boast over the North, as it respects climate, or the enjoyments which it brings.

"I was assured, by an officer of the British army at Quebec, that this very French Captain, who commanded the guard at this place, is still living on the river Sorel, and more than one hundred years old. I saw, at Montreal, an old officer, who was with Wolfe on this occasion; he was over four score." (p, 263.)

The death of the Duke of Richmond, the late Governor General of the Canadas, was sudden and singular. Some circumstances are detailed which we knew not before.

"It is well known that the duke died of Hydrophobia; and it seems impossible to obtain in Canada, nay, even in Quebec, and in the palace itself, a correct account of the circumstances that attended the calamity. As the subject, being of very recent occurrence, has been much spoken of in our presence and in all circles, I trust it will not be indelicate with respect to the friends of the deceased, or to the people recently under his government, if I proceed to repeat some of the statements which we have heard.

The person who shewed us the castle, and who, as we were informed, belonged to the Duke's household, gave us the following account. It seems that the duke had a little dog, to which he was immoderately attached; the dog's name was Blucher, and Blucher, we were told, was caressed with such fondness that he slept with his master, and was affectionately addressed by the appellation of 'my dear Blucher.'

This idolized animal was bitten in the neck by another dog, afterwards ascertained to be mad—the rencounter took place in the court yard of the palace, and the duke, in whose presence it occurred, full of compassion for his poor dog, caught him up in his arms, and applied his own lips to the part bitten; others, as well as this man, have informed us that it was thus the duke imbibed the poison, some say through a cut in his lip made by his razor, or through an accidental crack. The duke continued to sleep with the dog, which had not then, however, exhibited signs of madness.

There are other persons, and among them some highly res-

pectable men, attached to the army, who deny the above, and say that the duke was bitten by a rabid fox, on board the steamboat; the fox and dog, it is said, were quarrelling, and the duke interfered to part them. Others assert that the duke put his hand into the cage, where the fox was confined; and all who impute it to the fox declare that the hurt, which was on a finger, was so extremely slight, as not to be noticed at the time, nor thought of afterwards, till the hydrophobia came on.

At the mansion house in Montreal, where the duke always lodged when in that city, we were assured, by a respectable person in the house, that the duke certainly got his poison from his own dog; that this story was told him by the servants of the duke, when they returned with the dead body; and, what is more, that he saw the letter which the duke wrote to his own daughter, the lady Mary, after his symptoms had manifested themselves, and when he was in immediate expectation of death. In this letter the duke reminded his daughter of the incident which was related to us at the palace. Which ever story is true, it would appear that the duke came by his death in consequence of his attachment to his dog, and surely never was a valuable life more unhappily sacrificed.

The duke was up the country, near the Ottowa river, when the fatal symptoms appeared, but he persevered in his expedition—travelled thirty miles on foot the day before he died—concealed his complaint, and opposed it as long as possible—wrote his final farewell to the lady Mary, and the other children, in a long letter, which contained particular directions as to the disposition of the family—and met death, we must say, at least, like a soldier, for a soldier he had been the greater part of his life.

His complaint manifested itself, in the first instance, by an uneasiness at being upon the water, in the tour which he was taking into the interior, and they were obliged to land him. A glass of wine, presented to him, produced his spasms, although it is said that, by covering his eyes with one hand, and holding the glass with the other, he succeeded in swallowing the wine; but afterwards he could bear no liquids, and even the lather used in shaving distressed him.

In the intervals of his spasms, he was wonderfully cool and collected—gave every necessary order to his servants, and to the officers of his suite—opposed the sending for a physician from Montreal, because, he said, the distance from it to Richmond, where he died, being eighty miles, he should be a dead man before the physician could arrive, and seemed to contemplate the dreadful fate before him, with the *heroism*, at least of a martyr.

In his turns of delirium, instead of barking and raving, as such patients are said usually to do, he employed himself in arranging his imaginary troops, forming a line of battle, (for he

had been present at many battles, and, last of all, at Waterloo itself,) and gave particular command to a Captain in the navy, who was not present, but whom he called by name, *to fire*—and the command was often and vehemently repeated. In a soliloquy, overheard but a few minutes before his death, he said. 'Charles Lenox, duke of Richmond!—die like a man!—Shall it be said that Richmond was afraid to meet death—no, never!'

I know not what were his Grace's views on topics, more important at such a crisis, than what our fellow men will think of us; but, there was a degree of grandeur, of the heroic kind, in finding a military nobleman, cool and forecasting, in contemplation of one of the most awful deaths, and, even in his moments of delirium, like king Lear, raving in a style of sublimity.

We were informed that, even in death, he did not forget Blucher, but ordered that he should be caged, and the event awaited. The dog was carried away with the family, when they sailed for England, although he had previously begun to snap and fly at people." (pp, 294—298.)

We are happy to find that dogs are of use in any of our cities. In our own town, as well as in all others, which we have visited, they are upon the whole a great annoyance. They not only disturb the tranquility of our nights, especially in summer, and alarm our friends who wish to enter our doors, but they are expensive in the keeping, and bring considerable danger upon the intercourse of society.

"There are a great many dogs in Quebec, and they are not kept merely for parade: they are made to work, and it is not uncommon in Quebec to see dogs harnessed to little carts, and drawing meat, merchandise, and even wood, up and down the hills; they pull with all their little might, and seem pleased with their employment." (p. 304.)

The note concerning Mr. Pursh has much interest, and will gratify our readers, not many of whom are likely to obtain the original.

"July 31st, 1820. The papers have just informed us of the death of the celebrated botanist, FREDERICK PURSH. He died at Montreal on the 11th inst. after a lingering illness.

When the *efforts and purposes* of a man who has, by useful or splendid labours, attracted the attention of the world, are cut off by death, and his *mortal toil is over*, the mind dwells with an increased interest on circumstances, which might not otherwise have attracted our attention. This is my apology for the following note.

At the town of Sorel, when we were returning to Montreal

in the steam boat, Mr. Pursh came on board, and was with us the remainder of the passage. His scientific labours are well known, and the public have pronounced their decided approbation of his beautiful work, the American Flora, published in London in 1814. Mr. Pursh expressed himself very warmly, on the subject of the liberal aid which he received in Europe from scientific men, in the use of their libraries and herbariums, and in the tender of their private advice and information; he mentioned, particularly, his obligations to Sir JOSEPH BANKS and PRESIDENT SMITH. He informed me that he contemplated another tour to Europe, for the purpose of publishing his Flora of Canada, upon which he had been already several years occupied, and expected to be still occupied for several years more. These researches led him much among the savage nations of the northwest, and around the great lakes. He went first among them in company with the exploring and trading parties of the North West Company, but fearing to be involved in the consequences of their quarrels, he abandoned their protection, and threw himself, alone and unprotected, upon the generosity of the aborigines. He pursued his toilsome researches, month after month, travelling on foot, relying often on the Indians for support, and, of course, experiencing frequently the hunger, exposure, and perils of savage life. But such was the *enthusiasm* of his mind, and his complete devotion to the *ruling passion*, that he thought little of marching, day after day, often with a pack weighing sixty pounds on his shoulders, through forests and swamps, and over rocks and mountains, provided he could discover *a new plant*; great numbers of such he assured me he had found, and that he intended to publish the drawings and descriptions of them in his Canadian Flora. From the Indians he said he experienced nothing but kindness, and he often derived from them important assistance: he thought that had they been treated with uniform *justice* and *humanity* by the whites, they would have always returned the same treatment. He said he much preferred their protection to that of the wandering whites, who, unrestrained by almost any human law, prowl through those immense forests in quest of furs and game. Possibly (without however intending any thing disrespectful by the remark,) some mutual sympathies might have been excited, by the fact that Mr. Pursh was himself *a Tartar*, born and educated in Siberia, near Toboltski, and, indeed, he possessed a physiognomy and manner different from that of Europeans, and highly characteristic of his country.

His conversation was full of fire, point, and energy; and, although not polished, he was good humoured, frank, and generous. He complained that he could not endure the habits of civilized life, and that his health began to be impaired as soon

as he became quiet, and was comfortably fed and lodged. He said he must soon 'be off again' into the wilderness. His health was then declining, and unfortunately it was but too apparent that *some* of the measures, to which he resorted to sustain it, must eventually prostrate his remaining vigour.

It is to be hoped that his unfinished labours will not be lost, and that, although incomplete, they may be published; since, if sufficiently matured, they must add to our stock of knowledge."

pp, 323—325.

We find a passage on the geology of Montreal, which furnishes an instance of the contradiction, that we so often find between the technical and the popular meaning of a word.

"Still it contains numerous shells, and other organized remains, of which the impressions and forms are very distinct. Shells and organized remains in a highly crystallized limestone! Is it *transition* limestone just on the verge of becoming *primitive*!" (p, 329.)

Without regarding the technical import of the term *primitive*, we should think it a solecism to talk of making a stone, or any thing else, *become* primitive. Whatever is produced by a *transition*, we should naturally call, at least, *secondary*. This kind of difficulty, however, in the use of words for scientific purposes, in an apparently paradoxical sense, is not peculiar to geology.

The observations upon the course, which the commerce of our country is destined to take, are true and judicious.

"Montreal is evidently one of the three great channels by which the trade of North America will be principally carried on. It is obvious that New-York and New-Orleans are the other two places, and it is of little consequence that other cities may engross a considerable share of trade, or that by canals and other internal improvements smaller rills of commerce may be made to flow towards one city or another. The great natural basins, and water courses and mountain ranges of this continent, will still control the course of trade, and direct its most gigantic currents towards these three towns, one of which is already a great and noble city, and the two others are advancing with great rapidity. The sickly climate of New-Orleans will somewhat retard its growth, but will not prevent it; Montreal enjoys a climate extremely favourable to health, but it is locked up by ice four or five months in the year. The carriole however triumphs over the ice, and the Canadian, when he can no longer push or paddle his canoe on the waters of the St. Lawrence, gaily careers over its frost-bound surface.

and, well wrapped in woollen and in furs, defies the severity of winter." (pp, 336, 337.)

That "the sickly climate of New-Orleans will somewhat retard its growth, *but will not prevent it*," we fully believe, and we attach to this remark perhaps even more importance than Mr. Silliman does. Cities are not destroyed by sickness, but by the want of motives to call in, or to retain population. Furnish the motives, and people will flock to New Orleans in defiance of sickness, or of any other menacing circumstance. But the sickness of the climate, in that great emporium of western trade, is much magnified by popular error and loose reports. The natives are said to be healthy and long-lived; and foreigners will probably be so too, after they have become, as physicians term it, *acclimated*. At least, there is so much of truth, we think, in the argument to prove New Orleans not to be necessarily as unhealthy as the effects of epidemical disease for a few seasons seem to have pursuaded a portion of the public it is, that we have no fear of a depopulation and abandonment of the mouth of the Mississippi, or of its contiguous ports. The remarks of our author himself, concerning diarrhœa in Canada, assist us in our conclusion, that disease is owing to the change of climate rather than to climate itself, especially when this cause is assisted by a change of habits. We find the following testimony from the pen of Mr. Silliman, a testimony worthy of the regard of our readers.

"Soon after arriving on the St. Lawrence, almost every stranger finds his stomach and bowels deranged, and a diarrhœa, more or less severe, succeeds. The fact is admitted on all hands; and sometimes the complaint becomes very serious, and is said, in a few cases, (very peculiar ones I presume) to have become dangerous, and even fatal. It is imputed to the lime, supposed to be dissolved by the St. Lawrence, whose waters are generally used for culinary purposes. I have never heard that any chemical examination of the waters has been performed, but it is evident that it contains something foreign, because it curdles soap. It is said that boiling makes it harmless. The same thing is asserted of the waters in Holland, which produce similar effects upon strangers. I have experienced it both in Holland and in Canada; and Mr. W—— was, in the latter country, more severely affected than myself.

Strangers from the United States coming here, should be very cautious of their diet, especially as the hours are so different from those that prevail in most of the states, and as they

are even much later than those of our cities. The late dinners, and the conviviality of Canada, subject a stranger, (especially from the eastern states) to be eating meats, and drinking wine, when he usually drinks tea, and his stomach has been, perhaps, before enfeebled by fasting, and is then enfeebled again by repletion. The sour bread also appears to have its share in producing a derangement of the stomach."

pp, 356, 357.

We were not altogether prepared to expect this effect in a high latitude so late in the season. We have often felt it in warm weather, and in low latitudes; and we draw from it a consolation for ourselves, in our more southern region. We perceive how apt we are to be local and partial in our conclusions, and we are fortified in our determination to be more just and catholic in our processes and in our results.

We derive from the following an inference, which the writer has not expressed.

"I know nothing that has excited my surprise more in Canada, than the number, extent, and variety of the French institutions, many of them intrinsically of the highest importance, and all of them (according to their views) possessing that character. They are the more extraordinary when we consider that most of them are more than a century old, and that at the time of their foundation the Colony was feeble, and almost constantly engaged in war. It would seem from these facts, as if the French must have contemplated the establishment of a permanent and eventually of a great empire in America, and this is the more probable as most of these institutions were founded during the ambitious, splendid, and enterprising reign of Louis XIV." (p, 344.)

The French have lost their enterprise, in a measure, as they lost their power. We find this same effect in the west. At St. Louis, and in all other French settlements, the Americans are far more inventive and efficient than the French. We can repeat about them, from our own observation, what we find in another part of our author's remarks. "*They are generally without enterprise, and are satisfied to go on without change from generation to generation.*" (p, 354.) The valuable institutions of the French, being "*more than a century old,*" show us how little improvement they have made since, and how much their condition as colonists must affect their character.

Our tourists attended an agricultural dinner in Canada. We cannot help being a little amused with their caution in

letting their friends at home know, that they did not "*sit out the dinner*" till the next day.

"The dinner hour in Quebec and Montreal is five o'clock, but as it is always five till it is six, the time of sitting down is usually delayed to near the latter hour, and dinner is actually served, for the most part, between six and seven o'clock. By invitation we attended, and in the present instance sat down at seven o'clock; the dinner, however, with all its appendages, was not over *till the next day;* viz. till between twelve and one o'clock in the morning. I need hardly say that *we* did not *sit it out;* we stayed long enough to see the peculiarities of a great dinner in Montreal."

This course was not pursued by Peter, alias Dr. Morris, when he was at Burns's dinner at Edinburgh. The best part of that was after all the stiff speeches were over, and the columns of smoke and the streams of inspiration accompanied each other in the last hours of ease and enjoyment.

We are gratified to learn, what we were not assured of before, that *grapes* are so abundant and so fine in Canada, though we have none in Lexington. We are disinterested enough to rejoice in the attention of the north to this delicious fruit.

"The table was spread and decorated in a very handsome manner, and all the meats, poultry, wild fowl, and vegetables, which are in season in the United States, at this time, were laid before us, in the greatest perfection, both in the articles themselves and in the cookery. The desert was equally handsome, and of the same kind as is usual in the United States. Who, however, that is unacquainted with Canada, would expect to see the finest cantelopes, and the most delicious grapes, the produce of the country, and that in the middle of October? The grapes are raised in the open air, but in winter the vines are not only covered with straw, as with us, but with clay more than a foot thick, and in the summer a great proportion of the leaves, except near the cluster, is taken off, and the vines are prevented from running by twisting them. Peaches from the Genesee country were on the table, but they were not particularly good; apples however, cantelopes, *and grapes of the finest kind and in the greatest profusion* have been constantly before us in Canada, and have formed a part of almost every desert, even in the public houses and in the steam boats. 'All the usual garden fruits, as gooseberries, currants, strawberries, raspberries, peaches, apricots, and plums are produced in plenty, and it may be asserted truly in as much perfection as in many southern climates, or even in greater.' It is said that the orchards produce apples not surpassed in any country."

pp, 350, 351.

We do not think it any recommendation to the Roman Catholic priests in Canada, that they "do not permit their people to attend theatres." (p, 359.) We thought that this narrowness and folly had not extended to this ancient church. It were better to have such nonsense confined to our rightful fanatics, as it does not appear well among men or churches of intelligence and a just knowledge of the wants and laws of human nature.

"Nine tenths of all the population here are Catholics, and in every village the *cross* is seen displayed in some conspicuous place; it is commonly made of wood, and is frequently surmounted by a crown of thorns. The Catholic clergy of Canada are highly spoken of by the Protestants, and, although there may be exceptions, they are said generally to exert a salutary influence over the common people. Articles of property, which have been stolen, are frequently returned, unsolicited, to the proper owner, and that that through the intervention of the priests." (p, 360.)

It would be a better compliment to the religion, if it would teach men, not only to return stolen goods, but not to steal. We think that this is more the tendency of protestantism than of popery. At the same time, we have much respect for the devotion which Catholic's show in their churches.

"It is conceded, I believe, that the French gentry in Canada speak and write the language with purity. We heard an eminent French gentleman, at the agricultural dinner, sing 'God save the King' in French; but it is often said, that the common French Canadians speak only a spurious and corrupted French, having only a remote resemblance to that of France. But there seems reason to doubt the correctness of this opinion. Mr. W——, who, in youth, learned to speak the French language *in France*, not only found no difficulty in conversing with the common people—(and we had considerable intercourse with them)—but he gives it as his opinion that the French spoken by them is, if any thing, more pure than that used by the country people of France, and that it is as good as the English spoken by the common classes of society in the United States. In many instances, the phraseology of the country people was considered as remarkably apposite, and even, occasionally, elegant. I have already quoted the opinion of Charlevoix on this point; and there seems to have been, in this respect, very little change since his time." (pp, 362, 363.)

The same remarks are said to be true about New Orleans in regard to the language. They certainly apply with great force to the English language in the United States, which is

spoken, by the majority of our people, with more purity than it is in England. We do not abandon the hope, that we shall hereafter dictate to England rather than receive her dictations, even in polite literature.

The spirit of the following quotation may be applied to intercourse between all parts of our country. We cherish our foolish local jealousies and prejudices, because we do not know each other well enough, and do not see each other with sufficient frequency.

"A more correct knowledge of Canada is now fast diffusing itself through the American States, since the intercourse is become so easy, and I believe few Americans from the States now visit this country without returning more favourably impressed respecting it than they expected to be. It will be happy if friendly sentiments and the interchange of mutual courtesies shall do away the unfounded impressions and prejudices of both communities. Commercial intercourse between the two countries is also important, and, I presume, mutually advantageous, and will probably continue to increase. The commercial men of Canada are principally British and Americans." (pp, 369, 370.)

We should like to be perfectly satisfied of the truth of the statement concerning the comparative rapidity with which the wounds of the Americans and the British healed at Plattsburgh.

"One remarkable fact I shall mention, on the authority of an American surgeon, who attended upon the wounded of both fleets. The Americans recovered much faster than the British, where their injuries were similar; healthy granulations formed, and the parts united and healed more readily. This was imputed to the different state of mind, in the victors and in the vanquished." (p, 375.)

The anecdote of Captain Hull (p, 377,) is honorable to his magnanimity. Commodore Barclay's toast to Commodore Perry (p, 378,) is equally honorable to both.

The reflections upon the State of Vermont, in regard to her two chief literary institutions, are as true as important, and are thus given.

"It is well known that, in the Vermont republic of letters, there is a *divisum imperium*, and that the two rival institutions of Middlebury and Burlington, have long contended for preeminence. It does not become a stranger to make any other remark, than that, in a state of no greater population, the united efforts of all the friends of learning are not more than suffi-

cient to sustain *one* institution, as it ought to be supported; it is to be hoped therefore, that Vermont may, in due time, combine all her efforts, and blend her two institutions into one."

p, 381.

Nothing can be more absurd than the attempt in such a small state, or in any of our largest states, to have two Universities, or what we often call Colleges. The utmost, that ought ever to be desired, is one University for each commonwealth. This is too much, but beyond this, the whole is folly and injury.

The delicate notice of the aged minister in one of the towns of Vermont is too valuable to be omitted.

"But, the most interesting object in Brattleborough is its venerable pastor, with whom, at his pleasant rural abode, we had the honor of an evening interview. At the age of 75, he has recently returned from England, his native country, after a visit of eighteen months. He had been absent from England twenty-five years, and found, on returning to his native town, which, except occasional visits, he left sixty three years since, that *but one person remembered him.* Even the monuments of his cotemporaries in the grave yard were so moss-grown that he could not read the inscriptions, and those of the persons who had died more recently he did not know. He found, however, many friends in various parts of England, who remembered him with affection. The country appeared to him greatly improved, and to exhibit the most decided proofs of a thriving condition; but his *adopted* country he greatly prefers, and gladly returned to end his days in it.

The venerable man, at once an instructive and delightful MENTOR, entertained us with many of the incidents of his tour, the relation of which was enlivened by the most interesting remarks.

He is like the aged oak, whose boughs are still adorned with leaves, and whose root is still firm in the ground, although it has endured the vicissitudes of many revolving summers and winters." (pp, 397, 398.)

The anecdote of Indian warfare, which we now give, is much like some we have already printed in our Review.

"In the early periods of the history of the NewEngland colonies, Deerfield, being for a long course of years a frontier town, was very often attacked by the French and Indians from Canada, and its inhabitants were frequently slain or carried into captivity.

To guard against these attacks, an extensive fort was established, including within its limits many of the houses, and

forming a place of retreat and of security for the inhabitants.

In February, 1704, this fort was, by the negligence of the sentinel, surprised and taken just before day light, and the inhabitants were aroused from their slumbers by the furious attacks of cruel enemies upon their defenceless dwellings. Most of the houses were burnt, and their wretched tenants were either dragged away into captivity or slaughtered in their own habitations or near them. Men, women, and children were indiscriminately slain, and parents saw their little ones butchered before their eyes.

One house still remains, as a painful momento to posterity. The front door was hacked and hewn with hatchets, until the savages had cut a hole through it; through this hole they fired into the house; this door, which still bears its ancient wounds, and the hole, (closed only by a board tacked on within,) remains now as the savages left it, and is a most interesting monument.

Through the windows they also fired, and one bullet killed the female head of the family, sitting up in bed, and the mark of that bullet, as well as of four others, is visible in the room; in one of the holes in a joist another bullet remains to this day. This family was all killed, or carried into captivity. In the same attack, the clergyman of the place, the Rev. John Williams, and his family, shared a similar fate. Two of the children were killed at the door, Mrs. Williams, their mother, in the meadows a little way out of town, and Mr. Williams and the rest of the family were carried prisoners to Canada.

We saw, in the museum in Deerfield academy, the pistol which he snapped at the Indians when they rushed into his bed room.

Mr. Williams lived many years after his return, and I saw his grave, and that of his murdered wife. On the latter is a very proper inscription, which I regret that I omitted to copy." pp, 402, 404.

There are many defects in the punctuation of this book. The comfort of reading it is often disturbed by misplaced points, and by an excessive multiplication of them. We will give some specimens.

"Quebec, was our ultimate destination, but, we were not disposed to neglect interesting intervening objects." (p, 9,) There should be no comma after Quebec, and none after but.

"A blustering equinoctial, had been howling." (p, 9,) There should be no comma after equinoctial.

"It brings you suddenly and unexpectedly, out, upon the eastern margin." (p, 15,) No comma should be found after out.

"We almost drop down upon the port all, on a sudden." (p, 179.) This comma is probably a typographical error, but there is evidently a disposition to an excessive use of points through the book. We are sorry that the Professor gives his sanction to the constant employment of dashes, where there ought to be commas or semicolons, after the fashion of the corrupt and abominable pointing of the Edinburgh Review. We give but one instance. "This scene is very fine, and the whole outline of the spot—the mountains near, and the mountains at a distance—the shores—the bay—and the ruins, all unite to make a very grand landscape." (p, 185.) It would be vastly more correct and agreeable, according to the old and authorized punctuation, thus: "This scene is very fine; and the whole outline of the spot, the mountains near and the mountains at a distance, the shores, the bay, and the ruins, all unite to make a very agreeable landscape."

Before we part with Mr. Silliman, which we do with regret, for we owe him much entertainment, we will extract his closing remark as a favorable evidence of his excellent temper and practical benevolence, by which he is so well adapted to travel agreeably and profitably.

"I have said very little of the public houses and accommodations on the journey. Should this be thought a deficiency, it is easily supplied; for, we found them, almost without exception, so comfortable, quiet, and agreeable, that we had neither occasion nor inclination to find fault.

Great civility, and a disposition to please their guests, were generally conspicuous at the inns; almost every where, when we wished it, we found a private parlour and a separate table, and rarely did we hear any profane or coarse language, or observe any rude and boisterous deportment." (p, 407.)

Let others imitate this kindness, this unostentatious philanthropy.

MISCELLANY.

An Extract from a Letter, written in October 1820, *to one, who had returned from a Tour among the Prairies and Rivers of the West.*

"Your journey through the wilds must have been peculiarly interesting. The vastness, the antiquity, the majesty, and the solemn repose, of nature must present a strong contrast with the individual diminutiveness, newness, fluctuation, industrious bustle, and progressiveness, of our own species. Deeply indeed must the mind, under such circumstances, be impressed. You are, as I think, undoubtedly correct in speaking of the source, to which you suppose Lord Byron to have resorted for inspiration. I wish that he would come to America; that he would travel through the forests of the West; that he would contemplate the mighty Mississippi, and the mightier Missouri, and fill his imagination with the vastness of our wildernesses, and get a true idea of the North American Indian. What a contrast would he furnish to Campbell's Gertrude of Wyoming! No scenes of pastoral tranquility and domestic love would be sung on oaten pipes. A picture would be given of the grand, and gloomy, and terrible, in physical as well as in human nature, sketched in giant outlines. Cataracts and rivers, to which the Velinos and Arnos of Italy are but jets and threads of water trickling through a quill, would form appropriate decorations for the theatre, on which would be exhibited the exploits of those mysterious RED MEN, before whose fierce and lofty spirits, and their capacity to endure, even his own Giaours and Corsairs would grow tame.

But of all the tracts of darkness in our broad land, I suspect that the imagination of Byron would be most peculiarly struck with the DISMAL SWAMP. With what thrilling sensations would his adventurous Fancy tread the chill ooze of its miry soil, and explore its thickets of hemlock and coverts of poison, while the horrible Alligator wheeled his scaly strength in sight, and the "copper snake breathed in his ear!"

The view from the Mammelles, however, would also be a grand one for him. The meeting of those floods in that realm-like valley, if compared with the meeting of the waters in the vale of Ovoca, would furnish an apt contrast to illustrate the difference of character between the genius of Byron and another of his contemporaries, Moore. As his eye looked up the rivers, and his imagination pressed onward to their sources, and the castled cliffs rose in awful dignity before him, how would his soul dilate! The suggestive character of the scene would fill him with the boldest conceptions, and the stream of song would rival the majestic floods.

But the time will come, whether Byron come or not, when this magnificent country will be sung by poets of her own nurturing. The Genius Loci is, after all, the true Muse, and the inspiration of that Divinity cannot be thoroughly felt by a foreigner. There is more of *idiom* in thought and feeling than in language. The enthusiasm, that characterizes genuine poetry, is excited most naturally and successfully, if not exclusively, by sentiments and considerations, which can belong only to natives, and which are the result of all the impressions of life from the cradle to the grave. Strangers may in part understand them, when they are well expressed, for the great traits of human nature are doubtless every where the same; but such sentiments cannot *originate* with strangers, cannot spring up spontaneously in their bosoms, and radiate from them as from the fountains of light and heat. The splendour of a foreigner's poetry is too much like that which is borrowed and reflected; it may be bright, but it is cold; it has not heart enough to give the proper warmth of tone and color to the pictures of the imagination.

I have several reasons for what I have last said, which my time and paper will not consent to my giving, and they must be deferred, like Dr. Drowsy's sermon, to a more convenient season. The reasons are, however, intimately connected with my own ideas of the *principles of taste*, and of the *source* of the *pleasures of imagination*. So far as I have read, they are *new*. But I must take another opportunity to ask your opinion of them."

DR. DUDLEY'S MEDICAL DISCOURSE.

The situation and prospects of TRANSYLVANIA UNIVERSITY must afford to every friend of science in the west the highest gratification. The success, which has attended the efforts of those connected with it, gives an earnest of its attaining, at no distant period, especially if they receive the aid they have a right to expect, to the highest degree of eminence and usefulness. The prosperity of its medical department has equalled the most sanguine expectations. The second course of lectures under its present organization has just commenced amidst circumstances the most auspicious, and we could not perhaps afford our readers a more interesting article, than a brief notice of the public introductory lectures. A friend has furnished us with the following extracts from that of Dr. BENJAMIN W. DUDLEY, Professor of Anatomy and Surgery, which we gladly insert as we have received them, omitting, for the present at least, the comments which we had contemplated making on all those we had an opportunity to hear. The style of the following, our readers will perceive, although generally good, is not very carefully elaborated. Some of its sentences are too long and complicated. Its topics however are peculiarly appropriate and its sentiments are at once just and happily illustrated. Although our readers may not generally admire discourses so metaphysical, yet the professor has rendered his speculations so agreeable, as well as practically useful, that all, we think, must accompany him with emotions of pleasure. It appears to have been his principal object to point out the talents and acquirements requisite to constitute the accomplished physician. After having made some preliminary remarks in relation to this object, he proceeds as follows:

"A variety in the human character appears to have been necessary, in order to furnish the various avocations in civilized society, with temperaments and capacities adapted to each particular calling. The character of the soldier combines cool and deliberate courage with promptitude and celerity of action. The successful divine associates the powers of a luxuriant imagination with the subtile reasonings of a theological metaphysician, the charms of eloquence with the meek virtues of christian charity. The statesman, the politician, and the lawyer, wield those powers of the mind which qualify them to reach the passions and convince the understanding. The practitioner of the healing art is thrown into a very different sphere of intellectual exertion: with him it is not the brilliancy of wit, nor is it the achievement of eloquence, to attract the gaze of a

crowd, or command the admiration of the public. His intellectual efforts are of a silent and retiring character; and while he may possess the merits of a Sydenham, a Cullen, or a Rush; a Petit, a Hunter, or an Abernathy; it is not by any public demonstration of intellectual superiority, that the medical character rises in the estimation of the community; but it is by the constant and uniform application of sound principles, wherein their truth is proclaimed by successful practice.

In taking a review of the faculties and operations of the mind, and of its qualifications so far as they are more immediately concerned in the character of a surgeon, it appears that personal intrepidity constitutes a very important item. This virtue is more universally conducive to the aggrandizement of character, than any other quality by which the human mind is distinguished. Personal intrepidity is uniformly associated with the finer feelings of our nature. Generosity is a quality as invariably observed in the character of an intrepid enemy, as merciless inhumanity is the known characteristic of the coward. If personal intrepidity be not indispensably necessary to the practitioner of the healing art, in all cases of extreme emergency, wherein the life of a human being is suspended betwen hope, and a threat of immediate dissolution; it can at least be made clear, that timidity and indecision constitute its greatest disqualifications. Under ordinary circumstances, the common routine of professional business may be executed by those who are eminently deficient in personal firmness. But in the event of great excitement and alarm, on the part of the patient and friends; if despair has perched herself on the physiognomy of the sick, while the attendants are pleading for something to be done; it is then, that under emotions of wild and thoughtless alarm, the timid and nerveless practitioner catches by sympathy, the feelings of those around him, and too often makes an effort irrational and fatal in its tendency. It is under such circumstances as these that the patient often falls a victim to disease, which, under the management of a bold and decisive practitioner, would be rendered mild and harmless. It is, therefore, essential to the success and usefulness of a physician, to possess a mind incapable of being reached by the effeminate and imbecile feelings of timidity and alarm, whereby the capacity for rational effort is destroyed.

It must not be understood, however, that we are required

to cultivate a cold indifference on subjects wherein the life of a human being is at hazard. On the other hand, a delicate sensibility, and feelings of sympathy tantamount to the sum of human miseries, constitute the characteristic traits of a mind originally endowed for the highly responsible and painful duties of a practitioner of the healing art.

There are other qualifications in addition to these, that are highly necessary to the professional character. Among these is an honest and well directed ambition for eminence in the profession; an ambition which elevates the mind above the hopes of one who builds his visionary castle of fame, on the fleeting opinion of those, who by incapacity are as ready to bestow applause upon trick, management, and cunning, as upon great worth and modest merit. Without pride and ambition, a professional man would languish in obscurity, while those talents might expire which, with a proper direction, would have been important to the interest of society, and honorable to the individual possessing them. Without pride and ambition he would fail to make those scientific acquirements which constitute at once the pleasure and delight of an intelligent society; and he would fail in the most important duty which human nature owes herself, to develop the talents and energies by which the Great Parent has most particularly distinguished our species."

After making some very appropriate and judicious remarks on the degrading practice of flattery and deception, as frequently exercised on the sick, he adds as follows.

"All the occasions on which this deception is practised in the profession, would admit of a reference to facts and circumstances, to dwell on which, would afford a consolation much more exquisite, than the flimsy chimera presented the imagination, by an outrage against truth.

The intelligent practitioner always has it in his power, by an imperceptible attraction, to draw the minds of the sick from reflections that depress, and calculations that hurry on to despair; while he settles them on subjects that are rational, and objects that are attainable. To dwell on the favourable appearances of a case, and to occupy the mind of the patient about these, at a period when it might be injurious to present the imagination with frightful forebodings, is not only a professional, but in a very high degree a moral duty."

The following observations on the proper course to be pursued in acquiring medical knowledge, are peculiarly deserving the attention of those who devote themselves to the study of physic.

"Memory is a faculty of the mind of peculiar importance in acquiring a knowledge of the healing art, a branch of learning that is, and from its nature must be, under the control of incidental circumstances in regard to time, place, and the habits and constitutions of the sick; circumstances that forbid any thing like a reduction of all its facts under any general law or systematic arrangement. Hence the necessity for the exertion of the powers of casual or insulated memory. But as system does appertain to the healing art, notwithstanding the variety of facts as yet unreduced to any general principle, it affords matter of peculiar importance, to know how far this faculty shall be cultivated, in order to become usefully and profitably informed. The cultivation of casual memory, or that species of occupation which consists in treasuring up an extensive mass of facts, insulated in character, and irrelevant in regard to the established principles of medical science, is an error too generally committed by those engaged in the profession. Hence we find quackery even among practitioners of celebrity, diffusing its poison among the most enlightened circles. It is the province of a physician like NEWTON in philosophy, or HUNTER in medicine, to collate insulated facts and render them subservient to the great purposes of science, by reducing them to systematic order, and thus conferring on them the importance which new and correct theories necessarily bestow. It is in this way alone that an attention to insulated facts becomes useful in general science. The arduous duties of the medical pupil should, therefore, be well defined; and while he is encouraged to store his mind with all those facts upon which the importance and usefulness of medical science are at present founded; it is in a much higher degree incumbent on him to become familiarised wtth the broad principles of the profession; with morbid and healthy physiology, and with the laws of organic life. It is by an acquaintance with these, that under every variety of circumstances, whether in regard to time, place, climate or constitution, he is enabled to modify the general character of his practice; and the success of his professional exertions will be in a direct ratio with his discriminating powers, in making an application of those means, which, from expe-

rience, and according to correct principles, are found most efficient under like circumstances.

The memory of association, or that species of memory which is exerted in treasuring up a knowledge of causes and effects, is an effort of the mind which in place of being succeeded by lassitude, develops new energies, and holds with increasing fidelity the acquisition of each day's labor. The power of this faculty of the mind, when directed to objects involving the rational connection of effects and causes, is increased with every discovery of connection and similitude of idea between them, and the various branches of learning: hence it must appear plain, that every new fact will be impressed on the mind, just as we discover its relationship with our former knowledge, or in other words, just as it may be subservient to useful purposes in life. When memory has performed its duties in furnishing the mind with materials for intellectual effort, other faculties are called into a state of activity. While the poet, the orator, and the divine, rest much of their success on the cultivation of a vivid and fertile imagination; the philosopher and the physician are required to suppress the gay sportings of fancy, and to subject every idea, and every reflection, to the severe scrutiny of cautious reasoning, and dispassionate judgment. After all these acquisitions have been made, however extensively the memory may have been exercised in storing the mind with the learning of Medicine, and the various tributary branches of knowledge; he will succeed the best, who, with all his erudition, enjoys the largest share of practical common sense; whose discriminating and rational powers enable him to distinguish quickly the difference between cause and effect; and who is prepared to address appropriate remedies to the seat, and not to the distant consequences of disease. For it should be clearly understood, that the superficial and thoughtless too often prescribe for the effects, while the disease itself is entirely overlooked. Such practical errors are not unfrequently committed in treating the various forms of local disease, arising from constitutional causes; of systematic Hydrocephalus internus, proceeding from the digestive organs, and of consumption, sympathetic in character.

In the acquisition of medical science, a series of study confined to no definite limits, but as extensive as nature, and as comprehensive as philosophy, one of the first principles which should be developed in the mind, is that of doubting;

not the "*dubitatio sterilis*" of logicians, but that species of doubting which is so congenial with the true spirit of philosophy. In the illimitable field of investigation which is thrown open before us, there is almost as much to do in the correction of error, as in the discovery and propagtion of truth. It was by doubting the supremacy of the Pope, that we now enjoy the benefits of religious freedom; it was by doubting, that Newton was led to the discovery of the laws of gravitation, and of the motions of the heavenly bodies; it was by doubting, that Lord Bacon first conceived the grand project of changing the whole face of rational philosophy; and it is by doubting the infallibility of our predecessors, that the healing art is progressively advancing towards an honorable position among the demonstrable and useful parts of general science. But unfortunately for society, the elementary principles of a medical education are so far removed from the intelligence of the great mass of population, that impositions are more frequently practiced in this, than in any other profession. The most enlightened society is not prepared to appreciate medical talents, except so far as they may be associated with general intelligence, with sound discriminating judgment, with professional zeal, with a mind at once prompt and energetic, and with personal intrepidity. These qualifications form a medical character before the public, and while each successful effort extends the sphere of its reputation, it suffers but little in public estimation from an occasional want of success. This is a consolation unknown to the quack, a being more remarkable for effrontery, than modest intelligence; but one who, by accidental successes in the profession, too often commands the temporary patronage of the most influential part of society. Yet while the reputation of a man of real merit is distinguished by an uniform accession of professional fame, the ephemeral quack scarcely begins a character before it commences its decay; and at a period when he should rest his prospects on public faith, the rotten principles upon which his pretensions are founded, are crumbling to pieces, under the weight of his ignorance and folly."

The Doctor proceeds in the next place, to point out some of the principal branches of education which seem necessary to constitute the accomplished, scientific physician.

"Since the language of science, at least so far as regards maxims, definitions, and general technicality, is derived im-

mediately from those that have long since ceased to be the common medium of communication; it would appear that the pupil is at once furnished with an ample apology for the ordinary period bestowed in the acquisition of those radicals of our own tongue. The simple fact that our own language is indebted to those of Greece and Rome, would seem to urge the necessity of an acquaintance somewhat familiar with these, for the purpose of expanding the views and generalising the principles of a pupil, whose ambition is directed to the philosophy of his own language. The German, the French, the Spanish, and the Italian contribute largely to facilitating the labours of the American pupil in any and all the different departments of science. The German and French, two European tongues in which there is published much the largest proportion of valuable books, while at the same time they bear the closest analogy to our own language, are more particularly deserving of attention. The French has even appeared as if it would become a universal language among the learned and intelligent. With a knowledge of it we are enabled to consult every authority, and to pass through almost every civilized nation on the globe.

A knowledge of the French is equally necessary to the polite scholar, as to the professional character. The original works in this language are extensive and of the highest authority in every department of learning. In the various branches of Natural History, in Mineralogy, in Botany, in Chemistry, Anatomy, Physiology and Surgery, the productions of the French are the most numerous, and perhaps, more valuable than those of any other country. The translations of French works which are generally presented to the public, are the efforts of haste and inattention; and not unfrequently, they are made obscure, from a want of capacity in the translator to render the spirit of the original. This remark is more particularly applicable to professional and scientific works; but independent of all objections to imperfect translations the pupil of surgery is amply rewarded, for the time taken up in acquiring a knowledge of the French, were it only to enable him to peruse some rare and valuable works, of which no translation has been attempted. But little has been said of the usefulness of the Italian, or of the important works that have been published in that language. It is commonly represented as the language of music and love, to acquire which, few inducements are to

be found, either of a scientific or professional kind. In the productions of Alfini, the orator will meet with a bold, vigorous, and comprehensive expression not unworthy a comparison with the highest efforts of English eloquence. The politician will find principles of liberty clothed in expression that are at once calculated to astonish and to impart feelings of enthusiasm, while the lover of poetry enjoys a sweetness and delicacy of expression which can scarcely be equalled in any other language. The Naturalists, the Chemists, the Anatomists, and Surgeons of Italy, have given ample testimony of successful efforts in these various departments of knowledge. The claims of Fontana for his important invention of wax preparations, whereby all the advantages of an anatomical Museum can be multiplied at pleasure, will increase in a due ratio with the diffusion of Anatomical and Surgical knowledge; while the age in which he lived will constitute a very important era, in the history of those branches of learning. His celebrated works, together with those of Scarpa, of Mascagni, and many others of Italy, make it desirable to the pupil in surgery, to consult those authors in the original tongue.

To attempt to enter into a detail of the various branches of science, tributary or subservient to the interests of a mind, engaged in the study of the healing art, would be to take an entire range through every art and every science in which the taste, the virtues, and the vices of mankind have been involved.

A discovery or an improvement in any art or science, is not confined in its consequences within the narrow pale of its original operation; but like the principle of attraction that exerts itself on every species of matter; like the source of heat and light, the ameliorating influence of which is extended to the whole planetary system, a discovery in any one of these arts or sciences, reflects a lustre, and offers a new stimulus to every faculty and every operation of the human mind.

It would scarcely have been imagined that the Naturalist, in prosecuting his researches into the fossil remains of extinct animals, should have furnished the Geologist with facts and principles upon which is founded the most rational theory of the earth that has hitherto appeared in print. This connection between Ostiology, (a department of surgical education,) and the new and obscure science of Geology, would seem almost to unite the opposite ends of the intel-

lectual chain: at the same time it furnishes an unanswerable argument, in favour of a cultivation of the sciences in general, by all those engaged in the improvement of the mind, either as an object of rational pleasure, or of practical utility."

After having given us a brief sketch of the origin of medicine among the Egyptians, and of its progress from the time of Hippocrates to the period of the French revolution, the professor makes the following observations:

"Since the French revolution, surgery and the practice of physic have been united in the University of Paris, and the candidate for professional honors is required to be equally well informed, in each department of the profession. This regulation is much more happily calculated to promote the interest of the profession than the old forms which require pupils to graduate in Physic in one institution, and in Surgery in another. Within the last half century, very great improvements in the practice of the healing art, including both Surgery and the practice of Physic, are made manifest by examining the bills of mortality of the large cities of Europe. This advancement in the profession is scarcely at all the result of any discovery in regard to new remedies. Specifics and nostrums engage the attention of the superficial, and those who are fond of novelty; while their influence on the substantial interests of the profession, must be to check the ardour of meritorious pursuit. Within the last half century, the subjects of Anatomy and Physiology, with the laws of organic life, have engaged more particularly the attention of professional men; and it is from these sources that we have derived our great and unerring improvements. To be minute in our knowledge of the structure of the human body in a healthy state; to understand the actions peculiar to each part; to comprehend the various associations subsisting between the different organs of the body in health; to be familiarly acquainted with the changes of diseased parts, and with the new and morbid associations which are the consequence of disease more or less extensive, is to offer the surest guaranty to society, of qualifications most eminently useful.

At a period when surgery consisted simply in dressing wounds, and in performing operations, such a knowledge of the laws of the animal economy was unnecessary; but now, when the surgeon is made responsible to society, since he is required to prescribe the time and the mode,

and to take under his charge the medical direction of his patient, it becomes clear, that upon the most extensive medical acquirements; upon the most liberal and correct qualifications as a physician, are founded his best hopes as a practical surgeon.

In the pursuit of Medicine, no small share of our success proceeds from the capacity of our teachers. The pupil is sometimes conducted into the fair fields of science, through avenues so interesting and attractive, that labour becomes an amusement; while the acquisition of knowledge affords a permanent source of pleasure and happiness. On the contrary, it is very common to witness a sentiment of disgust, with a disinclination for study, among those pupils who are so unfortunate, as to be placed under the care of instructers destitute of the faculty of enlisting the feelings, and of directing the attention to subjects that interest and amuse, while they afford the most substantial improvement to the mind. In the branches of Anatomy and Surgery, our highest ambition will be to excite the spirit of inquiry; while our unceasing efforts shall be directed with a view to the exposition of those facts and principles that of themselves invite to a prosecution of studies so eminently useful to society in general."

It may be proper here to remark, that in consequence of our inability to insert the whole of the address, it has necessarily lost much of its interest. By merely making extracts from it, we have impaired its connection. As this could not be well avoided however, we hope it will be excused.

FISHES OF THE RIVER OHIO.

BY C. S. RAFINESQUE,

Professor of Botany and Natural History in Transylvania University.

(CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 172.)

THIRD PART.—APODIAL FISHES.

Having complete gills, with a gill cover and a branchial membrane. No lower or ventral fins.

XXX. Genus. Eel. Anguilla. Anguille.

Body scaleless, elongated. Mouth with small teeth. Pectoral fins. Dorsal and anal fins very long and united with the caudal fins. Vent nearly medial. Gill covers bridled.

It is remarkable that there is only this apodial genus of fish, and not a single jugular genus, in the Ohio, while there are so many abdominal and thoracic genera. The Eels of the Ohio of which I have already ascertained four species belong all to the subgenus *Conger*, having the jaws nearly equal and obtuse. They are permanent, but rare, and reach a large size. They are taken with the hook, seines, &c. They feed on small fishes, shells, and lobsters, and afford a good food.

92d Species. Broadtail Eel. *Anguilla laticauda.* Anguille largequeue.

Black above, white beneath, head flattened, jaws nearly equal, the upper somewhat longer, obtuse and broad. Dorsal fin beginning above the pectorals, which are small and oboval: lateral line beginning before the pectorals; tail large rounded and dilatated.

It is found in the Ohio in deep and muddy bottoms. Length from two to four feet. Forehead sloping, eyes very small. Dorsal fin and tail black. One individual of this species poisoned once slightly a whole family, causing violent colicks, which was ascribed to its having been taken in the vitriolic slate rocks of Silver creek near the falls.

93d Species. Black Eel. *Anguilla aterrima.* Anguille noire.

Entirely black, jaws nearly equal, flat and obtuse: dorsal fin beginning above the pectoral. Tail obtuse.

This species is found in the Tennessee, Cumberland, &c. It differs from the foregoing by being totally black, and not having a broad tail. The body is also somewhat rounded. It reaches the same length. Very good to eat.

94th Species. Yellow-belly Eel. *Anguilla xanthomelas.* Anguille xanthromele.

Black above, yellow beneath, jaws nearly equal, flat and obtuse; dorsal fin beginning over the pectorals. Tail obtuse.

This species is also very much like *A. laticauda*; but it has

not the broad tail, the body is thicker, the belly yellow and thick &c. It is found but seldom as high as Pittsburgh. Length two or three feet.

95th Species. YELLOW EEL. *Anguilla lutea.* Anguil'e jaune.

Body entirely yellowish; back slightly brownish; throat pale: jaws nearly equal, obtuse, dorsal fin beginning behind the pectorals: tail obtuse, marginated with brown.

It is found in the Cumberland, Green River, Licking River, &c. Length commonly two feet, very good to eat. The lateral line begins over the pectorals, while the dorsal fin begins much behind and pretty near the vent.

FOURTH PART.—ATELOSIAN FISHES.

Having incomplete gills, without a gill cover, or a branchial membrane, or without both.

XXXI. Genus. STURGEON. ACCIPENSER. Eturgeon.

A gill cover without branchial membrane. Body elongated with three or five rows of large bony scales. Abdominal. Vent posterior. One dorsal and one anal fin. Tail obliqual and unequal. Mouth beneath the snout, toothless, retractible; snout bearded by four appendages before the mouth.

A very interesting and extensive genus, inhabiting all the large rivers of the northern hemisphere; many species are anadromic and live in the sea in the winter. There are six species in the Ohio and its branches, which appear very early in the spring, and must therefore winter in the deep waters of the Mississippi. They are all good to eat and are used as food. They are taken with the seines and harpoons. They spawn in the Ohio, &c. Linneus, Lacepede, Shaw, and Schneider knew very few species of this genus. I have proved, in a Monography, that it must contain about 40 species, of which I have ascertained 20. Seven of them belong to the Old Continent; 1. *A. sturio*, Linneus. 2. *A. huso*, L. 3. *A. ruthenus*, L. 4. *A. Stellatus*, L. 5. *A. lichtensteini*, Schn. 6. *A. lutescens*, Raf. 7. *A. attilus*, Raf.; while thirteen are peculiar to North America; 8. *A. atlanticus*, Raf. (*A. sturio*, Mitchill.) 9. *A. oxyrinchus*, Mitchill. 10. *A. rubicundus*, Lesueur, 11. *A. muricatus*, Raf.

(var. prec. Lesueur.) 12. *A. marginatus*, Raf. 13. *A. brevirostrum*. Les. (His three varieties are probably distinct species.) 14. *A. hudsonius*, Raf.; besides the six following ones.

1st Subgenus. STURIO.

Five rows of scales on the body, one dorsal, two lateral, and two abdominal.

96th Species. SPOTTED STURGEON. *Accipenser maculosus*. Eturgeon tachete.

A. maculosus. Lesueur in Transactions of the American Philosophical Society; New Series vol 1, page 393.

Head one fourth of total length channelled between the eyes, which are oblong, snout elongated obtuse. Body pentagonal olive, with black spots and small asperities: 13 dorsal scales, lateral rows with 35 scales, abdominal rows with 10.

It is found in the Ohio as far as Pittsburgh. Size small, not exceeding two feet. Mouth and pectoral fins large. Scales rugose, radiated, keeled and spinescent behind. Iris yellow, oblong. See Lesueur's description.

97th Species. SHOVELFISH STURGEON. *Accipenser platorynchus*. Eturgeon pelle.

Head one fifth of total length, flattened, snout flat oval, hardly obtuse, rough above, eyes round. Body pentagonal smooth, pale fulvous above, white beneath. Tail elongated mucronate; 16 dorsal scales, lateral rows with 40, abdominal rows with 12.

A singular species, very common in the Ohio, Wabash, and Cumberland in the spring and summer, but seldom reaching as high as Pittsburgh. It appears in shoals in March, and disappears in August. It is very good to eat and bears many names, such as Spade-fish, Shovel-fish, Shovel-head, Flat-head, Flat-nose, &c. having reference to the shape of its head, which is flattened somewhat like a spade. It is also found in the Mississippi and Missouri, where the French call it *La pelle* or *Poison pelle*, which has the same meaning. Size from two to three feet, greatest weight 20 lb. Body rather slender, with small bluish dots on the back and whitish on the sides. Dorsal scales brownish, radiated, punctuated, and spinescent. Lateral scales dimidiated, serrated behind, the posterior smaller: the abdominal nearly similar, hardly serrated. Two nostrils on each side

before the eyes, the posterior larger oblong obliqual. Eyes round black, iris coppered. Mouth with eight lobes and verrucose. Tail very long. one fifth of total length, the upper lobe scaly above, slender and with a long filiform terminal process. All the fins trapezoidal, the dorsal falcated with 25 rays and nearly opposite to the anal. Pectoral large 45 rays. Abdominal 20. Anal 14. Tail, inferior lobe 18, superior 60.

2d Subgenus. STERLETUS.

Only three rows of scales, one dorsal and two lateral.

98th Species. FALL STURGEON. *Accipenser serotimus*. E. turgeon tardif.

Head conical two ninths of total length, snout short obtuse, eyes somewhat oblong. Body cylindrical entirely fulvous brown, belly white. Tail short and truncate obliquely. Dorsal scales 17, two of which behind the dorsal fin, lateral rows with about 30 scales.

A large species reaching 5 and 6 feet in length. It appears in June and disappears in November, but is seldom caught, except in the fall, when attempting to go down the river. It is sometimes caught in the Kentucky as late as November. It affords a tolerably good food. Snout very short yet somewhat attenuated, barbs brown, eyes nearly round, head with a depression above, lips very thick. Scales radiated knobby behind. Pectoral and anal fin somewhat oboval, the abdominal and dorsal trapezoidal.

99th Species. OHIO STURGEON. *Accipenser ohiensis*. Eturgeon del' Ohio.

Head conical one fifth of total length, snout sloping short nearly acute, eyes round. Body cylindrical rough olivaceous, fulvous, belly white. Tail short lunulate falcate. Dorsal scales 14 carinated, the lateral rows with 34 dimidiated and unqual.

Somewhat similar to the foregoing. Length from three to four feet. Found as far as Pittsburgh, comes in the spring, and goes away in September. Head convex above, with a protuberance on the top. All the fins trapezoidal but somewhat falcate. The tail remarkably so, and obliquely lunulate, the lobes not divided by a notch as usual in the other species. It has been

mentioned by Lesueur as a variety of his *A. rubicundus*, page 390 of the Trans. Am. Phil. Society, but it differs widely from it.

100th Species. Bigmouth Sturgeon. *Accipenser macrostomus*. Eturgeon beaut.

Head one fourth of total length, snout elongated, somewhat flattened, eyes round. Body cylindrical deep brown above, white beneath. Tail elongated; about 20 dorsal scales, several between the dorsal and anal fin, about 30 scales in each lateral row.

I have not seen this species, but Mr. Audubon has communicated me a drawing of it. It is only found in the lower parts of the Ohio, and reaches four feet in length. Good food. Mouth large gaping, hanging down, retractible. Gill cover oblong. Tail slender, the lower lobe very small. Fins trapezoidal, the dorsal and anal somewhat falcated and more distant from the tail than usual. Lateral scales dimidiated.

XXXII Genus. Double fin. Dinectus. Dinecte.

Differs from Sturgeon, by having two dorsal and no abdominal fins. First dorsal anterior, the second opposed to the anal. Three rows of scales as in *Sterletus*.

This genus rests altogether upon the authority of Mr. Audubon, who has presented me a drawing of the only species belonging to it. It appears very distinct if his drawing be correct; but it requires to be examined again. Is it only a Sturgeon incorrectly drawn?

101st Species. Flatnose Doublefin. *Dinectus truncatus*. Dinecte camus.

Head one fifth of total length, conical, snout very short truncated, eyes round. Body cylindrical deep brown above, silvery white beneath, tail elongated: dorsal scales, 4 before the first dorsal fin, 6 between the fins, and 4 behind the second, lateral rows with about 30 small dimidiated scales.

This fish was taken with the seine near Hendersonville in the spring of 1818 by Mr. Audubon. Length two feet, skin very thick and leathery. Mouth very large and hanging down as in the foregoing, somewhat like a proboscis. Pectoral and anal fins trapezoidal, dorsal fins nearly triangular, the first larg-

er and standing immediately behind the pectoral. Gill cover rounded. Tail somewhat forked, the upper lobe thrice as long as the lower. Four long white barbs, very near the end of the snout, eyes above the mouth.

XXXIII Genus. Spadefish. Polyodon. Polyodon.

Differs from Sturgeon, by having a tranversal mouth with teeth, no barbs and no scales. Snout protruded in a long flat process, gill cover elongated by a membraceous appendage.

This singular genus was first described by Lacepede. It belongs to the family of *Sturionia*, along with the two foregoing and the following. Only one species is known as yet.

102d Species. Western Spadefish. *Polyodon folium.* Polyodon feuille.

Head longer than the body, snout as long as the head, cuneiform obtuse thin and veined with one main nerve. Brown above, white beneath.

Squalus spathula Lacep. Poiss. 1, p. 403, tab. 12, fig. 3.

Polyodon folium Lacep. and Auct. mod.

Spatularia. Schneider's Ichthyology.

This singular fish has often been described and figured, but I have not seen a single figure of it perfectly correct It is a rare fish, occasionally seen in the Mississippi, Missouri, Ohio, &c. It disappears in winter. I saw several at the falls in September 1818. It is caught in the seines and sometimes bites at the hook. It is not eaten. Length from one to three feet. I shall add an exact description of it. An oblong redish spot at the base of the snout, which is brown membranaceous, with a thick cartilaginous nerve in the middle and many veins, broader and obtuse at the end. Eyes round small black, before the mouth, a small nostril in front of them. Mouth large, similar to that of a shark, with small crowded teeth on the jaws and the tongue, this is large thick and similar to a file. Gill cover very long membranaceous reaching the abdominal fins. A lateral line following the curve of the back. All the fins brown, nearly rhomboidal, with an obliqual redish band, and a multitude of small crowded rays, inserted on a thick fleshy lump: the dorsal fin larger and rather more anterior than the anal. Tail very obliqual, serrated above: lobes not very differ-

ent in size, but extremely in shape and situation, the lower one broader, shorter, and nearly triangular.

XXXIV Genus. PADDLEFISH. PLANIROSTRA. Planirostre.

Differs from *Polyodon*, by having no teeth whatever and the gill-cover radiated with a short appendage.

By the want of teeth this genus is intermediate between *Polyodon* and *Accipenser*. It was first described by Lesueur, under the name of *Platirostra* (by mistake) instead of *Planirostra*. I had called it in manuscript *Megarhinus paradoxus*.

103d Species. TOOTHLESS PADDLEFISH. *Planinostra edentula*. Planirostre edente.

Head as long as the body, snout longer than the head, somewhat cuneiform, obtuse, and thin, with two longitudinal nerves nd reticulated veins forming an hexagonal network. Body entirely olive brown.

Platinostra edentula, Lesueur in Journ. Ac. Nat. Sc. Philadelphia, Volume 1, page 229.

This fish is still more rare than the foregoing, but found occasionally as far as Pittsburgh. It is larger, reaching from 3 to 5 feet and 50lbs weight. Not very good to eat. It has been so fully described by Lesueur, that I need not do it again. The individual which I saw was 40 inches long, head 20 inches, snout 11 inches long and 2¾ wide at the end, hardly cuniform. Eyes exceedingly small and round. Gill cover oval radiated as in the Sturgeons, with a short membranaceous flap, reaching only beyond the pectoral fins, &c. It is also called, along with the foregoing, Oar fish and Spatula fish.

XXXV Genus. LAMPREY. PETROMYZON. Lamproie.

Body cylindrical scaleless, vent posterior. Two dorsal fins and a caudal fin, no other fins. Seven branchial round holes on each side of the neck. Mouth terminal inferior acutiform, toothed.

There are two or three species of Lampreys in the Ohio; but they are very scarce and I have only seen one as yet.

104th Species. BLACK LAMPREY. *Petromyzon nigrum*. Lamproie noire.

Entirely blackish, tail oval acute, second dorsal over the vent, several rows of teeth.

A very small species, from four to five inches long; it is found as high as Pittsburgh. Dorsal fins shallow, and distant from each other and the tail. Eyes round and large. Branchial holes small. No lateral line. Mouth oval, teeth white and yellow. It torments sometimes the Buffaloe fish and Sturgeons, upon which it fastens itself. It is never found in sufficient quantity to be used as food.

End of the Fishes.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

It is said that the original manuscript of OSSIAN'S POEMS has been discovered, enclosed in a strong oaken chest, in a vault where stood the cloisters of an old catholic Abbey in Connor, Ireland, and that it was written in 1463 by an Irish Friar, named Terence O'Neal, a branch of the noble family of the Earl of O'Neal. This story however is not well attested and has been contradicted.

A volume of poetry, said to be excellent, has been recently published in England, with the title of "*The Angel of the World*, an Arabian tale; *Sebastian*, a Spanish tale, with other poems." It is written by the Rev. George Croley, and is spoken of in the highest terms by the Reviewers. The Arabian tale is pronounced "an emanation of genius, which sports amidst the effulgence of its own glorious images, till the mind is almost overcome by the radiance of angelical and natural imagery." Sebastian too is said to be a *charming romance*, and the critics thus strongly express themselves in relation to it. "The pomp and chivalry of Spain are inwoven on a sweet tissue of distressed and devoted love, and we can scarcely tell whether we most admire the web or the embroidery. The poet displays more of the diversity of his powers; war and festival, and nature and passion alternate, till we arrive at a happy termination, when, as if pleased with his own conclusion, he assumes a playful tone, and dismisses us in measureless content." Sebastian, it appears, is deeply enamoured of a fair one, to whom he is at length affianced, and her sister, who is also in love with Sebastian, enters a convent in despair. His intended bride however meets with a fatal accident which destroys her life, and Sebastian, in the utmost melancholy,

and indeed almost frantic with grief, rushes to the field of battle. Here he is haunted by a "fair, half visionary pursuer," with whom he at length falls deeply in love, and the effect of her appearance upon him is thus finely described.

'Sebastian wandered forth; the garden air
Rush'd on his cheek, nor cool'd the fever there:
He gasp'd for breath. A sparry fountain shot
Its waters in the moonlight; by its grot
He stood, as if the sounds his heart would lull;
His face so sad, so pale, so beautiful,
Fixed on the moon that in her zenith height
Pour'd on his naked brow a flood of light;
Shrined, moveless, silent, in the splendid beam,
He look'd the marble Genius of the stream.
Silence all round; but when the night-wind sway'd,
Or some roused bird dash'd fluttering thro' the shade,
For those he had no ear; the starry vault,
The grove, the fount, but fed one whelming throught;
Time, fate, the earth, the glorious heaven above,
Breath'd but one mighty dream—that dream was love.
Sebastian had seen beauty, and his name
Had lighted many a lady's cheek with flame,
Rich, high born. graceful; such may woo and win,
While courteous words conceal the chill within.
But the warrior burning in his blood,
He left the fair pursuer unpursued:
Bound to Sidonia's daughter from his birth,
Laugh'd at the little tyrant of the earth;
Could talk as others talk, of hope and fear,
But never gave the god a sigh or tear.

But now the world was chang'd, the die was cast!
How had he slept so long, to wake at last?
What hid the feelings that now shook his soul?
Where was the cloud that gave the thunder roll?
This, this was life, at last he walk'd in light,
The veil of years was rent before his sight.
'Twas not her beauty, tho' the loveliest there
Was lifeless, soulless, featureless to her;
No, nor her melting voice, nor that slight hand
That her sweet harp with such swift beauty fann'd,
Like magic's silver sceptre, hovering,
To wake enchantment from the untouch'd string.

* * * * * *

A sudden meteor sail'd across the heaven,
He hail'd its sign; to him, to him 'twas given,
Omen of joy; bright promise of bright years,
'Let fear and folly have their 'vale of tears,'
Let him be blest with that unequall'd one,
Whoe'er she was, she should, she must be won;
Life would roll on, one calm and blossom'd spring;
But if the tempest came, they would but cling
With arms and hearts the closer, till 'twas o'er;
Life a long joy, and death a pang no more.'
Out burst in speech the lover's ecstacy,
A sudden bugle pierced the morning sky.

He started from his dream. The yellow dawn
Wander'd along night's borders, like the fawn,
First venturing from its dappled mother's side—
A timid bound on darkness, swift withdrawn,
Then bolder tried again. The starlight died!'

AN ANECDOTE.

Madame De Stael, during her visit to England, went to Sir Humphrey Davy's house, and said to Lady Davy, "I love your husband, and I love *you* because *he* is your husband, and I have come to stay with you alone." Lady Davy, proud of her illustrious guest, shut the doors and passed the time *en famille*. Lord Byron however "*happened in.*" Madame De Stael and he immediately began to converse, were pleased, delighted, enraptured with each other; talked long and late, of every thing, and every body. At last the Baroness could restrain herself no more, and cried out in ecstacy, "*Eh, bien, Byron, que pensez vous de Dieu?*" His Lordship, who is not used to "*talk religion*" with his friends, started at the abruptness, and replied gravely, "*Madame, je l'admire, et je le revere.*"

We may judge how far Lord Byron was attached to Madame De Stael by his description of her, and his lamentations over her death, under the name of Corinna, in the Notes to Childe Harold.

POETRY.

From a Husband to a Wife, on seeing their daughter, a little girl, at play.

See, see, my Love, where Harriette goes
With rosy cheek and sparkling eye;
Her fairest gifts fond health bestows,
And balmy breezes round her fly.
See Innocence her breast adorn,
And infant Mirth her steps attend;
Young life now hails her rising morn,
And golden hues their radiance lend.
See Hope along the future dance
Her fairy visions to disclose;
Eager we seize each brilliant trance,
That brighter as we view it grows.
In Fancy's plastic eye, we trace
A mind with wisdom's precepts fraught,
A heart refin'd with every grace,
A soul enlarg'd with various thought.
Benevolence her plans will form,
Beneficence her hands will guide,
Religion will her bosom warm,
And love with virtue be allied.
Our days with pleasure she will crown,
Our cares with duteous deeds repay,
Her gratitude our claims will own,
And cheer with smiles our evening ray.
Then let us now indulge our joy,
Nor damp with fears the present hour;
Her heavenly art let Hope employ,
And o'er us wave her mystic power.

1810.

TRANSLATION OF ANACREON.

ODE 23.

OH would the power of shining gold
Our race preserve from growing old,

Or e'en postpone the dying hour,—
Oh! how I'd woo that guardian pow'r!
When Death stood beckoning at my door
I'd bribe him thence to come no more.
But, if bright gold this boon deny,
For stores of riches what care I?
All I ask, ye pow'rs divine,
Is wine abundant: Give me wine!
Wine's the genuine braid that binds,
In union sweet, congenial minds;
The soul to heavenly converse moves,
And softens beauty's breast, and love's.

THE EVE OF LIFE.

As the last light fair evening sheds
Enkindles to a warmer hue,
And tips with gold the mountain's head,
And leaves the misty vallies blue:

So may life's evening shine more bright!
Enraptured may my spirit find
Pure bliss in realms of purer light,
And leave this mortal part behind!

ERRATA.

Page 239, 7th line from bottom, for *systematic* read *symptomatic*.
Page 242, 2d line, for *Alfini* read *Alfieri*.
Same page, 3d line from bottom, for *Ostiology* read *Osteology*.
Some of the pages also are erroneously numbered, as the reader may perceive.

THE

WESTERN REVIEW

AND

MISCELLANEOUS MAGAZINE.

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The Abbot, being the sequel of the Monastery, by the Author of Waverley, Ivanhoe, &c, &c, two vols, 12 mo. *Philadelphia*, published by M. Carey and Son, 1820. pp, 568.

WE took some notice of this novel in our number for October, (p, 163,) but we had not then, as was stated at the time, seen the work except in "criticisms and extracts." We have now read it for ourselves, and are not disposed to suppress our feelings upon the occasion, nor to keep from our friends the opinion which we have formed of its merits. It is not our intention to make any more extracts from it, nor to repeat the outlines of the story. We shall not occupy our pages with a new analysis, nor fill them up with any remarks but our own. These observations are our apology for taking notice of the Abbot a second time.

The novels of this author are a proof that the best talents and learning of the age are not degraded by this kind of employment, and that the indiscriminate declamation against the utility of reading works under this name is no longer to be indulged, if indeed it were ever indulged with any tolerable degree of propriety. We do not hesitate to avow the sentiment of congratulation, which we cherish toward the present period of the world on account of the appearance of Waverley and its successors. There is no thing in ancient literature, which the classical scholar can bring forward as an offset for these delightful and masterly productions of modern genius. Here at least, we have a decided superiority over Greece and Rome, and indeed over all the old nations, and may well enjoy, in the unrestrained flow of our hearts, the pleasure of this wonderful improvement in learning and invention. History assumes the most

interesting shape, as well as the most instructive. No delineations of character were ever more striking, various, or useful. The passions, the selfish interests of men, the true nature and real tendencies of parties and sects, the spirit of bigotry and fanaticism, the malevolent character of the monstrous compound of political power and religious intolerance united with ignorance and superstition, the detestable features of hypocrisy contrasted with the charm of sincerity, portraits of the mean and the mercenary placed by the side of those which are inimitably drawn from originals of genuine virtue and disinterestedness, are all presented to the inquisitive reader in the most distinct and glowing manner, and teach and impress the invaluable lessons of morality and piety with at least as much force as the best sermons from the pulpit, and with far greater versatility and interest. The gallery of pictures by this artist is furnished from every department of civilized life. No scene, nor remarkable personage, is omitted. The invention of the enchanter is as various and inexhaustible as that of Shakespeare himself.

No country could be selected, where a better opportunity is afforded than in Scotland to show both the bright and the dark side of our common religion. Its energy and its abuses are equally conspicuous in the history of this remarkable people. The controversies between the Romanists and the Protestants, the alternate success and defeat of the parties, the revolution which finally put down the Papal See and established the Genevan, and the bitter and unsparing persecutions among all the sects as they in turn acquired power, enable the student in Scottish character to contemplate christianity under all its aspects, and to draw its actual features, whether of beauty or deformity, in every possible variety of color, proportion, tone, and expression. Orthodoxy and heresy; the embroidery of the vestments of St Peter and the proud nakedness of the surly disciples of Knox; episcopacy and presbyterianism; high church and low; the ferocious *cameronian* and the accomplished *moderate;* the strong, coarse, raw material of calvinism, rudely formed into belted and weather proof fear-naughts, and the same when slightly yielding to the arts and improvements of modern manufacture, but still retaining its essential roughness and hardness of texture; the skepticism of Hume, the elegance of Robertson, the ardor of Erskine, and the originality of the liberal Campbell; have all been found in Scot-

land, and have been adorned by the talents and virtues of the ablest and most determined champions. Gifted Gilfillan, Old Mortality, Balfour of Burley, Kettledrummle, Henry Warden, and Dryfesdale, are specimens of the author's knowledge of the characteristic traits and peculiarities of one of the parties; and Boniface, the friar of Copmanhurst, Eustathius, and Ambrose, of his acquaintance with those of the other. The mixture of cunning, bigotry, selfishness, canting inhumanity, and the affectation of gospel purity, in Gilfillan, is inimitably described. The fatalism of Dryfesdale is an admirable satire upon this absurd faith, and shows the monstrous consequences of mingling it with christianity, or rather what the consequences would be, if the faith were actually applied to practice.

In regard to characters at large, we may refer, as proofs of our author's versatility of talents and observation, to the Laird of Bradwardine, Donald Bean Lean, Fergus Mc Ivor, Pleydell, Dandy Dinmont, Dirk Hatteraick, Claverhouse, Montrose, Fitz Allan, Dalgetty, Prince John, Lockesley, Brian Bois Guilbert, Cedric the Saxon, his slave Gurth, Front De Bœuf, Isaac, and Richard Cœur De Lion. Pleydell is a master piece; Dandy Dinmont is perfectly sustained throughout, and highly interesting; Claverhouse is a chef d'œuvre; and Dalgetty is an unrivalled portrait.

We have heard it said, that there is not equal skill in the delineation of female characters. We are surprised at this remark when we remember the number and variety of personages of this sex, which are introduced to our attention. Flora Mc Ivor is drawn with very great ability, and with the finest pencil. Jeanie Deans is justly pronounced to be one of the most perfect descriptions of female excellence known in any book of prose or poetry. Annot Lyle, as a child of fancy, is peculiarly happy, and plays upon our imagination with colors that never fade, and with an interest that never tires. In the Monastery, Mysie, the miller's daughter, though not entirely consistent, affords great relief and animation to the story, and will be as long remembered as Sir Piercie Shafton, or as the title of the book. Meg Merrilies, Ulrica, and Magdalen Græme, are unparalleled in their kinds, and are portraits perfectly distinct from each other. One of the finest pictures ever drawn out with the pen, the most graphical, a picture actually present to the eye while we read, is that of Ulrica in the midst of the flames, on one of the turrets of Front De Bœuf's castle, in

the moment of death exulting in the completeness of her revenge upon her despoiler and tyrant. Meg Merrilier will be henceforth the model of the class of beings, a whose head she ranks, as long as Raphael's Elymas the sor cerer will be the model of all blind men. Of Lady Rowe na we do not think much, but Rebecca will never fade from our memory, nor her virtues from the impressions engraved on our hearts. The Abbot abounds with female characters, all of which are portrayed by the hand of a master, and supported by an untiring invention. Mary is sustained throughout in a manner worthy of her royalty, beauty, wit, and accomplishments, and in agreement with the testimony of history. The Lady of Lochleven is sufficiently dry, formal, hard, proud, bigotted, and unrelenting to be allowed her full claim to be a genuine follower of John Knox. Her integrity, at the same time, is so well mingled with her superstition and severity, that it presents, with her parental agony, altogether an object of gloomy, but strong admiration for the reader. Caroline Seyton is kept up in a style of unbounded animation and wit, good sense and levity, pesrvering attachment and irresistible humor.

The Abbot is one of the best productions of the author of Waverley, and is happy in following so indifferent a work as the Monastery. Its reception would hardly have been as cordial as it now is, if it had immediately succeeded Ivanhoe. The Monastery was a great falling-off, and well prepared the public mind to be pleased with the Abbot. This novel however does not require any adventitious circumstance of this nature to recommend it The characters, the incidents, the management of the story, the dignity of the principal personages, the fidelity to history, and the result, command the attention of the reader, and call out his liveliest sympathies. The book might be called Mary, or Roland Græme, with more propriety than the Abbot. Roland Græme is the object of chief interest in the first volume, and Mary in the second. The Abbot is no where the principal figure, except for a moment at the period of his election, and at the boat, where Mary puts off for England. He however is so excellent a man that we are not unwilling to have him retain the honor of giving his name to the story. We earnestly wish that his advice to Mary had been taken, and that she had never put herself in the power of that female fiend in the shape of Queen Elizabeth. The detestation, with which this English woman ought to be

viewed, can hardly be carried to excess. Her conduct toward the beautiful and unfortunate Mary is an everlasting disgrace to her sex and her country, as well as to herself and human nature. Let her memory never survive it.

In regard to Roland Græme's character, we have already said, by implication, that it is well supported and happily conceived. We regret however, that he was not allowed to perform more military achievements, and carry into execution more of the promises made by his conversation and general temperament. In cutting down the enemies, who surrounded Henry Seyton, he acted bravely, and as he should; but we felt, on closing the volume, that we should have been more gratified if he had enjoyed more frequently such occasions to distinguish himself. We are not indeed left with the impression that he shrunk at any time from danger, for we know that he always courted it; and we are satisfied that he would always have appeared as advantageously as in his first rencontre in the affray of the Seytons and the Leslies. Had he taken however the life of the old brute Lindesay on the spot, at the moment when the queen showed the marks of his savage grasp upon her fair arm, we should be content. As it is, we rejoice in finding him the son of Julian Avenel and the husband of Catherine Seyton.

George Douglas too has interested us extremely. His deep, silent, and inextinguishable passion for Mary receives our highest admiration, and his fate commands our warmest sympathy. The work would lose half its charm, if he were not in it. Being ourselves made to love the same object with all our hearts, and to believe her the rightful queen of Scotland, we enter at once into all the feelings of Douglas, and approve of the sacrifice he made of the world and of his connexions in obedience to a passion so pure and exalted. We are wrought up by the story, not only to wish every thing for Mary, but to hate and denounce her enemies with all the zeal of Magdalen Græme. The fiendish spirit ascribed to the followers of Knox, their beauty-hating, psalm singing, image breaking, and art-destroying piety, appear to us as they did to the elegant and unfortunate queen, and well deserve the reproaches that accomplished minds are ever ready to unite in bestowing upon them. Convinced as we are, that papacy is hostile to the fair advancement of human improvement and happiness, we should infinitely prefer it to the morose and savage bigot-

ry that called itself at that time evangelical. We should have been Roman Catholics with Mary; and even now bow before her portrait with a depth and sincerity of homage that we are unwilling to pay to the memory of any other woman in the history of thrones, or in the circle of royal beauty and accomplishment. Long will it be ere our hearts cease to beat with the emotions, which the Abbot has excited in them for this unrivalled woman, this victim of fanaticism and of the jealousy and hatred of a base English rival.

We do not think it necessary for us to go further in our remarks upon the characters. In the course of the work there are some exquisite descriptions, which we would select, had we not determined to make no extracts for this article. The escape from Lochleven kept us breathless with interest and anxiety, until the party were fairly landed in garden of old Boniface, and indeed till the queen is found safely lodged in the castle which is protected by her faithful nobles. The shot from the fort at the boat on the lake made us spring from our seat while reading, and almost drop the book, lest the next discharge should hit and destroy the precious crew, and sink them with our sympathies and hopes to the bottom.

We cannot dismiss our miscellaneous comments upon the Abbot, without expressing our gratitude to the author for the reiterated and accumulating pleasure, which his works afford us. If this man be Walter Scott, it is his own fault that we are made to forget his poetry in the superior interest of his prose. We would rather have the fame, acquired by these novels and justly due to them, than that of any living bard whatever; not that talents equal to Byron's are shown, but the former are pure and holy, while the latter are corrupt and damning.

A Sermon, delivered October 12th 1820, at the ordination of the Reverend William B O Peabody to the pastoral charge of the Third Congregational Church in Springfield, by Henry Ware, D, D, Professor of Divinity in Harvard University. *Springfield, Massachusetts*, A G Tannatt and Co, printers. pp, 38, 8 vo.

This discourse is characterized by good sense, clearness, candor, and catholicism. The text is happily chosen, "*We*

know in part." (I Cor: xiii, 10.) The object is to point out the causes of diversity in religious opinions, and, by showing that they are innocent and natural, to check arrogance and intolerance on the one hand, and to prevent indolence and despondency on the other. The man, who thinks that he sees all religious truth in the light of noon-day, is very impatient of the doubts and caution of one, who finds himself walking in a dim twilight, and liable to stumble at every step. The man, who believes that there is no light, or none which is sufficient to guide him, will be tempted to yield himself a victim to sloth or chance, and to follow wherever ease or impulse may lead the way. Those, who pretend to have supernatural and miraculous communications to guide them, independently of reason, experience, common sense and observation, and a natural interpretation of the bible according to our knowledge of ancient customs and modes of writing, are usually more blind and perverse than their neighbors, and are among the most unmanageable, uncomfortable, unamiable, and discourteous people in civilized society. They are severe, censorious, selfish, and exclusive.

The dimness, which we are to acknowledge and regard, surrounds only the abstruse and speculative parts of our religion, while those, which are of great importance in practice, and which are essential to individual and social virtue, are clear and distinct. We know, from irresistible evidence, that we are accountable beings; that we are members of a great moral system; that virtue is rewarded and vice punished; that prudence, wisdom, and benevolence are the foundation of our happiness; that the amiable affections are enjoined, and the unamiable forbidden; that philanthropy and piety are equally necessary to the perfection of the christian character; that selfishness and impiety are the certain parents of misery by subjecting us to the condemnation, hatred, and opposition of our fellow creatures; that we are bound to unfold, use, and improve the faculties of our minds; that idleness and barrenness are criminal; that we must not wrap our talents in a napkin; that the virtues, which make men and women faithful and happy, and families and communities peaceable and benevolent, and churches and states just and prosperous, are commanded by the will of God, or rather are identical with it. while their opposites are, by the same will, proscribed; that christianity, when liberally interpreted and benevolently followed, is the best form

of religion granted to man; that the moral instructions and pious hopes furnished by Jesus are adapted to our nature and wants, and are of infinite dignity and value; that the immortality of the soul is a most desirable, consoling, and useful faith; that the individual is wise and happy, who makes this doctrine the rule of his actions and the source of his highest motives and expectations; that to consider the world fatherless is to plunge it into darkness and horror; that a moral governor of the universe is essential to analogy, and to the symmetry of our system; that no end of this moral government is to be supposed or desired; and that we gain nothing, while we lose much, by substituting skepticism and indifference for faith, hope, and charity. The practical and most important instructions of the bible are so plain that he, who runs, may read. We never contend and divide about such truths and duties as these:—*Do to others as you would that they should do to you;—Honor thy father and thy mother;—Thou shalt not lie;—Thou shalt not steal;—Thou shalt do no murder;—Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbor as thyself;—Add to your faith virtue, and to virtue knowledge, and to knowledge brotherly kindness, and to brotherly kindness charity;—Whatsoever things are honest, just, lovely, and of good report, think upon and practise.*

It is worthy of remark that religious quarrels and persecutions are about speculative questions, and not about good morals, or even about a sincere and useful piety. The questions are such as these;—*Shall we worship at Jerusalem or at Mount Gerizzim?—Shall we keep Easter in one month, or in another?—Are we guilty of Adam's sin, or in consequence of Adam's sin?—Is salvation general or particular?—Must a man be willing to be damned as a test of his fitness to be saved?—Do you believe in the infallibility of the Pope?—Do you receive or reject the doctrine of proximate power?—Are you a Jansenist or a Molinist?—Do you hail from Rome, or from Geneva?—On which side of the Five Points are you?—Which gives a commission from heaven, the hand of a Presbyter, or that of a Bishop?—Are you for crape and lawn, or for crape only, or for neither?—Are you for pictures, or for whitewash; for Raphael, or for John Knox? Are you for round windows, or for square?* One can hardly avoid thinking of a great point made in the trial of Socrates, a trial that ended in his death, "*Did you, or did you not, laugh at Minerva's Owl?*"

Dr Ware illustrates, with great candor and success, the propriety, and even necessity, of mutual kindness and for-

bearance among christians, in regard to all the speculative parts of the religion. It is thus introduced.

"Of the limited number of topics, which seem to be suitable for this occasion, I have selected that which is suggested by the text just read, and which relates to the *limitation* and *imperfection* of our religious knowledge.—We know in part.

It is remarkable, that this declaration of its incompleteness relates to the primitive teachers of christianity themselves.—It may not be useless for us to consider, what lessons of instruction this should bring to the ordinary teachers of the gospel; and to all christians at the present day.

If it could be said of Paul and James, of Peter and John, who received the gospel directly from the lips of the heavenly instructor himself; how much more is it true of the wisest and the best instructed now, that "they know but in part!"

Closely connected with this partial and imperfect knowledge, and a necessary consequence of it, is another circumstance, which we sometimes regard with solicitude as an evil; as a blemish in the scheme of our religion, or a defect in its publication. I mean diversity of opinion in those who embrace it. It is a necessary consequence of the imperfection of which we speak, because, if our knowledge were perfect, no such diversity could exist. But a certain degree of imperfection in the knowledge that is communicated, meeting with an infinite variety in the faculties of men, and in the opportunities and motives, and means they enjoy, the unavoidable result is a wide difference in their views and opinions. It is a result too, which, though it will in no degree lessen the obligation of a faithful endeavour to know the truth, nor excuse that ignorance or error which are the effect of carelessness, or indifference, or obstinacy, may yet teach us, that neither ignorance nor error are in themselves any certain evidence of guilt; and that although opposite opinions cannot be both true, they may be both innocent.

Now the light in which it is proper, and in which it will be most instructive for us to view this imperfection of our religious knowledge, and its natural consequence, diversity of opinion among those, who derive their knowledge from the same source, appeal to the same standard, and profess the same common faith, is *as it constitutes a very important part of the discipline of the present life.*

It is in this light, that I shall present it to your contemplation in this discourse.

The condition of our life is a probation, and every part of the divine administration in the government of the world is designed to try and to improve our virtue. How this part of it in particular operates as a salutary discipline, and is therefore not

a reasonable subject of complaint, but of submissive and cheerful acquiescence, it will not, I think, be difficult to perceive.

pp, 3—5.

The following is the division.

"It is in the first place, a salutary discipline, as it brings the faculties into a more vigorous exercise, than would be otherwise required; as it demands a more active and faithful use of them in order to distinguish truth from error, and justly to estimate the value and the evidence of different opinions. Thus, with those who will make a right use of it, does this necessity of constant attention, arising from the liability to fall into error, and the vigorous exercise of the faculties requisite in order to distinguish truth and avoid deception, serve to sharpen the faculties, to strengthen them, and exalt them to higher perfection, than they would have attained under a less severe discipline."

p, 5.

"We are to show in the second place, that its moral design, and the moral effects it produces, make a still more interesting consideration; because it gives a larger scope, and presents new occasions for the exercise of good affections. It gives opportunity for some virtues, which could otherwise have no existence; and of others it enlarges the sphere of their exercise."

p, 7.

Under the first head we extract two paragraphs.

"Of such a scheme of intellectual discipline, imperfection of knowledge, and what naturally follows from it, diversity of opinion, seem to make a necessary part. This diversity however must have its limits. For if it were otherwise, if it were total, it would imply, not the imperfection of our knowledge, but entire destitution of it; not that "we know in part," but that we know nothing at all. In that case truth and knowledge and certainty would be names without a meaning."

"But that degree of imperfection, which, after all the efforts of human reason, and all the light which divine revelation has given, still accompanies our knowledge of divine things, and is the occasion of so great diversity in our manner of thinking, our articles of faith, and the light in which the same truths are seen; by the stimulus it gives to the spirit of inquiry, and by its demand upon the vigorous and faithful and patient exercise of the faculties, for the discovery of truth, and in order to distinguish it from error, is a most salutary discipline; and serves more than any other to strengthen the faculties, and to give elevation and enlargement to our views." (pp, 6. 7.)

Under the second head, we find this illustration.

"What is it but the incompleteness of our knowledge and

consequent diversity of our views upon subjects, which are deemed interesting, that furnishes the grounds for distinguishing the dispositions and true character of men, by giving to good men the opportunity of exercising all the kind affections, preserving their mutual good opinion, and expressing their good will under circumstances, which in bad men produce only alienation, mutual dislike, and harsh reproaches?

He who has something of the mild and gentle spirit of his master, and some just notions of the temper and character, which his religion is intended to form, finds the opportunity, and has the disposition to exercise forbearance, and to practice moderation. Upon those persons, whose opinions he believes to be wrong, and therefore finds himself obliged to condemn, he yet passes a charitable judgment, not thinking it necessary to attribute either to defect of undersianding, or to perverseness of will, or to any bad motive, that others, with apparently the same means of judging with himself, and the same grounds upon which to form their opinions, are yet led to different conclusions, and embrace with decision different opinions, and adhere to them with firmness and zeal." (pp, 7, 8.)

"By this discipline men may be trained to the exercise and expression of the most enlarged liberality of mind, without losing in any degree their reverence for truth, their ardor in its pursuit, or zeal in its defence. For nothing can be more false, or of more mischievous tendency, than the supposition, that the spirit for which we plead implies indifference respecting religious truth. It were nearer the fact to say, that it implies the contrary, a deep concern for the truth. It is a disposition suited to the imperfection of our nature, and the limits of our knowledge. Those circumstances, which call a fair and good mind to the exercise of this virtue, are those, which also show the necessity and importance of the most diligent and faithful use of every opportunity in the pursuit of truth. And he is surely the most likely to pass a liberal judgment upon those opinions of others, to which he cannot subscribe himself, who is fully sensible of the value of truth, and has experienced the labour and difficulty, with which, on many subjects, the mind is brought to rest with satisfaction on its own decisions.

Those, again, who are led to right conclusions, and who make a right use of this circumstance in our make and condition, perceive what little ground there is to hope for success in any attempts to produce uniformity of opinion among christians by any other means, than by giving them clearer light, and teaching them how to use it. Uniformity of profession may indeed be effected by coercive measures. So it may also by the skilful application of almost any of those powerful motives, by which human conduct is influenced in other cases. Interest,

passion, the love of power may be addressed with success. Either of them may be so applied, as to go far toward destroying the freedom of the mind, and bringing it to acquiesce in authority. But to accomplish this end fully, to bring about an entire uniformity of religious opinion, as well as of profession, would require a degree of coercion impossible to be exerted in the present state of the christian world, especially in protestant countries. It was the privilege, if you will call it a privilege, of a darker period than that, in which it is our lot to live, to approach nearer to a uniformity of faith, than it is in our power to do. And it was effected by the same means, of which we have been speaking; by demanding submission to authority, precluding all enquiry, and preventing the accession of light, which might lead to new views, and awaken doubts, which were not felt before. Now the deeper the darkness, that at any period was spread over the christian world, and the nearer christians approached to absolute and total ignorance, the more practicable was the scheme of effecting the desired uniformity by such means. In the darkness of midnight all men see alike; but if you let in the light, they will see differently; and no coercion, and no authority will make those see alike, to whom God has given organs, which introduce the light in different proportions, and whose situation is such, as to have objects presented to them in different positions.

Nor is it only that all such attempts to produce uniformity of faith are vain and ineffectual. They are something worse, and deserve a higher censure. We regard with abhorrence every act of tyranny over the persons of men. But of all tyranny, that most deserves our reprobation, which is attempted to be exercised over the mind. To fetter and enslave the mind is audaciously to rob men of that liberty, with which the Creator, when he gave them reason, and the Saviour, when he enlightened that reason, made them free." (pp, 9, 11.)

"The doctrine that shrinks from examination, that calls for the support of authority, that requires to be received without evidence or without being understood, if it be true, exposes itself, or is rather exposed by its friends to suspicion. It incurs a reproach, which can only be wiped away by taking away the fences, with which it is thus officiously and presumptuously surrounded. I say *officiously and presumptuously surrounded;* for the author of reason and God of truth has neither appointed nor authorized, as he has not needed any such means to secure and to maintain his truth in the world." (p 13)

The following remarks are worthy of very particular attention.

"The absurdity, it must be seen, is equal to the arrogance of

assuming, that the particular scheme of doctrine which *we* have adopted contains the whole of christian truth, from which nothing may be taken, and to which nothing is to be added, and any departure from which must be a corruption of the faith. Especially can nothing be more improbable, than that the first return from the errors and superstition of the dark ages, was at once into the full lustre and perfection of christian knowledge; that those who first emerged from the deep darkness, which preceded the reformation in the 16th century, saw as clearly and distinguished as accurately, as those may do, whose lot it is to enjoy the advantages, which three centuries of unexampled improvement, have added to the light, that was then enjoyed. For this is implied in establishing as a permanent standard of christian faith, a system founded upon interpretations of that period, and adopted by the Fathers of that age. To suppose this, I say, is to suppose that, which is contrary to all the known laws in the natural, intellectual, and moral world. Change, that is salutary, is gradual. Improvement is not sudden and at a single effort, but slow, advancing toward perfection by successive degrees. Revolution indeed may be sudden, and violent, and accomplished at once; but its character is equivocal, and its effects uncertain, till they have had the test of time.

Christianity itself has been best supported, when the evidence by which it is supported has been most freely discussed and fully examined; and its nature and design will undoubtedly be best understood, and it will come nearest in its form to its primitive beauty and simplicity, when it shall be studied with unrestrained freedom, and the result of free enquiry can be expressed without reserve and without fear.

The early reformers are entitled to our admiration for that free and bold spirit of enquiry, which enabled them to *begin* the recovery of our holy religion from the tyranny, under which it had been bound; and our gratitude for disincumbering it of so much as they did of the errors of a darker age. That any were retained, has a claim on our indulgence, but no demand upon our imitation. It is no reproach to them, that, living at they did under the influence of an education in an extremely corrupt church, at a very dark period, and particularly under the influence of those false principles of the interpretation of scripture, which had first introduced and perpetuated all those corruptions and abuses;—it was no reproach that, under these circumstances, their knowledge of the true meaning of the scriptures was inferior to that of men neither greater nor better, nor more faithful students than they, who live in a more enlightened age, and have access to means, which were wanting to them.

Let us then imitate those great and good men, the first reformers; not by adopting implicitly their opinions, but by imbibing their spirit,—by having the same love of truth, the same

spirit of freedom, the same resolute resistance of all human authority in matters of faith, and the same ardent zeal and pious devotedness in the cause of our Lord and Master." (pp, 25, 26.)

We should be happy to see many more discourses so calm, dispassionate and useful, published and circulated among our fellow citizens. They would aid us in removing bigotry and intolerance, and in giving us, in their stead, the spirit and practice of our religion.

The Charge to the Pastor was delivered by the Rev: Dr. Prince, and is printed with the Sermon. We make one extract from it as a specimen of its good sense and fidelity to the protestant cause.

"We stand on protestant ground. We respect and cherish the great principle of protestantism, 'the right of private judgment in matters of religion, and of taking the holy scriptures as the rule of our faith and practice.' We claim the privilege of acting upon this right. You will exercise it yourself, and allow the free exercise of it to others. You will put no obstruction in the way of your brethren to prevent the exercise of this right; either by misrepresenting their doctrine, or exciting an undue prejudice against them, to destroy their usefulness. As protestants, we disclaim the doctrine of infallibility. You will therefore be careful not to practise upon the spirit of it in deciding upon the opinions of your brethren, and stigmatize those as damnable heresies, which are not so called in the scriptures. While in the way which some call heresy you worship the God of your fathers, you will leave others to form their own opinions and mode of worship as they think right; founded upon their own serious enquiry; especially when you find their sentiments and worship as beneficial in promoting christian piety and virtue as your own." (pp, 35, 36.)

We find in a note (p, 37,) that "*this elegant meeting house was presented, completely finished, to the society by Jonathan Dwight, Esquire.*" Such liberality, in such a cause, deserves to be recorded, published, praised, remembered, and, (where fortune and circumstances permit,) imitated.

AMERICAN BARDS, a Satire. *Philadelphia*, published for the author, by M. Thomas, 1820. 8vo. pp, 80.

WE have now before us a poem with the above title published a few months since in Philadelphia. So rarely does any thing of the kind issue from the American Press wor-

thy to rank above mediocrity, that we hail this with unfeigned pleasure. Not that we can for a moment give the slightest countenance to the bayings of those currish spirits, whose spleen has been so long directed against us from the other side of the Atlantic; but, though gifted with the highest natural endowments, our countrymen, with very few exceptions, have not directed their efforts to those pursuits which tend to the acquirement of literary fame. We repeat therefore, that we cannot but view with gratified feelings any work which may have an influence in refuting the calumnies that have been so liberally heaped upon us.

The present production is intended as an imitation of Lord Byron's "*English Bards and Scottish Reviewers;*" and the spirit which pervades it, is not unworthy of its prototype. Its object is, to place in a proper point of view, and to assign suitable ranks to the different American Poets who have at various periods made their appearance. In general, though not in every instance, the author of the "American Bards" has, we think, done them justice. A few extracts will however give a better idea of the poem than our own remarks.

After refusing to call to his aid the usual patrons of Poesy, Apollo and the Muses, under their various titles, our bard commences with an invocation to the GENIUS OF COLUMBIA. Possessed as it is of merit, and evincing at least an ardour of patriotism worthy of an American, we will present it to our readers.

"No: such the invocations that arise
From rhyming scribblers to the fabled skies:
Mine be a guardian nobler than the gods
Who revel in Olympian abodes:
O! GENIUS OF COLUMBIA! bright-eyed maid,
Whose varied form is never doom'd to fade,
To thee, those notes of uncorrupted praise,
Simply, but decently adorned,——I raise:
Thine be the will to shield, but not reward,
A young, but proud; a poor, but NATIVE BARD.
Teach me, though critics snarl, and fools condemn,
To roam unscath'd among the haunts of shame,
And spite of hackney'd verse, and vile reviews,
Protect my song, and guard my feeble muse.
Let not the pen that labours to amend,
By needless satire, venture to offend,
Nor, like the transatlantic wolves, (which prey
Ungorged in blood, on all that cross their way;)

Condemn in one exterminating curse,
The mangled beauties of our sons of verse:
But though its voice be harsh, and strains uncouth,
Let it not swerve from honest paths of truth,
Or warmly boasting of its native land,
Bid one foe fall, or friend unjustly stand:
No; by the noble land that gave me birth,
I love but her;——I know no other earth!
There 's not a heart that warms a patriot's breast
More dearly loves this Eden of the West;
There 's not a man, no matter what his fame,
Who feels more glory in his native name;
And all that love and all that glory's light,
Are brilliant stars to guide the mind aright:
But, from the realms where Purity is throned,
A mandate rolls superior to that bond;
This be my motto, wheresoe'er it flows,
Justice and Truth to all men!—FRIENDS OR FOES!" pp, 7, 8.

Having given a brief description of different kinds of poets, he pays the following handsome tribute to the memory of PAYNE and CLIFTON.

"Is not thy banner, Poetry, unfurled,
To shade the poets of the Western World?
Alas! in graceful curls it proudly waves,
O'er PAYNE's lamented,—CLIFTON's early, graves.

CLIFTON! the dirge that toll'd thy funeral knell
To years unborn its proudest notes shall swell!
Unerring Truth, to thy immortal name,
Shall raise a statue in the domes of Fame;
There, by its side, Wit's vestal fire shall burn,
And Fancy weep, and Genius there shall mourn;
To thee shall Taste her holiest anthems raise,
And teach her sons to venerate thy lays,
Our soaring eagle bear thy fame afar,
For bright, yet sinking, was thy natal star:
Proudly at first, a blazing fire it rose,
A steadier light, its rising beams disclose,
Admiring Wisdom greets the coming flame,
The fires that genius lights, her honours claim,
'Till a dark gloom thy beaming soul invades,
Scowls o'er thy fate and thy bright spirit shades;
Thy genius envious Fate denies our shore
And Fancy weeps her CLIFTON is no more!
But see another son of Genius rise,
And ask for fame where Merit gives the prize;

He claims another niche in Glory's fane,
To deck its splendour with the name of PAYNE.
Ill-fated bard, doom'd to a hapless grave,
Had fortune given thee, but what nature gave,
Had gloomy, withering Melancholy spared,
Had Fancy nur-ed the vigorous plant she rear'd,
Honouring to virtue as to wit, 'twould prove,
And grow immortal, like Apollo's love." pp, 10, 11.

After pouring forth a stream of invective against the rhyming mania of the day, he addresses the "bards of Columbia" and proceeds to enumerate the principal of our native sons of song, with their respective merits.

Dr. DWIGHT he introduces in the following complimentory manner:

"In troubled times which tried the souls of men,
Nerved the strong arm, and trim'd the patriot's pen,
The star of DWIGHT arose and pierced the gloom
That clothed his country and his native home:
If small its magnitude, a steady beam,
Flowed in a pure and undiminished stream,
And not like meteors, flashing to expire,
Dwelt long and cloudless, in its native fire.
The minister of HIM enthroned on high,
Friend of that *Man* whose name shall never die,
What brighter gems can deck an earthly crown,
Preacher of GOD, and Friend of *Washington?*" pp, 14.

In the same strain of commendation he dwells somewhat on the productions of this gentleman. Then follow FRENEAU and HUMPHREYS, who though not of elevated standing as poets, are however, spoken of with marked delicacy and respect, in consideration of their characters as patriots and heroes of our revolution. A short and handsome notice of TRUMBULL succeeds:

"HUMPHREYS farewell! 'the warrior's fight is o'er!'
And worth and honor sleep, to wake no more.

Long as the blessings, by our fathers won
When struggling freemen hail'd the rising sun
Of god-like Liberty;—which proudly rose
A warning beacon to our earliest foes;—
Long as her name shall thrill the patriot heart
With all the joys her attributes impart,
TRUMBULL shall live!—and memory's warmest sigh
Shall waft his spirit to its kindred sky." pp, 18.

BARLOW next appears to receive his meed of censure, for

talents of a high order, perverted by false taste and ill directed poetic ambition. With a slight mention of Mrs. Gordon, our Satirist proceeds to introduce to our favor Alsop and Shaw. His pathetic and spirited effusion on the premature death and productions of the latter we beg leave to insert:

"O! that the noble spirit oft should soar
Through clouds of fancy never pierc'd before,
To fall exhausted by that heavenly flight,
In self-destruction from the giddy height!
Like the proud Eagle, who with tearful eye
Falls from his trembling throne of air on high,
And sees the dart that quivers in his breast,
Wing'd by the plume that glisten'd in his crest:
Thus Shaw, though Science fed the brilliant flame,
That shed its lustre round thy youthful fame,
Its wasting fires commingling brighten'd thine,
'Till their united blaze consumed the shrine.

Who has not gazed on that pale orb of night,
Which seems to slumber in her silver light,
So calm,—so still,—like fond Affection's eye,
Beaming its charms in noiseless sympathy?
Like Friendship's holiest glance, so softly pure;
That not one sparkle twinkles to obscure?
Who has not felt that language has no charm
To make that moonlight thought more dearly warm?
The poet's fancy has the power to print
On Nature's loveliest scenes, a lovelier tint,
And that pale moon, so splendid, yet serene,
May live in words still brighter than the scene."

pp, 21 & 22.

These are the principal poets enumerated, who have left posthumous testimonials of their merits.

Next come the bards of the present day. Pierpoint is introduced in a strain of eulogy, to which we do not think his poem entitles him. Although not devoid of merit, we cannot consent to place him in so high a rank as Mr. Atall (for such we believe is the assumed name of our author,) assigns him. Sargent is brought before us in style similar to that in which *Amos Cottle* is introduced by Lord Byron:

"O! Lucius Manlius Sargent! what a name
To fil the sounding trump of future fame, &c."

A well deserved censure is bestowed on the moral tendency of his "*Hubert and Ellen:*"—

"Lives there the parent in this virtuous land
Would place thy volume in his daughter's hand?
Or bid his favorite son avoid the snare
So sweetly baited with temptation there?"

At the same time a compliment is paid to the talents of this writer as displayed in another production, entitled, "The Trial of the Harp."

Next come KNIGHT, DAVIS, and the author of a little poem which was printed in Philadelphia some years since, entitled the "SERENADE," the insignificance of which might have shielded it from the shafts of Satire. It is too contemptible to have been noticed at all in the "American Bards." Knight's "*Broken Harp*" displays not a little eccentricity, but is not entirely destitute of poetical merit. Of Davis we can say nothing, being unacquainted with his writings. The "*Backwoodsman*" which, we know not why, has been considered by some as entitled to high commendation, is treated in the manner which we think it deserves. We would address its author in the words of our bard.

"PAULDING! awake! let not the dream of verse
Thy living rays of waken'd taste disperse,
Curb in thy fancy with its trammelling reins,
And bind thy genius in its cramping chains!

"O! pen perverted!" pen that erst has hurled
Its venom'd shafts against the bloated world,
Where self-elected lords of wit and sense,
Have cowering crouch'd, in want of self-defence;
Where GIFFORD's gall,—apostate SOUTHEY's brain,—
Prostrated fell and strove to rise in vain!
Shall such a pen forsake its genial clime,
And hide its honors in the clouds of rhyme?
No;—PAULDING! let the "*sober, waking bliss*"
Of living honored in a land like this,
To nobler efforts guide your caustic pen,
And leave the muses to less gifted men." pp, 31.

TAPPAN is spoken of in terms of praise, at the same time that the following lines of advice are directed to him:

"Then let thy genius with its warming rays,
Shed its full splendour o'er thy future lays,
Not feebly shine in desultory song,
To fall forgotten in the rhyming throng;
Let not the Fancy that adorns thy lyre,
Exhaust the fervour of its native fire,

But soaring proudly for a nobler prize,
Bid some proud monument of fame arise,—
Some solid proof;—Ambition points the road,
And spurns the beaten track of 'Hymn' and 'Ode.'"
pp, 36.

The sentiments here expressed in relation to New England, evince the warmest and most patriotic feelings.

After noticing the "*Recluse of Locust Ridge*" and the Rev. BENJ. ALLEN with contemptuous severity, Mr. Atall goes on to speak of DABNEY, whose poems, few in number, are but little known in proportion to their excellence, in the following happy strain:

"From whence those pensive notes of sorrow flow?
From some proud spirit broken down by wo?
From some lone heart where Feeling's empire sits,
And Pleasure's glance, like lightning, only flits
Across the gloom, to make it darker still,
And give to pain a more convulsive thrill?
Where cold Neglect, freezing like polar snow,
Has bid the streams of mind no longer flow?
Hushed be their source;——oblivion be their pyre,—
While happy DABNEY strikes his waken'd lyre." pp, 40.

Our Satirist seems to have taken pains to arrange the different poets, so as to give us alternately specimens of his powers of eulogy and censure. Accordingly we now have Mr. MAXWELL and the authors of "*The Field of Orleans*" and of "*Crystalina*," bards of an inferior order treated with considerable severity. ALLSTON and PAYNE claim a much higher standing —They are thus mentioned:

"Who strikes the lyre again, in tones that steal
Their warbling sound to hearts that love to feel?
Listen! 'tis ALLSTON tunes that vocal strain,
Pealing its distant notes along the main:
A native minstrel, forced by Fate to roam
Far from his birth-right and his much-loved home,
Where arts, unsheltered by the hand of age,
Falter in youth and want of patronage:
"Sylphs of the Seasons," many a year shall guard
The growing honors of their favoured bard;
Even "The Paint King," humbled in his song,
Shall court his favor, and his Fame prolong.

PAYNE, though thy lot be cast on other shores,
This country nursed thy bright poetic powers;

The inspiration that has honored *thee*,
Flowed from *this* favored land of Liberty,
And all the laurels that adorn thy brow,
Root in this soil, from whence their branches grow."
pp, 45, 46.

Several others are now brought to view, of whom either little notice is taken, or who are made to feel the lash of criticism. The anxiety of a young rhymer to see his own productions in print is portrayed with some effect in this part of the poem. To "*Fanny*," a production which lately appeared in New York, the following well deserved compliment is paid:

"Fanny! I love thy soft and simple song,
Trilling its wild and varied notes along;
A thousand charms, the wandering mind engage,
And shed their blossoms o'er the po ish'd page,
Spurning the bounds to plodding rhymesters dear,
To bloom and wanton in a happier sphere:
What though the dull and pompous book-worm frown
To see his measured metre trampled down,
Who taught by rote, amid the dust of schools,
Would trammel Nature with his paltry rules:
Let him rail on:—thy sportive notes shall raise
A nobler ph lanx to defend thy lays,
Who, scorning laws that bind the fancy's flight,
Will bid thee flourish in thy native light." pp, 55, 56.

Having noticed a few others not in the most favorable terms, our bard after a brief advice to Mr. Burtt, with a tribute of respect to his genius, closes with the following lines:

"Hushed be the strain! my joyless task is done:
And if the rugged course be rudely run,
If one wrong censure, or dishonest thought,
If one expression with injustice fraught,
If one harsh word has shed its venom here,
Show me the line;—I'll blot it with a tear;
'Show me a vicious thought, however brief,
A thought immoral,—and I'll tear the leaf.'" pp, 62.

We have thus given a hasty view of the "American Bards," from the perusal of which, as already stated, we have derived no small degree of pleasure. Displaying considerable thought and reflection, and in general a cultivated and correct taste, the poem leads us to hope that its author may realize those expectations of future celebrity, which it has contributed to awaken.

MISCELLANY.

THE LATE TIMOTHY DEXTER,

Of Newburyport, Massachusetts.

We have recently been permitted to run over a collection of letters in manuscript, in the possession of a friend, which contain various notices of persons and places in the eastern states. They are of different dates through the last twenty-five years, and give us no inconsiderable pleasure by calling up to our recollection characters and events, which more modern interests had pushed from our thoughts. We mean occasionally to present selections to our readers, while we are allowed the privilege, and trust that their judgment will coincide with our own in regard to this source of entertainment among the miscellanies of our Magazine. For the present month we extract a letter which relates to a very singular personage.

"*Newburyport, Oct.* 1, 1804.

"We are again in the principal of the New-England states. The general appearance of this town pleases me more than any one we have visited, since we left North Hampton, on our excursion through Vermont and New Hampshire. It is more neat and fresh than Portsmouth, and seems to be more prosperous in its enterprize * High Street, which is the most considerable one in the place, is long, wide, well made, and entirely finished. The last quality is a peculiar recommendation in a country like ours, where plans are so numerous, and execution so lame. The houses upon this main passage through the town are spacious, and the grounds about them liberal and ornamental.

Timothy Dexter, of whom you have often heard, the father-in-law of A. B—, who is famous for his oration on Delusion, and for the political part he has taken in Connecticut, lives upon this street, and has a place as extraordinary as

* This remark is not applicable, it is believed, to the present condition of these towns.

himself. The eccentricity of this man, and his pecuniary success in life, render him truly remarkable. His house may be denominated a palace, although the most absurd taste has been employed to render it ridiculous. The body of it is white, while the weather-boards, the window frames, and the ornaments of the cupola, are green, a combination which, you know, produces a very bad effect upon the eye. The fore grounds are sufficiently extensive, and the garden includes several acres. The court yard, and the enclosure near to the street, are covered with pedestals ten or twelve feet high, upon each of which is a statue of wood as large as life, or rather colossal, giving representations of distinguished characters, generally our own countrymen. They are variously dressed, as the profession of the individual may require, in civil, military, and ecclesiastical costumes. Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Jay, King, Hamilton, George the Third and Pitt, are among the crowd, some of them bare-headed, and exposed thus to all the severities of wind and weather. To crown the whole, Timothy Dexter himself, *the first in the west, and the greatest in the world*, as the label at his feet intimates, presents his erect image to the eyes of his visiters, and claims their homage. He wears a cocked hat, and has a half-military appearance. The effect of the whole is excessively ludicrous. Four lions, as we enter the gate, open their mouths upon us from their pedestals, and are just ready to leap upon our defenceless heads with teeth and claws that promise little mercy. An Indian at a small distance from them, as we pass on, and have made our escape from their jaws, lifts his tomahawk, with a ferocious countenance, to give us the fatal blow.

While we were viewing this singular exhibition, the owner himself came from his house, and, without any preface or apology, immediately accosted us in a sort of soliloquy, and in his own strange manner, putting his finger to his forehead, said, "*Nature, Nature, I worship Nature; Reason, Reason is my God The old man has not been well these few days —lost a little strength—memory affected—head work gone—have done a great deal of head-work in my day—never mind—how do you like it—will show you much more yet*—&c. &c."

Knowing his character, we let him have his own way, and he soon conducted us into his house and over his grounds. These were not carefully kept, though they were agreeable from their natural beauties. He showed us his tomb in the garden, not such as is commonly found, but a

neat white building with a cheerful aspect, the room with windows above the earth like a parlour, where he has his coffin ready made, and painted, like his house, white, with green edges. This coffin he has had for several years, and once caused himself to be put into it, and carried, as to his grave, in a formal procession, in order to know how he should feel when near to being called out in earnest, or, if you please, *how he should feel when he was dead.*

The plan of his tomb I like much, far better than the common one in darkness and under ground. I have always hated the idea of being shut out from the air and the light, and of being closely confined in a box without the liberty of sight and of motion. Death itself is not so dreadful as the circumstances of it, and particularly the mode of interment The idea of this event would be much less harrassing, if it were always associated with as cheerful a house, and as much room, light, and air, as Mr. Dexter has provided for his body. This is a subject too of no small interest, when we consider it merely in reference to our comfort in the anticipations which we must have in the present life; but its interest is wonderfully increased when we take into view the immortality of the soul, and suppose that the mind still retains its attachment to its old companion the body, and continues the exercise of its consciousness and its other powers, immediately after its separation. Funerals have always appeared to me, at least ever since I have thought upon them at all, to be among the affairs of our community, which are as badly managed as they can be, and as little adapted to produce good effects of any sort on the mind. They harrow the feelings, and offend the spectators, without being accompanied by any salutary influence to compensate for the stiffness, hypocrisy, and pageantry, to which they force us to submit. But enough of this digression; I only wish to say, that it would gratify me to have my body at death laid in as good and pleasant a room as this of Mr. Dexter, though with companions of a different character from his, such as would talk cheerfully and sensibly over my corpse, and entertain my spirit, hovering about it, as when living on earth. I know no good reason why we should treat liberated minds with a kind of conduct and conversation, which we are certain they would condemn as unworthy of ourselves and of them, were they still inhabiting their old tenements.

We were at length introduced to Mrs. Dexter, a fat old

lady, with whom we took tea. She has no conversation, or at least had none for us, and appeared to care very little for her husband or his guests. She aimed to sit in state, and to put on a degree of dignity which would raise her somewhat higher in our opinion than her eccentric yoke fellow. He however was much the most interesting of the two. Dignity and dulness are bad enough in the most respectable and the most elevated, but are insupportable in those who have no claims or external privileges to permit them to be stupid and oppressive with impunity.

The old man brought out a bottle of spirits, and we were compelled to drink with him on pain of giving offence, and of failing to call him forth. At this time, his son SAM entered, a tall, ill looking, vain, and vulgar fellow, to whom we were quite laconically introduced. The three personages, husband, wife, and son, are said to have been found intoxicated and lying on the floor together. They occasionally contend with great fierceness and pertinacity. The son is unmarried. He had little disposition to disguise his folly, and, had he been so disposed, would hardly have succeeded in the attempt. Oddity however excited our attention to some of his remarks. He observed, that he often wore ragged clothes to make the world take notice of him, and to call out the compliment, "*There goes the son of the rich Tim Dexter; see how ragged and mean his clothes are, and how little he cares for his appearance. He is not above the people, and is not proud of his wealth, but looks like a poor man, and is as forgetful of his dress as a poet or a philosopher.*" This is not an uncommon species of vanity and affectation in wiser persons than silly Sam. Many a candidate for popular favor, in our good republic, has tried the effect of a similar calculation for a more important end than the gratification of the feelings of the moment. This legitimate son of a foolish father, or one that is commonly thought foolish, led me up to an engraving, which was hanging over the chimney piece, the resurrection of a pious family from the tomb, and asked me, if I believed such tales, or expected ever to witness such scenes. Not wishing to discuss a question of this nature with a character of his standing, and under such circumstances, I replied so as to leave him to speak his own thoughts, if he had any. He said, that when he died, he supposed a *pig-weed* would grow out of his grave, and that would be the end of him. The plant was certainly not chosen badly for an emblematical ornament of his tomb stone, or a vig-

nette for his epitaph. The metempsychosis scarcely amounts to a change of the associated ideas suggested by the name of the weed.

The sister of this man, now the divorced wife of A—— B——, is in a mad house at Ipswich. The father detailed many of the particulars of Mr B's acquaintance in his family, and of the courtship and marriage of his daughter. The life of Mr B must have been one of no small diversity, both in Europe and America. By the aid of the sympathy, which his politics have excited, and by the change of the administration of our general government, he is likely to make a better finish of it than was at one time anticipated, even by his friends. Success softens asperities and promotes courtesy of manners. A faithful biography of this gentleman, including an account of his political writings and labours, of the presentation to Yale College of the shoes with which he travelled over the old continent, and of the fair prospects now before him, would afford a curious collection of paradoxes in his opinions, speculations, plans, incidents, and vicissitudes. Good, after all, would greatly predominate over evil, and praise over censure. As personal and party prejudices go down, the virtues of the character will be seen and acknowledged, and the shades of the picture be found to be no more than are necessary to relieve the lights and render them agreeable to the eye.

We could, with difficulty, get away from Mr Dexter's, even at bed time. The old man and Sam were both loquacious, and a little mellow. We were shown into the principal apartments, and even into the chambers of the house; the plate was exhibited; and we heard many anecdotes of the family history. The rooms were in a singular condition. In some of the elegant chambers, potatoes were spread over the floor in some, nuts and dried herbs; and in others, old barrels and various sorts of refuse articles. The clock stood upon the flight of stairs, and the furniture generally was placed with a characteristic eccentricity.

Amusing account are circulated in the vicinity, concerning the manner, in which this singular man made his fortune. He was building a ship, and the carpenter said that *stays* were wanting for it. Dexter, not knowing any other than those which he had seen on the body of his wife, and supposing that *whale bone*, was as proper a material to be worked into a ship as into corsets, bought a very large quantity. When he discovered his mistake, and found out

that a ship's stays are not of whale bone he threw it aside, and was considered as having sacrificed the amount of his purchase, or at least a great part of it. Whale bone however became exceedingly scarce by this monopoly; the demand for it increased; the price was proportionally advanced; and the lucky man sold his whole stock for such a sum as left him a very great profit.

When *Soldier's Notes*, after the war, bore the small value of only two shillings and three pence in the pound, he bought a large quantity of them, and ultimately received of the government the full sum according to their nominal amount. They were called *facilities*, but Dexter went about inquiring of the dealers in this article if they had any *felicities* to sell.

In a conversation about trade, foreign markets, and good voyages, he was advised, as a *hoax*, to send a cargo of *warming pans* to the West Indies. He freighted a vessel accordingly, and immediately followed up the advice. Contrary to all sober expectation, the issue was fortunate. The sugar manufacturers discovered that the *pans* were excellent *ladles*, and the *lids* good *skimmers*, and bought the whole at a very advanced price upon the cost.

It is in this way, that Mr. Dexter is said to have blundered into a fortune. The common impression is, that the whole is the effect of accident or luck, but I am not in the habit of ascribing such effects to chance, effects which are so often produced, and so capable of being analogically traced to design, and to the proper means of its accomplishment. This man must have had much more shrewdness than the world has allowed him. There is little doubt in my mind, that no small part of his eccentricity was affected, and that he often seemed to yield to the impositions which others thought they were playing off on him, when he was in fact making calculations that duped his apparent superiors. He had cunning enough to know, that the *reputation* of being cunning would be a disadvantage to him in making a bargain, and that the great business of art is to cover art. Appearing to be foolish enabled him to overreach his competitors, and turn to profit all their reliance upon his ignorance and simplicity. He may easily have made all the calculations necessary to show that warming pans would be as useful in the West Indies, in the process of making sugar, as in a cold climate for the use of beds in indulging the luxury of the lovers of warmth and

comfort. It was ingenious to secure a monopoly of whale bone, and to collect it, without suspicion, under the idea that he wanted to make stays or corsets for a ship. Nothing is more natural than for such a man to affect ignorance and simplicity, and to call *facilities felicities*, not only for the waggery and apparent *naivete* of the blunder, but to carry on a system of low cunning and of shrewd bargain-making. All sorts of jockies understand this, and it is a little astonishing that the world should so long have given Dexter credit for being literally a fool. Pecuniary arithmetic he understood very well, and, if success be any evidence of talents, as it often is, he accomplished, with great uniformity and completeness, the objects which he proposed to himself, and to which he directed his powers. Such regular results force the conclusion, that considerable intelligence must have been employed.

He has written a pamphlet entitled "*A Pickle for the Knowing Ones.*" This is a curious production, and gives us a further insight into his real character. The orthography and the punctuation are his own, and accord with the oddity of the whole work. That he knew what he was about, I am satisfied, and it is evident that he made the impressions he intended. He had money enough, and he wanted to amuse his old age by calling the attention of the world to himself and his concerns, and he adopted the only mode of doing it that was suited to his education and circumstances. After all however, our visit to this house was melancholy. The cunning, which I consider as mingling with the other qualities of the principal personage, by no means relieved the mind of the spectator, and it afforded little to excite feelings of ultimate complacency. Folly, egotism, intemperance, wealth, meanness, pride, vacuity, and ennui, are not rendered either agreeable, or even tolerable, by the degree of native shrewdness, with which, in this instance, they were accompanied. The exhibition, taken as a whole, was shocking. The defects of character are too great to be fit subjects for humor. The useless waste of property is a robbery from the public.

Were one disposed to moralize this visit it would be a fruitful theme; but I forbear. My letter is already too extended for your patience, and nothing but the singularity of the subject induces me to hope that you will read it through.

On our return to the inn, we were made acquainted with Mr C— of Exeter, father to C—, who was a fellow-student

with me to college, and who was so important a member of the corps, that he often entertained you and others in those charming serenades, which doubled the enjoyment of many a moonlight hour. The son was with the father, and we were earnestly pressed to go home with them and partake of the hospitality of their house and of the [illegible]. We resisted our own wishes as well as theirs, and [illegible] this town to-morrow on our journey to [illegible].

At this moment, while I am writing, music [illegible] the street, and we are taken by a [illegible] the coincidence between the [illegible] to which my notice of [illegible] has [illegible]. The season however is [illegible] to permit me to join in a serenade where you are [illegible] principal object.

H. to M.

THE LANDING OF THE FATHERS.

At Plymouth, New England, December 22d, 1830.

One number for the present month is [illegible] going to the press, that we have an opportunity, on the day of the most important anniversary [illegible] of New England, to devote our thoughts and affections to an event, in which, as descendants of the pilgrims, we are [illegible] our hearts delight to acknowledge the most lively interest. In whatever country we may be found, and in whatever circumstances, our sympathies will never cease to beat in unison with the feelings and congratulations which are inspired by the TWENTY SECOND OF DECEMBER. Tracing the line of our ancestors to the [illegible] disinterested, and magnanimous men, who boldly leaned on Plymouth Rock in pursuit of Liberty, Religion, and Law, and who fearlessly encountered every danger to found a free and independent nation, we should indeed deserve the scorn of their ascended spirits, as well as the contempt of their offspring. If a single fibre of our souls should refuse to vibrate when struck by the magic impulse of this consecrated day. When we forget to respect it, may forget to respect us, and we become excommunicants from its fellowship, a fellowship of the noblest and purest affections of the mind.

This is the TWO HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE LANDING OF THE FATHERS. The peace and prosperity, which are secured to their sons by the energy of the virtues and institutions they have transmitted, render it a JUBILEE, not of noisy mirth, or military pageantry, but of the triumphs of moral excellence, the victories and rewards of principle and truth. Never did a people of a more pure and elevated character than the pilgrims of Plymouth, settle a country, or establish an empire. The learning, the moral sentiments, the piety, the patience and perseverance, the forecast and intellectual vigour, of the early emigrants from the shores of Old England to those of the New can be unknown or undervalued by none but such as never look into their history. Their genuineness and efficacy are proved by the fruits, and by the gradual progress of the institutions through our common country. Their views were as comprehensive as their means would justify, and they never generalized without a reference to the particulars which their situation demanded. Their plans always included the details necessary to execution, and they wasted not their talents or resources upon projects beyond their age and condition. Never were men more discreetly cautious, or more wisely bold. What they designed, they accomplished, and all that could be accomplished, their designs embraced. They knew no timidity, but were well acquainted with the value of prudence, and into every enterprize they infused the soul of moral courage. It may be doubted, whether greatness of this kind ever was as conspicuous in any band of adventurers, for so long a period, and through so many generations. Every new perusal of their story gives, with increasing wonder and admiration, a new impression of their judgment, prescience, practical knowledge, mental hardihood, unconquerable zeal, and triumphant piety.

It is equally useful and pleasing occasionally to call up the prominent events of their history, and the striking features of their character. Even the antiquated language of some of their primitive writers has a charm peculiarly suited to the subject, the actors, and the scenes. We always experience a gratification in reading the annals of the venerable Hubbard, which scarcely yields to any enjoyment that we derive from the best productions of modern genius. In his General History of New England, we have the following account of several unsuccessful attempts to make

settlements in that portion of country then called North Virginia. These attempts were preparatory to the permanent establishment, which was finally made at Plymouth, and from which so many communities have since been supplied.

"And thus was the *first** plantation at old Virginia, after much time, labour and charge brought to confusion, and finally deserted in the yeare 1590: nor *was* there ever any plantation attempted in that place or carried on with prosperous success to this day, the reason of which is not yet rendered: The planting of any place about Florida being thus nipped in the bud, if not blasted with some severer curse, like Jericho of old, all hopes of *settling an*other plantation in that part of the world were for the present abandoned, and lay dead for the space of twelve yeares next following, when they were revived again by the valiant resolution and industry of Capt. Bartholmew Gosnold and Capt. Bartholmew Gilbert, and divers other gentlemen, their associates, who in the *year* 1602 attempted a more exact discovery of the whole coast of *Vir*ginia. *The* first voyage, Capt. Gosnold in a small bark *with a compan*y set sayle from Dartmouth March 26, the *same yeare a so*uth west course from the Azores, made his passage *shorter by several de*grees then ever the former adventurers found it, who *had always* fetched a compasse round by the West Indies, and *by that course fell* upon Florida. But Capt. Gosnold, possibly more *by the guidance of* providence then any special art acquired of *man, on the* 14*th May follo*wing made land in the lat. of 43,° where Capt. *Gosnold was p*resently welcomed by eight of the salvages i one of their *shallops. who* came boldly aboard them, which considered with * * * shew made the other conjecture some beseamers had *been wrecked in fis*hing there: the Captain, how well soever hee liked his * * * weather which made him soone after weigh and * * * * ward into the sea; the next morning, finding himselfe *drawing nigh* a mighty head land, let fall his anchor againe * * *nigh* the shore, and then himselfe with foure *men went on shore* presently; marching up the highest hill next *morning*, *they* discerned the headland to bee part of the mayn, *round which were* many islands: in five or six houres time his com*pany caught* more codfish then they well knew what to do with. *And this p*romontory hath ever since borne the name of Cape

* "Of the MS. copy a few pages at the beginning and end are mutilated, and the writing in some places is scarcely legible. These passages are given, as far as the editors could spell them out. Where they have supplied words, or portions of words, conjecturally, such are printed in *italics*. Where they were at a loss, they have used asterisks."

Cod, which he [illegible] *not willing to exchange for the royal name, that Cape* [illegible] *some other* [illegible] *given; the fishing which* [illegible] *with, being retained to this day. It appears by* [illegible] *Bristow by Capt. John Brierton in the same voyage* [illegible] *first put the same name upon the south side of Cape Cod, for the Islands there but to retain the same names which at that time were imposed on them, viz. Martins or Martins Vineyard and Elizabeth Islands, being replenished with the* [illegible] *of the woods, fallows and goose eyes, and divers other kinds, besides several sorts of flying creatures, as duck, mallard, heathen, partridge and owl, which made them call the same Martha Vineyard. And in the same place they took up* [illegible] *and there they remayned in the country. In the meantime as they* [illegible] *sowed wheat, barly, oates, pease, and* [illegible] *forage, which came up in fourtene dayes. And when* [illegible] *together with the seeming courtesie of the savages encouraged some of the company to thinke of tarrying there the very winter. But considering how many* [illegible] *were to be victualled, they altered the* resolution, and returned backe againe into England, where they arrived about the 23 June following, with such newes as enduced the adventurers [and] others to procure a ship of 50 tonnes to raise a stocke of [1000l.] which was employed for furnishing * * * more the next year under the command of Martin Pring or Pin and Robert [illegible] who had been there before. In the yeere 1603 [illegible] the Lord Gorges made no discovery, but * * * * * * * * fell with the land * * * of 45° to the north of Virginia, as all the country was then called. From thence they coasted the coast along till they came to a place which they named Whitson bay. How long they tarried upon the coast or when they returned, is not mentioned in Sa[illegible]'s relation, yet it seems the report they carried *home* was not like that of the discovering types, for it gave encouragement to the Right Honorable Sir Thomas Arrundal Baron of Wardour to send forth another vessell in the yeare 1605, with 29 stout seamen under the command of Capt. Thomas Weymouth with instructions to make no further discovery of the coast southward of 39 degrees. But by reason of cross winds they fell in to the northward of 41 or 20 minutes, where they found the coast to be clearly behaved by shoals, *so that* in the running of seven leagues they should come from 100 fathom to five, yet see no land. Then in the next throw they should have 16 or * * * which constrayned them to putt *back* againe to sea. The harbours were as fayre as they could desire. The want of wood and water made them take the best advantages of winds that came next to fall with the shore. On the 16th of May they first anchor within a *league*

of the shore, which proved an island, though at first it appeared as some high land *of* the mayne, and here they took five of the sal*vages*, as saith Capt. Smith, page 20, whom they *found* like all of that sort, kinde till they had o*pportunity* to doe mischiefe, butt soone after found *a place* fitter for the purpose, which they ca*lled Pentecost* Harbor, from White Sunday, on whic*h they discovered* itt. The isles there abouts in the ent * * * * Itt se * * * * of St. Georges Isles. Att this time they *dis*covered a great river in those parts, suppose *to* bee Kennibecke, neere unto Pemaquid, which they found navigable 40 miles up into the country, and 7, 8, 9, or [10] fathome deepe, as Capt. Weymouth reports. *It* was one mayn end of all the forementioned adventurers, as well as those that first discovered itt, to plant the Gospell there. The whole country from Florida to Nova Francia went at first under the name of Virginia, (yett distinguished by the Northern and Southern parts:) that which is now famously known by the name of Virginia, (where since the yeare 1605 have severall English Colonies been planted,) is a country within the two Capes, where the sea runneth in 200 miles north and south under the Deg. 37, 38, 39 of north lat. first discovered, as is generally believed, by Capt. John Smith, sometimes Governour of the country, into which there is but one entrance by sea, and that is at the mouth of a very goodly bay 20 miles broad betweèn those two Capes, of which that on the south is called Cape Henry, that on the north Cape Charles, in honor of the two famous princes, branches of the Royall Oak. The first planting of that country was begun in the yeare 1606; and carried on by various changes and by sundry steps and degrees, as is described at large from the first beginning of the enterprise to the year 1627, by Capt. Smith, one of the first discoverers, and so a chief founder of the plantation from that time. That whole country, extending from the 34th to the 44th degrees of North lat. and called Virginia upon the accident mentioned before, formerly Norumbe*ga*, came afterwards to be divided into two colonyes—the first and the second. The former was to the honrble city of London, as saith Capt. Smith, and such *as* would adventure with them, to discover and take their choyce where they would, betwixt the degrees of 34 and 41: the latter was appropriated to the *city*es of Bristoll, Plymouth, and Exeter, and the west parts of England, and all those that would adventure and joyn with them; and they might take their choice any where betwixt the degrees of [3] 8 and 44, provided *there* should bee at least an 100 miles distant betwixt the two *colon*yes, each of which had lawes, priviledges, and authority for *government*, and advancing their plantations alike. After this time *several at*tempts were made for the planting and peopling of this *N. part* of Virginia, called afterwards New England by

Capt. *Smith in the yeare* 1614, who took a draught of *it* the same yeare. *This he on his return presented to the afterwards* famous Prince Charles, of blessed memory, humbly intreating him to adopt it for his own, and make a confirmation thereof, by applying Christian names upon the several places first discovered, many of which were ever after retayned; the whole countrey being on that reason called New England to this day. In the year 1606, Sir John Popham, who was a principal undertaker, as saith Capt. Smith, and 1607, found men and means to make the beginning of a plantation about the mouth of a great river called Kennibeck, to the northward of 43 deg. but with what successe shall be seen afterward. In the yeares next following, other attempts of further discovery were made by the industry and endeavours of Capt. Edward Harlow, Capt. Hobson of the Isle of Wight, Mr John Mathews, Mr. Sturton, and especially Capt Henry Hudson, who searched severall rivers alonge the coast from Delaware Bay up towards the frozen ocean; in honor of whose memory, the great river where afterward the Dutch seated themselves and laid the foundation of their Novum Belgium, was called after his name, Hudson's river; as another place, the utmost bounds of his discoveryes northward, is likewise called after the manner of elder times, Hudson's streight. Probably every year's experience might adde something to a fuller knowledge of the havens, rivers, and most desirable places of the country, by such as came yearly to make fish upon the coast, eastward about the island of Monheggin, Damerille Cove, Casco Bay, Cape Porpuise, Accomenticus, and although no colony was ever settled in any of those places till the yeare 1620, when New Plymouth was first planted within Cape Cod, of which more in what followeth, when there will be just occasion to mention the incredible successe of those plantations of New England, that from so small and meane beginnings, did in so few yeares overspread so large a tract of land by the industry and diligent paines of a poor people, to which alone, next under the blessing of Almighty God, must the success of the whole business be ascribed: it being the declared intent of the adventurers and others that ingaged in this designe since Capt. Gosnold's voyage in the year 1602, as one Mr. Rosier, that came alonge with Capt. Weymouth, doth expressly mention after, viz. 1605, to propagate God's holy church, by planting Christianity in these dark corners of the earth, which was the publick good they aymed at. more than the advancing their own privat or particular ends." pp, 9, 14.

No colony was established in North Virginia, or New England, till the landing of the Fathers at Plymouth. The crew of the May flower are destined to be remembered and celebrated while history lasts, and virtue endures. The

friendly offices of the two savages, Samoset and Squanto, are proofs of the native kindness of the human heart, and of the power of the social affections over the influence of occasional provocation. The villain Hunt, whom Captain Smith had left in command of one of his vessels, in 1614, near Patuxet, (the Indian name for Plymouth,) committed such an outrage upon the aborigines as would have justified immediate war against the pilgrims when they took possession of territory for their colony. Irritated as the Indians were, and disposed to revenge as the history of the time shows them to be, the pilgrims found little difficulty in making a treaty of peace with Massassoit, and in preserving it for many years. The account of the theft, which carried to Europe a number of the natives by violence, is detailed by Hubbard.

"When the said Smith returned for England, he left one Thomas Hunt master of the bigger vessel, with order to sail directly with the fish he made upon the coast, for Malaga, but he, like a wicked varlet, having gotten twenty four of the natives aboard his ship, from Patuxet, (who, in confidence of his honesty, had thus innocently put themselves into his hands) clapped them under hatches, with intent to sell them for slaves among the Spaniards; but they not permitting him to make sale of the poor wretches in any of their ports, some of them found means to escape back to their own country: but in the year following; some that had conceived better hopes of good that might ensue by prosecuting the former honourable and pious work, having dispatched Capt. Hobson from the Isle of Wight, with some others, to make a farther attempt for planting the country, they carried with them two of the aforesaid natives to facilitate the work These, contrary to expectation, find their design as good as overthrown, before it was well begun, by that treacherous practice of Hunt: for, the two natives coming ashore, and understanding what had befallen their countrymen in their absence, contracted such a hatred against the whole nation, that they studied nothing but how to be revenged of them; contriving secretly with their friends how to bring it to pass, which no doubt they might easily have done, had not one of them, Manowet by name, been taken away by death soon after the ship's arrival there: but the other, called Epenow, observing the good order and strong guard the people kept, studied only for the present how to free himself from the Englishmen's hands; and laid his plot so cunningly that he effected his purpose; although with so great hazard to himself and those his friends, who laboured his rescue, that the Captain and his company imagined he had been slain. Their design, not being well compassed, wrought

the slaughter of some of their own people; as well as the hurt of some of the English, as appeared afterwards. This company, together with Capt. Hobson, looking upon the end of their attempt as wholly frustrate by the cross accident, resolved, without more ado, to return home, carrying back nothing with them but the news of their bad success. And a war now began between the inhabitants of these parts and the English. Thus was this little spark of their hopes, raked up in the embers of those long and tedious delays, by this misfortune almost quite extinguished. But this is not all, for another occurrence fell in here, which was as disastrous in a manner as the former. The company of New England had in the return of the year 1615, found means likewise to set out Capt. Smith, with Mr. Dermer, Rocraft and others, with a ship from Plymouth; either to lay the foundation of a new plantation, or strengthen and second that of Capt Hobson; but they being scarce free of the English coast, were suddenly attacked by a violent storm; shaking his mast overboard, which forced him back into the harbour, where the undertakers furnishing them with another ship, they put to sea a second time; but after they got to the height of the Western Islands, they were chased by a small pirate, who took them prisoners, and detained them so long that their voyage was wholly overthrown; nor do we find that ever Capt. Smith had an opportunity in his own person afterwards to visit these coasts of New England, though his inclination and purpose ran strongly that way. However, Capt. Dermer, meeting with some one or more of those natives transported by Hunt, and encouraged by Capt. Mason at that time Governour of New England, carried them to Plymouth, from whence he was sent again to England, where, about the year 1619, by his prudence and great diligence, he procured a peace between our men and the savages of the place that had been so exasperated against them by the wrongs they had received." pp, 38, 40.

Squanto, or Tisquantum, was one of those whom Hunt had stolen. He made his escape from Spain, and returned to his native country. From him, Samoset, who is so interesting a personage in a well known historical painting of Colonel Sargent, learned the English language, and was able to be of essential service to the pilgrims. The incidents, connected with this benevolent savage, will never tire by repetition. Hubbard mentions him thus:

"About the middle of the said month of March, an Indian, called Samoset came to them, and soon after another, whose name was Squanto, or Tisquantum, (for he is called in several authors by these several names,) came boldly in amongst them, and said in a broken dialect of our language, "Welcome Eng-

lishmen." Within a day or two came the other, and spake in the like dialect, to the same purpose or effect; at which the planters were surprised with no small amazement; but they presently understood that the said Indians had been acquainted with our English mariners, that had of late yearly frequented the coast, upon account of making fish at the Eastward, and could tell the names of the masters of ships, and mariners that were commonly there; yea, one of those natives, Tisquantum, that came last among them, was one of them that had been carried away by Hunt, and had afterward escaped from Spain, and was carried to London, where he had lived with one Mr. Slany, a merchant, about two years. These were by that means so well acquainted with our language, that they were pretty well able to discourse with them, and acquaint them with many matters needful for the carrying on their design—as how to plant their corn—after what manner to order it— where to get fish, and such other things as the country afforded, about which they would have been very much to seek without their instruction. They gave them likewise information of the number of the Indians, their strength, situation, and distance from them; acquainting them also with the estate and affairs at the eastward; but the principal benefit obtained by their means was acquaintance with an Indian of the chiefest note in that side of the country, called Massasoit. Him they brought down to the English, though his place was at forty miles distance, called Sowans, his country called Pokanoket, and one that had the greatest command of the country betwixt Massachusetts and Narraganset. And within four or five days came the said Sachem, with his friends and chiefest attendants, to welcome them to his country; and not only giving them liberty there to take up their habitation, but likewise acknowledging himself willing to become the subject of their sovereign Lord, King James. Further also he was willing to enter into a league of friendship with our pilgrims, which continued very firm with him and his people during the term of his own life, and some considerable time with his two sons, his successors, until that unhappy quarrel began by the second of them, by the English called Philip, in the year 1675, which ended in the loss of his own life, and the extirpation of all his friends and adherents, within a few months after they began it, as is declared in the narrative, which may be hereunto annexed." pp, 58, 60.

But we cannot pursue this chain of history, however gratifying it would be. Our intention is only to take such a notice of the anniversary of the landing as our short allowance of time will permit.

The first settlers of Plymouth were from an English congregation at Leyden, which was under the care of the Rev.

John Robinson, a name, that as Dr Eliot says, in his Biographical Dictionary, "*will be had in everlasting remembrance.*" This good man intended soon to follow his people to America, but death prevented the execution of his design. The character and virtues of Mr Robinson, however, continued to produce the best effects upon his flock, notwithstanding his death. The liberality of his sentiments in an age, which was so unfavorable to genuine catholicism, is worthy of the highest praise, and should be imitated by every christian. A few months before the pilgrims sailed from Europe, he addressed them in the following remarkable strain.

"Brethren, we are now quickly to part from one another, and whether I may ever live to see your face on earth any more, the God of Heaven only knows; but whether the Lord hath appointed that or not, I charge you before God and his blessed angels, *that you follow me no further than you have seen me follow the Lord Jesus Christ.*" If God reveal any thing to you by any other instrument of his, be as ready to receive it as ever you were to receive any truth by my ministry; for I am verily persuaded, I am very confident, that the Lord has more truth yet to break forth out of his holy word. For my part, I cannot sufficiently bewail the condition of the reformed churches, who are come to a *period* in religion, and will go no further than the instruments of their reformation. The Lutherans cannot be drawn to go beyond what Luther saw. Whatever part of his will our good God has revealed to Calvin, they will rather die than embrace it. And the Calvinists, you see, *stick fast where they were left by that great man of God, who yet saw not all things.* This is a misery much to be lamented, for though they were burning and shining lights in their times, *yet they penetrated not into the whole counsel of God*, but were they now living, would be as willing to embrace *further* light as that which they at first received."

In connexion with this extract from the discourse of Mr. Robinson, we may introduce a few paragraphs from "the first sermon ever preached in New England, and probably the first ever preached in America." This was by Mr. Robert Cushman in 1621, a gentleman who "was chosen agent with Mr. Carver to treat with the Virginia Company when our fathers had fixed their purpose to make a settlement in North America." The dedication prefixed is singular, and runs thus: "*To his loving friends the adventurers for New England, together with all well-willers and well-wishers thereunto, Grace and Peace*, &c."

The following sentiments of Mr. Cushman are as noble

as they were appropriate to the wants of the audience. They were not a rhetorical flourish, but were delivered when required to be put into immediate practice.

"Now, brethren, I pray you remember yourselves, and know, that you are not in a retired Monastical course, but have given your names and promises one to another, and convenanted here to cleave together in the service of God, and the King. What then must you do? May you live as retired hermits? and look after nobody? Nay you must seek still the wealth of one another, and enquire as David, How liveth such a man? how is he clad? how is he fed? he is my brother, my associate? we ventured our lives together here, and had a hard brunt of it, and we are in league together. Is his labour harder than mine? surely I will ease him; hath he no bed to lie on? why, I have two, I'll lend him one; hath he no apparel? why, I have two suits, I'll give him one of them; eats he coarse fare, bread and water, and I have better; why, surely we will part stakes; he is as good a man as I, and we are bound each to other, so that his wants must be my wants, his sorrows my sorrows, his sickness my sickness, and his welfare my welfare, for I am as he is. And such a sweet sympathy were excellent, comfortable, yea, heavenly, and is the only maker and conserver of churches and commonwealths; and where this is wanting, ruin comes on quickly, as it did here in Corinth." p, 23.

"The country is yet raw, the land untilled, the cities not builded, the cattle not settled; we are compassed about with a helpless and idle people, the natives of the country, which cannot in any comely or comfortable manner help themselves, much less us. We also have been very chargeable to many of our loving friends, which helped us hither, and now again supplied us; so that before we think of gathering riches, we must even in conscience think of requiting their charge, love and labour; and cursed be that profit and gain which aimeth not at this. Besides, how many of our dear friends did here die at our first entrance; many of them no doubt for the want of good lodging, shelter, and comfortable things, and many more may go after them quickly, if care be not taken. Is this then a time for men to begin to seek themselves? Paul saith, that men in the last days shall be lovers of themselves, 2. Tim. iii. 2. but it is here yet but the first days, and (as it were) the dawning of this new world; it is now therefore no time for men to look to get riches, brave cloathes, dainty fare, but to look to present necessities; it is now no time to pamper the flesh, live at ease, snatch, catch, scrape and pill, and hoard up, but rather to open the doors, the chests and vessels, and say, brother, neighbor, friend, what want ye, any thing that I have? make bold with it, it is yours to com-

mand, to do you good, to comfort and cherish you, and glad I am that I have it for you." pp, 24, 25.

"And as you are a body together, so hang not together by skins and gymocks, but labour to be jointed together and knit by flesh and sinews; away with envy at the good of others, and rejoice in his good, and sorrow for his evil. Let this day be thy joy, and his sorrow thy sorrow: let his sickness be thy sickness: his hunger thy hunger: his poverty thy poverty: and if you profess friendship, be friends in adversity: for then a friend is known and tried, and not before." p, 29.

The success of the colony was such as we should expect from such sentiments and such people From them many of the best men and the best institutions in our country have sprung. Their praises will never cease to be celebrated by their descendants. The stone, upon which the pilgrims stepped at Plymouth, is called "*Forefathers' Rock*," and is thus spoken of in the Massachusetts Historical Collections.

"*Forefathers Rock:* The face of this rock was, in the year 1775, taken from its original bed, and placed by the side of a "liberty pole," which at that time was erected near the Court House, and where the rock still remains. The base of the rock yet continues, in open view, in its original situation, at the head of the longest wharf in Plymouth, built on the precise spot which uniform tradition assigns as its seite. There is a tradition, as to the person who first leaped upon this rock, when the families came on shore, Dec. 11, 1920: it is said to have been a young woman, Mary Chilton. This information comes from a source so correct; as induces us to admit it; and it is a very probable circumstance, from the natural impatience in a young person, or any one, on ship-board, to reach the land, and to escape from the crowded boat. We leave it therefore, as we find it, in the hands of history, and the fine arts." p, 174.

In the same work, it is asserted that "*Forefathers Day* was first publicly noticed in Plymouth, December 22, 1769, by the Old Colony Club, which consisted of seven original members, and five elected, and was instituted January 13th 1769, 'for mutual edification and instruction.' The Club dined in public, and invited a number of the principal citizens to pass their evening at their hall."

"The Plymouth Journal, edited and printed by N. Coverly, began at Plymouth, March 1785; and continued till June, 1786. A confined circulation, and nearness to the metropolis, [Boston] led to its failure. The Old Colony arms, "Four men kneeling,

implumed hearts in their hands, on a field quarterly, were its head ornaments: Legend, Plymouth, Novanglia, sigillum societatis, 1620. Motto of the paper, *Patrum pietate ortum filiorum virtute servandum.*" p, 177.

The gentlemen, who have been selected in succession to deliver the anniversary discourse at Plymouth, since the public notice of the day began, are among the most distinguished of New England, both clergymen and laymen. The interest of the occasion increases with the progress of time, and with the spread of the people and the institutions, whose origin is traced back to the Old Colony. The Hon: Daniel Webster, as we learn by the papers, is appointed to deliver the discourse on the present anniversary, the two hundredth, and on that account the most important that has ever yet occurred. A better selection could not be made, whether we consider the personal virtues of the man, the talents which distinguish him in his profession, or the attainments and abilities which he displayed in Congress, and by which he merited the place he received in the first rank of our eminent statesmen. No man is better qualified to trace the influence of the Fathers and their policy through successive generations down to the present hour. The tribute he may pay to their greatness as well as goodness will be as sincere as it will be intelligent and just. We have room for only a few remarks from ourselves in honor of their characters, but these few may serve to show the depth and ardor of our admiration.

1. What kind of men were the first and early settlers of New England, in their own country, before their emigration? They were precisely in the rank of life, and had the sort of education, which were best adapted to make them truly wise, and extensively efficient. They were not of the nobility, though several were descended from younger branches of noble families. They were not needy, nor dependent, but had good estates, good connexions, good reputations, and good habits. They were under no necessity to become adventurers, but could choose their situation and mode of life at home, and secure all that they desired except the free exercise of their religion. Many of them were educated at the universities of Oxford and Cambridge, and were distinguished as scholars among the first literati of their time. Charles Chauncey, afterwards President of Harvard College in Massachusetts, was graduated at Cambridge in England, and was so distinguished in classical

learning, and in oriental languages, as well as in science generally, that he received the praise at home of being known and called "VIR DOCTISSIMUS" William Bradford, though he never took degrees at a university, was well acquainted with Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, and spoke fluently French and Dutch. John Checkley, Thomas Cobbett, John Lathrop, Samuel Lee, Samuel Newman, Roger Williams, Francis Barnard, and a number of others, were graduates of Oxford, while from the sister university of Cambridge we received Thomas Allen, Simon Bradstreet, William Brewster, Peter Buckley, John Cotton, John Elliot, John Fisk, Francis Higginson, Thomas Hooker, John Norton, John Oxenbridge, Nathaniel Rogers, Thomas Shepherd, and many others. All of these came to New-England between 1600 and 1700. In the languages, no scholars of our country have been equal to them since, although some of their descendants have been extremely well educated. One of the pupils of the celebrated Archbishop Usher, like his master an eminent *literatus*,* emigrated to Massachusetts from Dublin, and became an ornament of the new world. We speak of none, who arrived after 1700, although we might with propriety do it for the sake of illustrating the characters of the founders of New England. We ask for a parallel instance of men equally learned and pious, who have at the first settled a country, and deliberately arranged all its institutions. Respected and meritorious in the highest degree among all who knew them at home, they had nothing but principle, philanthropy, and religion to lead them from their native country, and to found a new one. Unlike too many adventurers, they fled neither from justice nor poverty, neither from embarrassment, nor from rivals of superior worth and talent. They were the favourites of virtue and learning, and enjoyed the highest confidence that man gives to man.

2. Their reasons for their emigration were of the noblest and most disinterested character. They sought not to amass wealth, to acquire power, to get fame, to make conquests, to shine in arms, to command in courts, to rule in senates, to riot in luxury, to live in indulgence, or to gratify any one of the sordid and selfish passions of the soul; but civil and religious liberty, the freedom of thought and action, of conscience and virtue, the interest of the mind, of learning and science, of improvement and christianity, were their motives to leave one of the finest portions of Europe, and en-

* Thomas Parker.

counter all the hardships of a wilderness in a country but recently discovered. No motives could be more elevated, and none have been more signally blessed by Heaven.

3. The means, which they adopted to carry into effect their magnanimous designs, were of an equally honorable kind. Before the crew of the Mayflower landed, we find them entering into a solemn covenant on board, with all the sanctions of religious principle, to pursue their common objects in a spirit of benevolence and perseverance, by the purest methods, and with an entire submission to the will of God. We see them, after their arrival at Plymouth, marking out their town with a perfect regard to the rights and convenience of all, bearing each others burdens, and devoting all their possessions to the common good. We see them making peace and establishing treaties with the natives on the most equitable terms, and setting a wonderful example of integrity in conscientiously making payment to the Indians for the corn which they found deserted on the coast. We trace their wisdom and foresight through their literary, civil, military, and religious establishments, and enquire, if there ever were wiser and better people in such an age, and under such circumstances. We have seen a calculation and report, making a comparison between the state of education in district schools in the metropolis of Old England and in that of the New. In this it appeared, if our memory serves us faithfully, that while 126,000 children, between the ages of six and sixteen, were uneducated in London, and exposed to all the evils of ignorance and vice, only 240 children of the same ages were found in Boston in a similar condition. The relative population of the two towns required that the number of 126,000 should be reduced to 6000. The valuable compliment, which this fact pays to the descendants of the pilgrims, asks not to be stated in words.

The New England fathers settled themselves in towns and villages, and did not scatter over a large territory, and occupy immense plantations, which must be entirely neglected, or cultivated in a slovenly and ineffectual manner. Their ideas of the necessity of social religious worship, and their estimate of the value of schools, made them collect and keep together, and preserved among them a density of population, which was never the natural fruit of the primitive institutions of the other colonies. In this respect, a remarkable difference has shown itself from the first be-

tween them and the adventurers to South Virginia. The latter spread themselves over the country, and paid but little attention to the formation of towns and villages, and to this day experience the effects of this early mistake in retarding the facility and perfection with which the details of society ought always to be carried on. The actual amount of comfort in a community must depend on attention to minute arrangements, and the exactness with which they are applied to practice. He, who despises the details, that a plan requires for its execution, shows but little talent, less wisdom, and no consistency. The praise of a vigorous and effectual intellect belongs to him only, who makes his thoughts and designs produce the ends which he intended, and which constitute the value of his whole system of speculation.

If we measure the pilgrims by this standard, we shall find no community surpass them in wisdom or talent.

Since the above was written, and laid aside to take its turn among the papers for our Miscellany, so long a time has elapsed, that we find ourselves advanced into January before our number for December can make its appearance, and have, in consequence, had an opportunity to read, in the newspapers, an account of the celebration at Plymouth for the present winter. It seems to have been all that its friends could have anticipated, if not much more. We are delighted, beyond what we can easily express, at the interest, which has been so generally manifested on this occasion, and at the apparent success, with which all the arrangements of the day have been carried into effect. The orator has, as the papers tell us, met public expectation, and to do this is assuredly no small task. Some of the *toasts* at the dinner are excellent. Mr. Gray's is peculiarly happy, and we give it to our readers.

"*The May-flower, which brought forth fruit in winter; may the stock never fail.*"

Professor Everett's also is good, but more laboured. It is appropriate to the day, and the antiquated word *therefrom* with which it closes, is in keeping with the quotation. The toast is as follows.

"*Mr. President. Allow me to propose as a toast the expression of Governor Stoughton:* "God sifted a whole kingdom for the wheat to sow in this western land." *Blessed be the harvest which has sprung therefrom.*"

The addresses from the representatives of the several Literary and Patriotic Societies, and the interchange of generous sentiments between them, cannot fail to interest the hearts of benevolent readers, and to excite r·flections in the minds of all, which must be favourable to the persons, the principles, and the institutions, that have produced such valuable results. A more extensive inquiry ought to be made into the moral causes of the excellent state of society in New England; or rather, the conclusions, to which that inquiry leads, ought to be more particularly detailed, and more generally circulated, for the benefit of those who are studying political economy, as connected with moral philosophy, letters, and religion.

There are undoubtedly defects in the character and policy of the pilgrims and of their descendants, a concession which every community has to make, but which none can better afford to make than those who are the subject of this article. The religious errors of our forefathers were those of the age, and such as naturally arise from great zeal and conscientiousness in the cause of piety. Their persecutions of sects, who differed from them in opinions and mode of worship, were, after all, not very numerous, nor very extensive. Few persons actually suffered much on account of their creed. Even the Quakers, who are at this day so peaceable, and who were so unjustifiably harrassed for their faith, offered many provocations to the Congregationalists, and were by no means free from the charge of fanaticism, denunciation, and exclusion. All sects have, without exception, persecuted others, in different ages, when they obtained the power. No class of protestants are free from this species of guilt, any more than Roman Catholics. And political parties are no more capable, than religious sects, of proving their innocence on the score of persecution. Intolerance is very natural to those, who have power, who are the majority, and who are impatient of contradiction, or of opposition. "*To feel power and forget right*" has become a proverbial expression even in our own country, free and happy as it is Our forefathers ask and need no more than a fair analysis of their whole character; and he is not a genuine son, who refuses, after full inquiry and a candid and liberal trial, to admire and applaud.

THE IMPERFECTION OF LANGUAGE.

Although language is one of the best gifts of heaven to man, it is inadequate to express all our conceptions and emotions. Such thoughts and feelings as arise in the ordinary intercourse of society, it enables us to communicate to each other with tolerable success, though not with absolute precision. Mutual mistakes are constantly springing from the ambiguity and insufficiency of the words, which we are compelled to use in our social transactions. It is not in the nature of language to exclude ambiguity, or to supersede the necessity of employing our faculties attentively and candidly in order to ascertain the real meaning of discourse in speech or in writing. It was never designed that this great instrument of our improvement should be an encourager of mental sloth, as it would be, were it without ambiguity, or diversity of meaning. The ideas, conveyed by words, are many or few, in proportion to the degree of literary intelligence which may be possessed by the individuals concerned. The same sentences suggest a prodigious diversity of thoughts to different readers or hearers. Sometimes a book is full of meaning to one man, and is yet a blank to another.

Language is indeed a mean of thinking, as well as of communicating thoughts; still, we have both thoughts and feelings before we have words. It is doubtful whether language would be developed in a human creature raised in such a degree of solitude as to have no fellow being with with whom to converse and sympathize; but there is no doubt that a multitude of thoughts and feelings would be developed in his mind. Things themselves would furnish conceptions and call out emotions, with which his faculties could act, and from which he could derive a great variety of results. Systematic reasoning, the abstractions necessary to classification, and the arrangement of scientific investigations, demand words that they may be recorded and communicated to others, and even that the mind itself may go far in this kind of labour. Of sensible objects, however, we can have ideas without words, and can compare them, and perform many operations concerning them, with nothing but our unnamed conceptions. Innumerable miscellaneous thoughts and feelings pass through the mind, which are never defined by words, never reduced to a visible or audible character in language. The habit of putting

our thoughts and feelings into words is acquired, and does not, in its most perfect state, extend to all our conceptions and emotions. The most we can expect from words is, that they shall serve as hints, or occasions, to call out in other minds similar operations to those which are going on in our own. The delicate and exact parts of our meaning or feeling must be left to be gathered from expressions of a general nature, which may or may not lead our fellow creatures to the precise results that we wish. There are some arts, which have so little connexion with words, that their pleasures are enjoyed through life by such as never undertake in any way to define them. The tongue and the pen are limited to the dictionary, but sounds, colors, odors, sensations, and associations, can speak to the soul, even with rapture, where the terms of the vocabulary can say nothing.

Words ae arbitrary signs of ideas, and of course can be of no service to him who has not learned the connexion, which is established by custom, or who has not had within himself the experience necessary to feel their power. Such words as gratitude, love, revenge, jealousy, remorse, homesickness, the loss of a parent, wife, or first born, convey impressions, and excite emotions, which are immensely different in different minds, according to the actual experience of one, or the mere speculative knowledge of another. Under the influence of strong feeling, words are always tame, and frequently offensive. We must become calm, at least comparatively, before we can employ them with complacency. We may trace many of the disputes of the world to the incompetency of language to express accurately and fully the meanings of the mind. All the subjects of taste, of moral sentiment, and of religious feeling, are eminently exposed to difficulty on this account. Refined people can never agree with those who are coarse; the pure and delicate can never be understood by the sensual and obscene; and tender consciences can never make the hardened and seared enter into their scruples and distresses.

In their best state, words may be compared to the keys of a musical instrument with strings. If the strings are perfect, and in harmony, a tune will be produced when the keys are properly struck; but if the strings are imperfect either in quality or number, or are not in harmony, the keys may be struck in vain by the most skilful hand; no music can be produced upon them. Words bear a similar relation to the mind. If the capacities, the experiences, the

feelings, are within, words will excite them; but if the feelings are not there, if the capacities of one mind fall far short of those of another, if the same sort of emotions or experiences be not found in the breasts of those who wish to interchange ideas, the words must be sounds without meaning, and meet the ear in vain. The mere mathematician cannot talk with the mere poet. The mere man of avarice has no medium, by which he may understand the pleasures of the man of generosity. The sectarian, who sees truth only under a given aspect in the definitions of his party, cannot conceive of the propriety and excellence of the mental operations of a philosopher, who penetrates into the essence of all sects, and draws out of our common nature the principles and motives which make all the forms of religion point to the same end, and require nearly the same virtues. Many a plain and honest, but unenlightened christian might be found, at this hour, weeping over the supposed errors of profound and philosophical minds, which are distinguished for a successful pursuit of truth, but whose views require great enlargement of the mental vision in others to be clearly seen in their proper character, and in all their interesting relations. The difficulty, which minds of this sort find in conveying their thoughts to the weak and ignorant, is illustrated by its analogy to the parental forbearance of the Author of Nature. Even this great and good Being shows us that it is necessary for him, with all his wisdom and skill, to wait long, as we do with our children, for time and experience to unfold the capacities of his creatures, to enable them to understand and apply principles and discoveries, which the system is calculated to furnish. These difficulties extend, not only to the works of the Creator, but also to his word. Parents will easily assent to this, when they remember, that in their daily intercourse with their children, important and luminous explanations of the most interesting points must be deferred till the elements of the explanations may be unfolded in the minds of their children, and be capable of being combined by words in a manner adapted to their understandings. The whole frame of nature is a book, in which sentences and discourses of exquisite beauty and perfection are written, but which time, philosophy, and virtue, can alone enable us to read and rightly interpret. How different are the instructions, which different minds draw from the same page! The man of misanthropy or superstition sees only defects, sufferings, or terrors,

where the man of benevolence and piety finds wisdom to adore, power and goodness to trust, gratitude to warm and elevate his soul, and happiness to enjoy. The ignorant and unreflecting stop and rest upon the outward forms of material nature, while the cultivated, the scientific, and the wise, penetrate into the all-pervading spirit that animates the visible forms, and makes them speak to the intellectual beholder in the accents of heaven and the Divinity.

Although we must have within us perceptions, feelings, and experience, before we can understand the language, which is designed to act upon them, yet the signs and the things, the words and the ideas, may have a reciprocal influence, and promote their mutual progress. The elements of an illustration by words may often exist in the mind in a miscellaneous and unconnected state, and their affinity be too feeble, or the intellect too inactive, to bring them together, and to make them a useful and consistent whole, without foreign aid and excitement. Such a mind may be able to follow the luminous discourse of another, which is already disciplined and informed, and may thus be led to call together the scattered elements of the illustration, and to rejoice in the result with equal surprise and delight. If the strings and all the essential parts of the musical instrument are found within it, notwithstanding they may be unwound, or loosened, or transposed, or out of harmony, or in any way disordered, the skilful artist may soon arrange them, and make the keys discourse excellent music. In one respect, however, the musical instrument fails to illustrate the nature of the connexion between words and the operations of the mind. The keys touch all the strings and produce all the sounds, which the instrument is calculated to receive and furnish; but words reach a part only of our conceptions and emotions, while there are others still more numerous which consciousness alone can touch and enjoy. If the instrument were endowed with life and a soul, and, after the keys had played their limited number of changes, could, by its own internal power, move the strings as the mind moves the nerves, and produce an infinite variety of exquisite melodies in moral sentiment, it would then afford a full and perfect illustration.

In all the arts and sciences, the difficulty, which arises from the imperfection of language, from its inadequateness, even in its most perfect state, to meet all the wants of the mind, is felt and acknowledged. We borrow from each

other; we go from mind to matter, and from matter to mind; we range through all the professions, and all the mechanical employments; and we adopt all modes, literal and figurative, to make our thoughts intelligible to others; and, after all, we are completely understood but by a few, and by none who suppose that words are to do the whole, that language is omnipotent, and that activity and candor are not necessary in the minds of those, who read or hear, who write or explain. The moral teacher, the expounder of the principles of taste, the ablest investigator of the human head and heart, the best interpreter of religious sentiment and hope, is compelled to resort to every variety of experience, observation, and pursuit, in order to illustrate and enforce the principles of truth, the beauties of virtue, the pleasures of benevolence, and the affections of the christian. From the physician we learn, as moralists and theologians, to speak of the *health* and *diseases of the mind*, *stimulants* for the phlegmatic and slothful, *lenitives* for the irritable, and the *balm* of consolation for the afflicted. From the lawyer we borrow the language of *tribunals*, *sanctions*, *penalties*, *acquittal*, *justification*, or sentence of *condemnation* from our supreme *judge*. From the musician we take the *tone* and *harmony* of feeling and sentiment, or the *discords* of jealousy and hatred; from the natural philosopher, *motive* for the will, *gravity* for demeanor, a *prop* for the aged and feeble, and a *balance* for the passions of all. To the painter we are indebted for the *light* and *shade* of character, for richness of *color* and delicacy of *touch*, while from the sculptor we learn to *chip* and *chisel* the rough marble of our nature till we produce, by time and art, the finished Apollo of the moral world. From gardening and agriculture we have drawn out an immense vocabulary for the use of moral science. We *cultivate* the mind, we *sow the seeds* of virtue, we *ingraft* good and pious sentiments, and we *reap a harvest* of happiness in the *fields* of benevolence.

But with all our expedients we do not advance a step beyond those capacities of the mind which experience has unfolded, and which, so far as verbal illustrations are concerned, are an indispensable preliminary to the knowledge that language can aid in exciting. Words may be taught first, and the mind be left to apply them afterward to ideas and feelings as they are gradually evolved. But as words are arbitrary signs of ideas, and have many different applications, their definitions become exceedingly multiplied

Each word must depend upon its connexion in a sentence or discourse for its meaning in the given instance. Few words can be named, each of which has but a single meaning, or more properly an unchanging application, the same force at all times. In our own language, the number of modifications varies from two or three to two or three score, according to the enumeration in a standard authority.* The meanings are still more multiplied, when we consider the different countries and smaller districts where the same language is spoken. To this variety we have to add the peculiarities which grow out of sects and parties. Their watch words, though heard without any other than common emotions by the enlightened and catholic, will be associated with violent passions and the whole train of party interests among the initiated.

The study of words is the study of the operations of the mind to a certain extent, the study of the analogies by which it proceeds, the study of such of its results as it has been able to arrive at for common use. But the homonymy of language is inconceivably various, and continually increasing as long as it lives, and as rapidly as it becomes copious. Many words (to use a term introduced by Coleridge) are now completely *desynonymized*, which were originally identical, or the same in the root. Literary power is gained in this manner, and the ingenuity of the mind thus extends its conquests to new territories of philosophy, and gains new resources for the supply of its vocabulary. Both synonymes and homonymes enrich a language for the purposes of the philosopher, the poet, and the orator, although they never can bring all the operations of the soul under the dominion of the dictionary. Much must be left to the activity of the mind, and to the candor and integrity of readers and hearers. The transitive or derivative meanings of words indefinitely outnumber the primitive. Our most literal sentences constantly introduce figures, as we find whenever we enter upon the curious and ample field of etymology. Every important word is a tune with variations, and the variations, although preserving the original air, are so numerous, and lead us so far from the original order of notes, that great talent and a fine tact are necessary to follow out the changes and subtile analogies.

We are not to expect from language a degree of precis-

* In Johnson, the word *make*, in all its changes as a noun and a verb, and in connexion with prepositions, has, as he numbers them, 71 applications.

ion and certainty, either when used by others or by ourselves, which, from its nature, it evidently cannot afford. Our expressions partake of the peculiarities of our modes of thinking, and are rarely viewed under precisely the same aspect, in which they present themselves to our own attention. Common sense and common equity direct us to supply all the qualifications and ellipses, with which every discourse must be accompanied. However important words may be in the management of our reasoning powers, we are always to remember that they do not precede, but follow the operations of the mind. It is enough to satisfy us of this truth, if we reflect a moment upon the manner in which children acquire ideas, and afterwards get the command of language. It is manifestly contrary to the fact to suppose that the words are first, or that words excite the first connected ideas which are found in their minds. Sensible objects first act upon the intellectual powers, and produce the first class of perceptions. Both thoughts and feelings are, for a long time, in the mind, before words are distinguished from inarticulate sounds and unmeaning cries. The testimony of deaf and dumb persons, who in adult years, learn to write language, is, as we have had frequent occasions to know, that they had many ideas about reason, sentiment, duty, responsibility, mind and matter, before they obtained any knowledge of words. We see them communicate their thoughts and sentiments to each other by visible signs, entirely without the intervention of words.

It is rather astonishing that any body should ascribe to words the power of creating ideas in a mind where the elements of the ideas do not exist, and where of course the means of understanding the definitions of the terms are not to be found. Definitions are offered in vain to such as have not beforehand a knowledge of the terms in which the definitions are conveyed. He who has never seen any of the simple colors, who has not had the sensations which they excite by means of the eye, can never arrive at any conception of them by the aid of language. The spirit of this observation extends to all subjects, with which words are connected. They are nothing more than instruments of acting upon materials already in the mind. They enable us to work up the materials into any shape we wish, but they create nothing. They multiply our speculative powers, and are analogous to the effects of the lever, the wheel, the screw, and the pully, upon matter, in enabling a given de-

gree of mental strength to accomplish, by their aid, what could not have been accomplished without it. The mechanical powers create no force, which is not in the substances employed, but make such applications of the force as multiply the effect. Words are not the creators of mind, but call it out, and furnish a lever to its powers, by which they can raise, not the material world of Archimedes, but the world of science, philosophy, and imagination. Mind however must act upon the lever, and must furnish the fulcrum, or rather must discover where the fulcrum is placed in our nature, and must put the lever upon it. Words alone, it is obvious, are as useless as the lever would be without the fulcrum, and without the power to act upon its appropriate end. They, who give up the use and employment of the mind, because they have written words to inform them of all they most wish to know, forget that even the mechanical powers cannot act alone, but must have a director and guide. The screw must have some one to turn it, the wheel must have a hand to give it motion, the pully must have an agent to draw its cords, and the inclined plane requires a weight to be placed upon its surface before its laws can show their force. Whatever discoveries our books may contain, and however valuable they may be, our minds must be kept alive, and our faculties employed in amassing the knowledge, upon which the words rest for their meaning, or the discoveries are nothing to us, and the language is an unknown tongue. Those, who rely upon words for their opinions, dispute as much with each other as those do who rely upon things. And it is a benevolent provision in nature, that nothing shall supersede the necessity of using the faculties of our minds in gaining or preserving all real knowledge, and in enjoying all the genuine and lasting pleasures of moral improvement and religious sentiment. A revelation by words is of most value to him, who attends to the revelation by things, and who uses the capacities of his nature to make each illustrate the other. Articulate sounds are the privileges of man above the animals around him, and language is no doubt one of the principal means of his superior improvement. Many of the intellectual powers, and of the affections too, belong to him and to them in common. Both think and feel; but he alone can talk, read, write, abstract, generalize, and improve himself, generation upon generation, and this chiefly by the aid of that wonderful instrument language, the worker of so many intellectual miracles. All this praise it deserves,

but still let its imperfections, its ambiguities, and its inadequateness, be fairly acknowledged, and as full a guard as possible placed against unnecessary errors from these sources. It is delightful to address ourselves to minds, which are so cultivated and elastic that every idea we present to them, not only is received, but rebounds attended by a crowd of others of a kindred nature and spirit. On the other hand, deliver us from an intercourse with those, on whom the best and most brilliant conceptions fall like balls upon lead. We are to excite and exalt ourselves, or we shall not be permanently excited and exalted. The gods give every thing to labor, and nothing to indolence. We are to multiply the power and variety of consciousness. If our minds will not take up the trains of thought, which the words of others are designed to produce, and if we will not follow them out with our own activity, we must not expect to learn much truth, or to get much wisdom and enjoyment, either from men or the gods. We must be instruments of music with neither defective, nor broken and disordered strings, but must keep the nerves of our minds in constant harmony and elasticity, that whenever the keys of our souls are struck, they may pour forth celestial sounds.

LANGUAGES.

Our readers may be gratified with the following tabular view of Languages, which we have taken from a work that is very rare in our country, and that is evidence of very great learning and of most laborious research. This work is entitled "*Monde Primitif, analise et compare avec le Monde Moderne, considere dans son Genie Allegorique et dans les allegories aux quelles conduisit ce Genie; &c; par M Court de Gebelin, a Paris*, 1787." Nine volumes 4 to.

TABLEAU

DES LANGUES COMPAREES.

L'Hebrew et ses Dialectes.	Arabe.	Samaritain.
	Syriaque.	Mede et Perse.
	Chaldaique.	Armenien.
	Ethiopen.	Maltois.
	Egyptien.	Silhaic, Showiah.
	Phenicien.	Malais.

L'Esclavon et ses Dialectes.	Russe.	Lithuanien.
	Polonois.	Bohemien.
Le Celte et ses Dialectes.	Irlandois.	Langue Erse.
	Gallois.	Bas Breton.
	Cornouaillien.	Basque
	Langue de Mona.	Biscayen.
Les Langues Filles des Orientales & du Celte.	Phrygien.	Etrusque.
	Grec.	Latin.
Le Cimbre, ou Runique d'ou	Dano-Gothique, ou ancien Danois.	Norwegien.
	Scano Gothique, ou ancien Suedois	Islandois.
Le Thueton, ou ancien Allemand, d'ou	Mæso-Gothique.	Allemannique.
	Anglo-Saxon, d'ou	Franco-Theotisque,
	Anglois & Ecossois,	d'ou l'Allemand mod:
	Le vieux Frison.	Flamand & Hollandois.
Les Langues Modernes, Filles du Latin &du Celte	Francois.	Langue d'Oc & ses branches.
	Italien.	Valdois.
	Espagnol.	Grison.
	Portugais.	
Diverses Langues d'Asie.	Chinois.	Persan.
	Indien & ses Dialectes.	Turc.

Et tout autant de Vocabularies que j'ai pu analyser.

Tartares. Huron.
Hongrois. Caraibe.
Lapon. Taitien et autres d'Amerique.
Grœnlandois.

Monde Primitif, tom: I, p, 35.

LITERARY POCKET BOOK.

In Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine, volume VI, number III, for December 1819, we find a notice of a work entitled the "*Literary Pocket Book.*" Although Blackwood's writers are, or attempt to be, extremely severe upon Leigh Hunt and his friends, who appear to be the authors of the Pocket Book, yet the extracts, which are made from it, are of so peculiarly interesting a character, that we have a very

earnest desire to see the whole work. The design of it is to furnish an almanac and memorandum book, arranged in a convenient manner to receive any notices, which the owner may record with the time and the circumstances, while instructive and amusing matter is provided for the reader, both in prose and poetry. Observations are made upon the months and their names, which are food for the naturalist, the scholar, the antiquary, and the moralist. Some of the most exquisite thinking and feeling are found in this little work, that we have met with for a long period. The following is a specimen.

"But the very frost itself is a world of pleasure and fairy beauty. The snow dances down to earth, filling all the airy vacancy with a giddy whiteness; and, minutely inspected, every particle is a crystal-star, the delight perhaps of myriads of invisible eyes. The ice, hereafter destined to temper dulcet creams for us in the heat of summer, affords a new and rare pastime for the skaiter, almost next to flying; or, suddenly succeeding to rain, strikes the trees and the grasses into silver. But what can be more delicately beautiful than the spectacle, which sometimes salutes the eye at the breakfast-room-window, occasioned by the hoar frost, or frozen dew? If a jeweller had come to dress every plant over night to surprise an eastern sultan, he could not produce any thing like the pearly drops, or the silvery plumage. An ordinary bed of greens, to those who are not at the mercy of their own vulgar associations, will sometimes look like crisp and corrugated emerald, powdered with diamonds."

Nothing was ever more inimitably touched by the pencil of genius than this. Of all persons, who are known to us by their writings, Leigh Hunt has, in our opinion, the most perfect sensibility to the delicate beauties of nature, and the less obvious but refined sentiments of the soul. He strikes upon more of our heart strings than any modern author, and makes them vibrate more exquisitely to his wonderful touch. He has a remarkably *honest* mind and heart, and is true to his feelings even beyond a parallel among his contemporaries. A set of coarse fellows are attacking him in Blackwood, and in the Quarterly Review, but all of them together could not produce any thing equal to his "Story of Rimini." Such a creature as Gifford, late editor of the Quarterly, had no part of the *physique*, and no single endowment of soul, requisite to enter into the conceptions of a mind like Hunt's. The brain and heart of Gifford must

have had an organization like an elephant's hide, and have been as impenetrable as brass. The witlings of Blackwood attempt to fix upon Hunt and his friends a charge, which belongs remarkably to themselves, that of forming the "*Cockney School.*" Never were there better specimens of "*Cockney Criticism*" than all the articles of Blackwood in derision of Hunt.

But our purpose is not to defend the author of the Story of Rimini, but to express our pleasure in reading the extracts from the Pocket Book. We mean hereafter, if our leisure will permit, to review Rimini, and make an attempt to do justice to a poem, which so many blockheads have assailed with stupid malevolence At present, we turn to this uncommon but agreeable and amusing almanac and receiver of memoranda.

The "Calender of Observers" is admirably made out, and is designed to give "specimens of the greater or less enjoyment which people derive from the world they live in, *according to the number and healthiness of their perceptions.*" The observers are six, the Mere Lounger, the Mere Man of Business, the Bigot, the Mere Sportsman, the Mere Sedentary Liver, and the Observer of Nature. We will give to our readers only two, the Bigot and the Observer of Nature. Both are presented in the finest style, and are equally just in reference to beings who actually exist.

SPRING.

"*The Bigot* sees the sunshine, and thinks how happy he and his friends will be in Heaven exclusively. Sees a party going toward the country laughing and gaily dressed. Sees in them only so many devoted victims to eternal fire; calls the world a vile world, and sees his debtor sent to prison. Sees the building of his chapel going on, and counts up his profits monied and eternal. Sees his servant bring in a green goose for dinner, and says, with an air of delighted regret, that he fears his friend the gun maker is too late."

"*The Observer of Nature* sees the first fine spring day, and leaps up with transport. Sees a world full of beauty and pleasure even in towns. Sees the young and fair abroad, and sees their lovely countenances and minds. Sees the white pigeons careering round the steeple, the horses issuing forth with new strength and sprightliness, the dog scampering before his master in hopes he is going towards the fields, and hyacinths, and narcissuses, and violets in the green markets, and, seeing these, he cannot but hasten the faster to see the country. Instead of reading his book at home, he takes it with him, and sees what

the poets describe. He sees the returning blue of the sky, the birds all in motion, the glancing showers, the after-laughing sun, the maiden blossoms in the gardens, the thickening leafiness of the hedges the perfect young green of the meadows, the bustling farm yards, the fair prospects, the neat and odorous bowers, the bee bounding forth with his deep song through the lightsome atmosphere, the kids leaping, the cattle placidly grazing, the rainbow spanning the hills in its beauty and power, the showers again, the sun triumphing over the moisture like bright eyes above dewy lips, the perfumed evening, the gentle and the virgin moon. Going home, he sees every thing again with the united transport of health and imagination, and in his dreams sees his friend and his mistress as happy as himself."

SUMMER.

"*The Bigot* sees the beauty of the country, but thinks it wrong to be moved by earthly delights, and hastens home to his roast pig. Sees nothing in the world after dinner but a fleeting show. Finds it very hot; sees a kind of horrid look in the sunshine; and is not quite easy in thinking that ninety nine hundredths of his fellow creatures are to be burnt forever; thinks it impious to suppose his Maker too kind to suffer it, and comforts himself with callousness."

"*The Observer of Nature* sees the early sun striking magnificently into the warm mists in the streets, as if it measured them with its mighty rule. Sees other effects of this kind, worthy of the pencil of Canaletto. Sees a thousand shapes and colours of beauty as the day advances. Sees the full multitude of summer flowers with all their gorgeous hues of scarlet, purple, and gold; roses, carnations, amaranths, wall flowers, lupins, larkspurs, campanulas, golden rods, orchis, nasturtiums, and the Martagon lily or Greek hyacinth And then he sees the world with a Greek sight, as well as his own, and enjoys his books over again. And then he sees the world in a philosophical light, and then again in a purely imaginative one, and then in one purely simple and childlike; and every way, in which he turns the face of nature, he finds some new charm of feature or expression, something wonderful to admire, something affectionate to love. Sees or fancies in some green and watery spot the white sheep-shearing. Sees the odorous hay making. Sees the landscape with a more intent perfectness from the silence of the birds. Sees the insects at their tangled and dizzy play, and fancies what he well knows, how beautiful they must look, some with their painted and transparent wings, others with their little trumpets and airy-nodding plumes. Sees the shady richness of the trees, the swallows darting about like winged thoughts, the cattle standing with cool feet in the water, the young bathers trailing themselves along the stream, or flitting

about the sward amidst the breathing air. Sees the silver clouds which seem to look out their way far through the sky. Sees the bees at work in their hurrying communities, or wandering ones rushing into the honied arms of the flowers. Sees the storm coming up in awful beau y to refresh the world, the angel-like leaps of the fiery lightning, and the gentle and full rain following the thunder like love ushered by mightiness."

"Divine Nature! And thou, (when the touch of sympathy has ma- e thee wise,) diviner Human Nature! How is he stricken dumb who would attempt to record the smallest part of the innumerable joys of your intercourse! He becomes as mute as your own delight, when mind hangs enamoured over beauty."

It cannot be denied that Leigh Hunt has some affectation, some false taste, some disagreeable peculiarities of style, and a good deal of bad versification, but he has a truth, and simplicity, and feeling, and pathos about him, that compensate for all. He makes us acquainted with ourselves so much better than we were before, and lets us into so many new beauties of character, that we forgive him all his follies and weaknesses, and render to him the full and joyous tribute of our gratitude and praise. He shows us how to read the book of nature, and make every creature and every scene an inexhaustible mine of wealth in sentiment and association.

POETRY.

In our number for June 1820, volume II, page 320, we published translations of two Latin Enigmas, the originals of which were extracted from the Journal of Belles Lettres, formerly edited in this town by Messieurs Mariano and Everett. We have since seen other translations from the pen of a lady, which are particularly beautiful and happy, and with which we are permitted by the indulgence of a friend, to adorn our miscellany. We should be not a little gratified, as well as our readers, could the same playful and elegant fancy be induced to allow more of its productions to meet the public eye in the pages of our work.

FIRST ENIGMA.

"Est Graium nomen. Charites risere, Venusque,
Nascentique, scio, fidit Amor pharetram.
Anni ter seni jam: excultum mentis acumen:
Dulcia verba melos: conspice,—nosce,—cave."

TRANSLATION.

Shall not the Muses give to future fame
The maid of classic taste and Grecian name?
At the blest birth of this their favorite child,
Celestial Venus and the Graces smil'd:
Love gave his quiver, rich with sparkling darts,
And pleas'd proclaim'd her Queen of subject hearts!
Scarce eighteen years o'er her fair head have flown,
And yet each grace, each science, is her own.
A nectar'd sweetness from her lip distills,
Behold, beware, UNCONSCIOUSLY SHE KILLS.

SECOND ENIGMA.

"Virgineum ut mores nomen, sed nupta. Camœnæ
Donarunt citharam; Jupiter ingenium.
Dulce-loquens et dulce-canit, licet Anglica verba.
Os faciesque vocant oscula—sed vetitum."

TRANSLATION.

Of wedded life, hers are the joys and cares,
Yet pure as she, whose virgin name she bears.
Her to their sacred bower the Muses led,
And gave their harp; while o'er her, Genius shed
His inspiration, and, at Jove's command,
His choicest gifts bestow'd with lavish hand.
When in seraphic tones she speaks or sings,
What deep enchantment o'er our souls she flings!
But he, who rashly dares her beauty's blaze,
Or on that vermeil'd lip entranc'd shall gaze,
Like our first mother on the fatal tree,
Thinks error sweet, transgression ecstacy.
Oh, from the fair temptation quickly fly,
'Tis the forbidden fruit, who tastes must die.

Lines written on the death of Lieutenant YARNALL, *who was lost in the sloop of war Epervier, returning from a cruize in the Mediterranean, to Philadelphia.*

Strike! Strike the string to sorrow dear,
From nature call the melting tear,
YARNALL, the firm, the gay, the brave,
Has found, in youth, a *watery grave.*

2

Serene the sky, and mute the blast,
The flagging canvass swept the mast,
The crew to joy the moments gave,
Nor thought upon a *watery grave.*

3

But hark! the distant thunders roll,
A sudden night invests the pole,
The tempest bursts: the mountain wave
Presents a yawning *watery grave.*

Lines written by a Gentleman on leaving the York Springs, Pennsylvania

ADDRESSED TO MRS. ********

Friendship, thou good without alloy,
That doublest every human joy;
At thy dear shrine I bow.
When pleasures varied bliss impart,
Or grief and sorrows wound the heart,
A radiant Angel thou!

Oh! Lady, let me boast the power,
Whose sweet illusions charm'd the hour,
And sooth'd with magic spell.
Swift passed the moments, whilst I knew
The valued cause by which they flew,
And treasur'd it full well.

Without alloy! 'twas rashly said;
Friendship alas, was never made
With steady stream to flow;
I priz'd it wandering by thy side,
But now, the social joy denied,
Its pleasure turns to woe.

G.

Lines written after perusing Dugald Stewart's interesting Essay on "The Beautiful" in his philosophical essays.

ADDRESSED TO MRS. ********

Away with Philosopher's rules
With the trash and the dogmas of schools!

Which teach of true beauty the nature,
And distinguish each line and each feature.
For why should they puzzle the brain,
And in searching employ so much pain,
When the whole in dear woman is found,
Though we search the wide universe round?
Let Burke and let Stewart excel
In the art of explaining so well,
How colours first dazzle the sight,
Whether straignt lines or flowing are right,
The beauty of music's sweet note,
The voice in the nightingale's throat;
The smoothness and softness of things,
And the pleasure that symmetry brings,
The sweet blushing rose wet with dew,
The various landscape in view,
The sound of the murmuring rill,
And the smooth placid water when still;
The perfection of forms, and the art
Which perfection and strength can impart!
The combining of all, it is true,
May belong, my dear creature, *to you.*
Thy cheek has the blush of the rose,
And thy veins the blue hare bells disclose;
As white as the snow is thy skin,
The emblem of Heaven within;
Thy form the most perfect we know,
Let the Venus-de-Medici shew!
How sweet is the beam from thine eye;
The charm of that languishing sigh!
An expression which pours forth thy mind
Where each grace and each virtue we find.
More sweet than the dew drop that tear,
And the smile that like Heaven can cheer;
The accents that fall from thy lip,
Are like honey for mortals to sip!
This, *this* is true beauty I say,
Away with your *rules* then, *away!*

JUVENIS.

ON SLEEP.

Come, soothing sleep,
My balm, my solace, and my joy,
In oblivion steep
Each active sense; each nerve destroy;
Let no rude thoughts my mind employ.

2

Sweet is thy death;
Gentle as dews upon the flowers,
I feel thy breath
Suspend the busy active powers,
And languor seize the passing hours.

3

When thou art mine,
I never wish thee gone again;
Nor would repine
Should'st thou forever kind remain,
And free my soul from ceaseless pain!

4

The world no more,
Its foolish pride and nonsense all,
Should I deplore;
But let ambition rise and fall,
And fools its miseries, pleasures call.

5

Not Love himself,
Tho' all his ecstacies were mine,
Nor sordid Pelf
Would make me more incline
On this vex'd globe to wander and repine.

6

And what is sleep,
But death to all our woes?
No wretches weep
When she around her mantle throws,
And casual bliss the victim knows.

JUVENIS.

Inscription for a large Beech tree, filled with names carved on the bark.

Since by its *fruit* the *tree* is known;
And names are signs of things,
And since, by outward traits is shown
The *stock* from whence it springs;
How dignified must be the *root*
Of this surprising *tree*,
That boasts the variegated *fruit*
Of many *a family!*
And to increase the wonder still
'Tis curious to remark,
What virtues must the *branches* fill,
In such rare *fruit* the *bark.*

IMPROMPTU.

'Midst the toils, and contentions, and tumults of life,
When worn down by care, or embitter'd by strife;
O whither shall man for true comfort repair?—
To those sweetest of blessings, the smiles of the Fair.

When the world looks enchanting, and prospects are bright,
When Hope's gayest vision 's unclouded in light;
Then, too, 'tis delightful our raptures to share
With some friend of the heart, some favorite Fair.

DESCRIPTION OF A SUMMER MORNING,

By Solomon Splendid, Esq. Novelist, Poet, &c. &c.

Night in her sable car, now seeks the western main,
And bright Aurora's beams illume the spangled plain;
The burnish'd morning-clouds o'er distant hills arise,
And Sol's resplendent chariot gilds the orient skies;
Man, from his slumb'ring couch, rejoicing Nature calls,
And quack, quack, quack, the duck responsive squalls!

THE

WESTERN REVIEW

AND

MISCELLANEOUS MAGAZINE.

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The Life of Wesley, and the Rise and Progress of Methodism, by ROBERT SOUTHEY, Poet Laureate, &c. In two volumes, 8vo pp. 405, 436, *New York*, 1820.

IN the notice we are about to take of these interesting volumes, we shall carefully avoid any infringement of the rule we originally prescribed to ourselves, respecting party and sectarian controversy. The volumes under review relate to the origin of a large and growing sect, but they were written by a zealous supporter of another sect at least equally important. While therefore we would not be considered, on the one hand, as the advocates of Methodism, neither do we, on the other hand, enter into the sympathies of the writer, or appear as the condemners of any religious denomination. We would not have it understood however that we consider Mr. Southey in any great degree illiberal or uncandid. On the contrary we give him credit for the display of much impartiality, as well as patience and judgment. We shall have occasion indeed to exercise our prerogative of finding fault, but, on the whole, we are much more disposed to praise than to blame, and while we cannot assent to all the opinions of the writer, or regard without censure all his remarks, we have no hesitation in saying that his work is a valuable acquisition to the literary, as well as the religious community. It is a collection of important and interesting facts, related in a lively and agreeable manner. To the Methodists, a denomination of Christians already numerous and constantly increasing, it cannot fail of being an object of curiosity, if not of approbation, as it contains the most full account extant of the origin of Methodism, and of the lives of the distinguished men by whom it was founded. Whatever may be their sentiments

with regard to the writer, they will not dispute the general accuracy of his narrative, or the authenticity of the sources from which he derived his information. To persons of other denominations likewise, the work must be interesting, as there is something so remarkable in the opinions and customs of this zealous class of people as cannot fail to attract the notice and rivet the attention of every considerate observer. Wesley and his co-adjutors were certainly remarkable men, and their labours have had an extensive and permanent influence, especially in England and the United States. Who then, that has a spark of curiosity, who, that loves to trace the rise and progress of sentiments among men, and observe the reciprocal influence of condition upon opinion, and of opinion upon condition, can fail to read with interest the volumes before us? Moral and intellectual changes are often of more consequence than political revolutions. They are commonly indeed more gradual in their progress, but they are commonly also more extensive and permanent in their effects. Without further preface therefore we shall proceed to give a brief epitome, (and brief it must necessarily be,) of the contents of the work under review.

We are carried back, in the first chapter, to the great grandfather of John Wesley, who was a clergyman, but having been ejected from his living, resorted to the practice of physic, which, according to the custom of the times, he had studied as well as theology. His son John, grandfather of the founder of Methodism, was also an ejected minister, and died at the age of thirty three, leaving two sons, the younger of whom, Samuel, was only eight or nine years old when he lost his parent. Notwithstanding the persecutions of his father and grandfather, Samuel became a zealous churchman, and being on that account cast off by his friends, went on foot to Oxford, with only two pounds, sixteen shillings, and continued to support himself with great industry and economy. At length he took orders, and, having obtained a curacy in the metropolis, married Susannah Annesley, daughter of an ejected minister.

"She was an admirable woman, of highly improved mind, and of a strong and masculine understanding, an examplary mother, a fervent Christian. The marriage was blest in all its circumstances: it was contracted in the prime of their youth: it was fruitful; and death did not divide them till they were both full of days. They had no less than nineteen children; but only

three sons and three daughters seem to have grown up; and it is probably to the loss of the others that the father refers in one of his letters, where he says, that he had suffered things more grievous than death. The manner in which these children were taught to read is remarkable: the mother never began with them till they were five years old, and then she made them learn the alphabet perfectly in one day: on the next they were put to spell and to read one line, and then a verse, never leaving it till they were perfect in the lesson." pp 40, 41.

Mr. Wesley was more fortunate than some of his ancestors, having obtained the living at Epworth as a reward for his zeal in support of the revolution, and the office of chaplain to a regiment for a poem which he published on the battle of Blenheim.

His second son, John, the subject of the biography, was born at Epworth on the 17th of June 1703. When he was about six years old, his father's house was burnt, and he narrowly escaped being consumed in it. Amidst the hurry and confusion of the scene he was forgotten till it was difficult and hazardous to attempt his rescue.

"The father ran to the stairs, but they were so nearly consumed that they could not bear his weight, and being utterly in despair, he fell upon his knees in the hall, and in agony commended the soul of the child to God. John had been awakened by the light, and thinking it was day, called to the maid to take him up; but as no one answered, he opened the curtains and saw streaks of fire upon the top of the room. He ran to the door, and finding it impossible to escape that way, climbed upon a chest which stood near the window, and he was then seen from the yard. There was no time to procure a ladder, but it was happily a low house: one man was hoisted on the shoulders of another, and could then reach the window, so as to take him out: a moment later and it would have been too late: the whole roof fell in, and had it not fallen inward, they must all have been crushed together. When the child was carried out to where his parents were, the father cried out, 'Come, neighbours, let us kneel down: let us give thanks to God! he has given me all my eight children: let the house go, I am rich enough.' John Wesley remembered this providential delivery through life with the deepest gratitude. In reference to it he had a house in flames engraved as an emblem under one of his portraits, with these words for the motto, 'Is not this a brand plucked out of the burning?'

The third son, Charles, the zealous and able associate of his brother in his future labours, was at this time scarcely two months old." pp. 43, 44.

Both these children, as well as their elder brother Samuel, received from their mother a strictly religious education; but to John, whose remarkable preservation had strongly impressed her mind, she devoted her chief attention.

During his continuance at school, we are told, certain wonderful occurrences took place, which we are surprised to find Mr. Southey has the credulity to regard as supernatural. For the amusement of our readers we will copy his account of them.

"At the latter end of the year 1715, the maid servant was terrified by hearing at the dining-room door several dismal groans, as of a person at the point of death. The family gave little heed to her story, and endeavoured to laugh her out of her fears; but a few nights afterward they began to hear strange knockings, usually three or four at a time, in different parts of the house: every person heard these noises except Mr. Wesley himself, and as, according to vulgar opinion, such sounds were not audible by the individual to whom they foreboded evil, they refrained from telling him, lest he should suppose that it betokened his own death, as they indeed all apprehended. At length, however, the disturbance became so great and so frequent, that few or none of the family durst be alone, and Mrs. Wesley thought it better to inform her husband; for it was not possible that the matter could long be concealed from him; and moreover, as she says, she was minded he should speak to it. The noises were now various as well as strange, loud rumblings above stairs or below, a clatter among a number of bottles, as if they had all at once been dashed to pieces, footsteps as of a man going up and down stairs at all hours of the night, sounds like that of dancing in an empty room the door of which was locked, gobbling like a turkey cock, but most frequently a knocking about the beds at night, and in different parts of the house. Mrs. Wesley would at first have persuaded the children and servants that it was occasioned by rats within doors, and mischievous persons without, and her husband had recourse to the same ready solution; or some of his daughters, he supposed, sate up late and made a noise; and a hint that their lovers might have something to do with the mystery, made the young ladies heartily hope he might soon be convinced that there was more in the matter than he was disposed to believe. In this they were not disappointed, for on the next night, a little after midnight, he was awakened by nine loud and distinct knocks, which seemed to be in the next room, with a pause at every third stroke. He rose and went to see if he could discover the cause, but could perceive nothing; still he thought it might be some person out of doors, and relied upon a stout mastiff to rid them of this nui-

sance. But the dog, which upon the first disturbance had barked violently, was ever afterwards cowed by it, and seeming more terrified than any of the children, came whining himself to his master and mistress, as if to seek protection in a human presence. And when the man servant, Robin Brown, took the mastiff at night into his room, to be at once a guard and companion, as soon as the latch began to jar as usual, the dog crept into bed, and barked and howled so as to alarm the house.

The fears of the family for Mr. Wesley's life being removed as soon as he had heard the misterious noises, they began to apprehend that one of the sons had met with a violent death, and more particularly Samuel the eldest. The father, therefore, one night after several deep groans had been heard, adjured it to speak if it had power, and tell him why it troubled the house; and upon this three distinct knockings were made. He then questioned it if it were Samuel his son, bidding it, if it were, and could not speak, to knock again; but to their great comfort there was no further knocking that night; and when they heard that Samuel and the two boys were safe and well, the visitations of the goblin became rather a matter of curiosity and amusement than alarm. Emilia gave it the name of old Jeffery, and by this name he was now known as a harmless, though by no means an agreeable inmate of the parsonage. Jeffery was not a malicious goblin, but he was easily offended. Before Mrs. Wesley was satisfied that there was something supernatural in the noises, she recollected that one of her neighbours had frightened the rats from his dwelling by blowing a horn there: the horn, therefore, was borrowed, and blown stoutly about the house for half a day, greatly against the judgment of one of the sisters, who maintained that if it was any thing supernatural it would certainly be very angry and more troublesome. Her opinion was verified by the event; Jeffery had never till then begun his operations during the day; from that time he came by day as well as by night, and was louder than before. And he never entered Mr. Wesley's study till the owner one day rebuked him sharply, called him a deaf and dumb devil, and bade him cease to disturb the innocent children, and come to him in his study, if he had any thing to say. This was a sort of defiance, and Jeffery therefore took him at his word. No other person in the family ever felt the goblin, but Mr. Wesley was thrice pushed by it with considerable force.

So he himself relates, and his evidence is clear and distinct. He says also, that once or twice when he spoke to it, he heard two or three feeble squeaks, a little louder than the chirping of a bird, but not like the noise of rats. What is said of an actual appearance is not so well confirmed. Mrs. Wesley thought she saw something run from under the bed, and thought it most like a badger, but she could not well say of what shape; and

the man saw something like a white rabbit, which came from behind the oven, with its ears flat upon the neck, and its little scut standing straight up. A shadow may possibly explain the first of these appearances; the other may be imputed to that proneness which ignorant persons so commonly evince to exaggerate in all uncommon cases. These circumstances, therefore, though apparently silly in themselves, in no degree invalidate the other parts of the story, which rest upon the concurrent testimony of many intelligent witnesses The door was once violently pushed against Emilia, when there was no person on the outside; the latches were frequently lifted up; the windows clattered always before Jeffery entered a room, and whatever iron or brass was there, rung and jarred excedingly. It was observed also, that the wind commonly rose after any of his noises, and increased with it, and whistled around the house. Mr. Wesley's trencher (for it was before our potteries had pushed their ware into every village throughout the kingdom) danced upon the table, to his no small amazement; and the hand of Robin's hand-mill, at another time, was turned with great swiftness: unluckily Robin had just done grinding; nothing vexed him, he said, but that the mill was empty; if there had been corn in it, Jeffery might have ground his heart out before he would have disturbed him. It was plainly a Jacobite goblin, and seldom suffered Mr. Wesley to pray for the King and Prince of Wales without disturbing the family prayers. Mr. Wesley was sore upon this subject, and became angry, and therefore repeated the prayer. But when Samuel was informed of this, his remark was, 'As to the devil's being an enemy to king George, were I the king myself, I should rather Old Nick should be my enemy than my friend.' The children were the only persons who were distressed by those visitations; the manner in which they were affected is remarkable: when the noises began they appeared to be frightened in their sleep, a sweat came over them, and they panted and trembled till the disturbance was so loud as to awaken them. Before it ceased, the family had become quite accustomed to it, and were tired with hearing or speaking of it. 'Send me some news,' said one of the sisters to her brother Samuel, 'for we are secluded from the sight or hearing of any versal thing, except Jeffery.'" pp. 49—53.

Is it not surprising that, at the present time of day, after so many impositions upon weak minds have been practiced and detected, a man of Mr. Southey's intelligence and knowledge of the world, should seriously relate such ridiculous stories, and gravely argue in favour of their truth? We cannot agree with him that the importance of the end they might be designed to accomplish, could require or in-

duce the employment of such means. God does not unnecessarily or lightly interrupt the established course of nature, nor is it consistent with his wisdom to warn and alarm the thoughtless or profane by visiters from the world of spirits. We had supposed that a belief in stories of ghosts and hobgoblins was confined in our day to the weak and illiterate, and little did we expect to find a man of learning and talents disposed to give credit to them. We suspect, however, notwithstanding all the testimony by which Mr. Southey may think them supported, and notwithstanding all the authority they may derive from his belief, he will have few readers, who will regard them as any thing more than creatures of imagination, the offspring of credulity and superstition.

Wesley was educated at Oxford, where he obtained a reputation for industry and acquirements, and was particularly noticed for his skill in logic, and his dexterity in reasoning. Having completed his regular course as an undergraduate, he hesitated about assuming the responsible office of a clergyman, and applied himself with diligence to his preparatory studies. Two books that he read at this time made a deep impression on his mind, the one entitled *De Imitatione Christi*, attributed to Thomas A. Kempis, and the other *Rules of Holy Living and Dying*, by Jeremy Taylor.

"It is curious to observe the opinions of the young theologian at this time upon some of those topics, whereon he enlarged so copiously, and acted so decisively in after-life. Jeremy Taylor had remarked that we ought, 'in some sense or other, to think ourselves the worst in every company where we come.' The duty of absolute humility Wesley at once acknowledged; but he denied that this comparative humility, as he called it, was in our power; it could not be reasonable, or sincere, and therefore it could not be a virtue. The bishop had affirmed, that we know not whether God has forgiven us. Wesley could not assent to this position. 'If,' said he, 'we dwell in Christ and Christ in us, which he will not do unless we are regenerate, certainly we *must* be sensible of it. If we can never have any certainty of our being in a state of salvation, good reason it is that every moment should be spent, not in joy, but in fear and trembling; and then undoubtedly in this life we are of all men most miserable. God deliver us from such a fearful expectation! Humility is undoubtedly necessary to salvation, and if all these things are essential to humility, who can be humble? who can be saved? That we can never be so certain of the pardon of our sins, as to be assured they will never rise up a-

gainst us, I firmly believe. We know that they will infallibly do so if we apostatize; and I am not satisfied what evidence there can be of our final perseverance, till we have finished our course. But I am persuaded we may know if we are *now* in a state of salvation, since that is expressly promised in the Holy Scriptures to our sincere endeavours, and we are surely able to judge of our own sincerity.' He was startled at that part of our articles which bears a Calvinistic appearance 'As I understand faith,' said he, 'to be an assent to any truth upon rational grounds, I do not think it possible, without perjury, to swear I believe any thing, unless I have reasonable grounds for the persuasion. Now, that which contradicts reason cannot be said to stand upon reasonable grounds, and such, undoubtedly, is every proposition which is incompatible with the divine justice or mercy. What then shall I say of predestination? If it was inevitably decreed from eternity that a determinate part of mankind should be saved, and none beside them, a vast part of the world were only born to eternal death, without so much as a possibility of avoiding it. How is this consistent with the divine justice or mercy? Is it merciful to ordain a creature to everlasting misery? Is it just to punish man for crimes which he could not but commit? That God should be the author of sin and injustice, which must, I think, be the consequence of maintaining this opinion, is a contradiction to the clearest ideas we have of the divine nature and perfections.' His mother, to whom these feelings were imparted, agreed with him that the Calvinistic doctrine of predestination was shocking, and ought utterly to be abhorred. The church doctrine, she argued, if it were properly understood, in no wise derogated from God's free grace, nor impaired the liberty of man; for there could be no more reason to suppose that the prescience of God is the cause why so many finally perish, than that our knowing the sun will rise to-morrow is the cause of its rising. But she wondered why men should amuse themselves with searching into the decrees of God, which no human art could fathom, and not rather employ their time and powers in making their own election sure. 'Such studies,' she said, 'tended more to confound than to inform the understanding: but as he had entered upon it, if her thoughts did not satisfy him, he had better consult his father, who was surely much better qualified for a casuist than herself.'" pp. 60—62.

Wesley now resolved to change his whole course of life, went into retirement, and, together with his brother Charles and a few undergraduates, formed a religious society, which soon became an object of derision at Oxford, and was nicknamed the Holy or the Godly Club, its members, from their

systematic and methodical course of life, being sarcastically called *Methodists*. Among them was George Whitefield, who afterwards became so conspicuous as an empassioned and popular preacher.

"He describes himself as froward from his mother's womb; so brutish as to hate instruction, stealing from his mother's pocket, and frequently appropriating to his own use the money that he took in the house. 'If I trace myself,' he says, 'from my cradle to my manhood, I can see nothing in me but a fitness to be damned; and if the Almighty had not prevented me by his grace, I had now either been sitting in darkness and in the shadow of death, or condemned, as the due reward of my crimes, to be forever lifting up my eyes in torments.' Yet Whitefield could recollect early movings of the heart, which satisfied him in after life, that 'God loved him with an everlasting love, and had separated him even from his mother's womb, for the work to which he afterwards was pleased to call him.' He had a devout disposition, and a tender heart." pp. 70, 71.

Wesley now "began to doubt the utility, and even the lawfulness, of carnal studies," and seriously argued against the acquisition of knowledge. We have already expressed our opinions, very much at large, upon this subject, and have endeavoured to point out the inestimable value of learning to a divine.* We shall not therefore occupy any space at present with remarks upon the dangerous sentiment advanced by Wesley, and embraced, both in theory and practice, by too many of his followers.

He was urged by his friends to apply for the succession to his father's living at Epworth, but obstinately persisted in preferring his situation at Oxford. After the death of his father however, he left this favourite situation and went out, in company with his brother Charles, as a missionary to Georgia, where he submitted himself to the direction of the Moravians, and by the austerity of his manners and doctrine became exceedingly unpopular. Here too he fell in love, and being dissuaded from marrying by his spiritual guides, the Moravians, was soon afterwards convinced that he had made a fortunate escape. Indeed so dissatisfied was he with the character and conduct of the lady, that he excluded her from the communion, by which means he gained many bitter enemies, and for which he was prosecuted by her relations as a defamer. Under these circumstances, being convinced that he could no longer be useful, he re-

*Volume I, No. 5, page 327.

turned to England, where he arrived just as Whitefield set sail for Georgia.

During the absence of Wesley, Whitefield had made great progress in the attainment of popularity and influence. When he went to Bristol

"Multitudes came out on foot to meet him, and some in coaches, a mile without the city; and the people saluted and blessed him as he passed along the street. He preached about five times a week to such congregations, that it was with great difficulty he could make way along the crowded aisles to the reading-desk. 'Some hung upon the rails of the organ loft, others climbed upon the leads of the church, and all together made the church so hot with their breath, that the steam would fall from the pillars like drops of rain.' When he preached his farewell sermon, and said to the people that perhaps they might see his face no more, high and low, young and old, burst into tears. Multitudes after the sermon followed him home weeping: the next day he was employed from seven in the morning till midnight in talking and giving spiritual advice to awakened hearers; and he left Bristol secretly in the middle of the night, to avoid the ceremony of being escorted by horsemen and coaches out of the town." p. 146.

In London too his popularity was equally great, so much so, that on Sunday morning "long before day you might see the streets filled with people going to hear him with lanthorns in their hands." Here Wesley arrived just in time to take the place of Whitefield, and meeting with an enthusiastic Moravian, named Peter Boehler, became his pupil; for, seeing Boehler in a happier state of mind than himself, he regarded him as having attained nearer to Christian perfection. By his advice he formed a religious society in London, which was divided into bands or classes, and had conferences once a week, and love feasts about once a month. He now began to think himself destitute of faith, and, as he expressed it, "sold under sin." In this state of mind he continued till Wednesday, May 24, 1738, about a quarter before nine o'clock, when he felt his heart *strangely warmed* and became convinced that he was regenerated, and had for the first time become a christian With this conversion his brother Samuel was not very well pleased, for he says in a letter,

"What Jack means by his not being a Christian till last month, I understand not. Had he never been in covenant with God?—'then,' as Mr. Hutton observed, 'baptism was nothing.'

Had he totally apostatized from it? I dare say not: and yet he must either be unbaptized, or an apostate, to make his words true. Perhaps it might come into his crown, hat he was in a state of mortal sin unrepented of, and had long lived in such a course. This I do not believe; however he must answer for himself. But where is the sense of requiring every body else to confess that of themselves, in order to commence Christians? Must they confess it whether it be so or no? Besides, a sinful course is not an abolition of the covenant; for that very reason because it is a breach of it. If it *were* not, it would not be *broken*.

Renouncing every thing but faith, may be every evil, as the world, the flesh, and the devil: this is a very orthodox sense, but no great discovery. It may mean rejecting all merit of our own good works. What Protestant does not do so? Even Bellarmine on his death bed is said to have renounced all merits but those of Christ. If this renouncing regards good works in any other sense, as being unnecessary, or the like, it is wretchedly wicked." p. 163.

In the same letter too he says,

"I do not hold it at all unlikely, that perpetual intenseness of thought, and want of sleep, may have disordered my brother. I have been told that the Quakers' introversion of thought has ended in madness: it is a studious stopping of every thought as fast as it arises, in order to receive the Spirit. I wish the canting fellows had never had any followers among us, who talk of in-dwellings, experiences, getting into Christ, &c. &c.; as I remember assurances used to make a great noise, which were carried to such a length, that (as far as nonsense can be understood) they rose to fruition; in utter defiance of Christian hope, since the question is unanswerable, What a man hath, why does he yet hope for? But I will believe none, without a miracle, who shall pretend to be wrapped up into the third heaven."

pp. 163, 164.

Wesley, soon after his conversion, went to Germany, and visited the settlement of Moravians at Hernnhut. Remaining however but a short time he returned to England, and in company with his friend Whitefield, who soon afterwards arrived from Georgia, prosecuted with zeal his ministerial labours there. Now commenced those raptures and violent paroxysms of the converts which Wesley afterwards discouraged, but of which we have such copious details in the volumes before us. On this subject the following extracts must suffice.

"'While,' he says, 'I was earnestly inviting all men *to enter*

into the Holiest by this new and living way, many of those that heard began to call upon God with strong cries and tears; some sunk down, and there remained no strength in them; others exceedingly trembled and quaked; some were torn with a kind of convulsive motion in every part of their bodies, and that so violently, that often four or five persons could not hold one of them. I have seen many hysterical and epileptic fits, but none of them were like these in many respects. I immediately prayed that God would not suffer those who were weak to be offended; but one woman was greatly, being sure they might help it if they would, no one should persuade her to the contrary; and she was got three or four yards, when she also dropt down in as violent an agony as the rest. Twenty-six of those who had been thus affected (most of whom, during the prayers which were made for them, were in a moment filled with peace and joy,) promised to call upon me the next day; but only eighteen came, by talking closely with whom I found reason to believe that some of them had gone home to their houses justified; the rest seemed to be patiently waiting for it.'" pp. 239, 240.

"She was nineteen or twenty years old, but could not write or read. I found her on the bed, two or three persons holding her. It was a terrible sight. Anguish, horror, and despair above all description, appeared in her pale face. The thousand distortions of her whole body showed how the dogs of hell were gnawing at her heart. The shrieks intermixed were scarce to be endured; but her stony eyes could not weep. She screamed out, as words could find their way, 'I am damned, damned; lost for ever! Six days ago you might have helped me—but it is past—I am the Devil's now—I have given myself to him—his I am—him I must serve—with him I must go to hell—I will be his—I will serve him—I will go with him to hell—I cannot be saved—I will not be saved—I must, I will, I will be damned!' She then began praying to the devil: we began, 'Arm of the Lord, awake, awake!' She immediately sunk down as asleep; but as soon as we left off, broke out again with inexpressible vehemence. 'Stony hearts, break! I am a warning to you. Break, break, poor stony hearts! Will you not break? What can be done more for stony hearts? I am damned that you may be saved! Now break, now break, poor stony hearts! You need not be damned, though I must.' She then fixed her eyes on the corner of the ceiling, and said, 'There he is. ye, there he is! Come, good devil, come! Take me away! You said you would dash my brains out: come, do it quickly! I am your's—I will be your's! take me away!' We interrupted her by calling again upon God: on which she sunk down as before, and another young woman began to roar as loud as she had done. My brother now came in; it being about nine o'clock:

We continued in prayer till past eleven, when God, in a moment, spoke peace into the soul; first, of the first tormented, and then of the other; and they both joined in singing praise to Him who had stilled the enemy and the avenger." pp. 260, 261.

On the 17th of February 1739 Whitefield began the practice of field preaching To this step he was induced at first by the crowds which flocked to hear him, and which no church could contain, but he was afterwards encouraged to continue it by the difficulty of procuring admission to the pulpits of the established clergy. Wesley was at first opposed to the practice, but at length, for the same reasons, adopted it. The first Methodist preaching house was commenced on the 12th of May 1739, and Wesley "took the whole trust, as well as the whole management, into his own hands."

Another innovation was introduced about this time. Wesley had long since resolved not to be confined to forms of prayer, nor to exercise his ministrations within any particular parish, or limited tract of country. His followers now contended for the propriety of *lay preaching*, and he was reluctantly compelled to submit to it.

The conversion of Wesley's mother to Methodism, which took place in the same year, when she was seventy years of age, was a great affliction to his brother Samuel. Soon after this, however, Samuel died, having been ill only about four hours.

The author here introduces a retrospect of the religious history of England, in order to point out the circumstances that prepared the way for Wesley and his co-adjutors; but this interesting chapter we have not room to epitomize.

At length Wesley engaged in controversy with the Moravians, and separated from them, chiefly on account of their insisting on the sufficiency of faith without works, and refusing their assent to the doctrine, which he taught, of christian perfection. Many efforts were made by his old friend and religious teacher, Peter Boehler, and by Count Zinzerdorf, the leader of the Moravians in Germany, to produce a re-union, but they were all ineffectual. Whitefield also separated from them, and soon afterwards a breach was made between the hitherto staunch friends and cordial co-operators, Whitefield and Wesley. This arose from a difference of opinion on two points of doctrine. Whitefield, as well as the Moravians, denied the existence of christian perfection on earth; he likewise zealously contended for the Cal-

vinistic doctrine of election, which Wesley as zealously oppo-ed. A correspondence commenced between them in which Whitefield defended his opinion with great zeal.

"'I am sorry,' he says to him, 'honoured sir, to hear by many letters, that you seem to own a *sinless perfection* in this life attainable. I think I cannot answer you better than a venerable old minister in these parts answered a Quaker, 'bring me a man that has really arrived to this, and I will pay his expenses let him come from whence he will' Besides, dear Sir, what a fond con-eit is it to cry up perfection, and yet cry down the doctrine of final perseverance? But thi- and many other absurdities you will run into, because you will not own election; and you will not own election because you cannot own it without owning the doctrine of reprobation. What then is there in reprobation so horrid?' That question might easily have been answered. The doctrine implies that an Almighty and Allwise Creator has called into existence the greater part of the human race to the end that after a short sinful, and miserable life, they should pass into an eternity of inconceivable torments; it being the pleasure of their Creator that they should not be able to obey his commands, and yet incur the penalty of everlasting damnation for disobedience. In the words of Mr. Wesley, who has stated the case with equal force and truth, 'the sum of all is this· one in twenty (suppose) of mankind, are *elected;* nineteen in twenty are *reprobated!* The elect shall be saved, *do what they will;* the reprobate shall be damned, *do what they can.*" This is the doctrine of Calvinism, for which Diabolism would be a better name; and in the worst and bloodiest idolatry that ever defiled the earth, there is nothing so horrid, so monstrous, so impious as this." pp. 314, 315.

In consequence of this difference, most unpleasant dissentions arose among the followers of these enthusiastic leaders. Each had his adherents, and two parties were thus created among the Methodists.

"One of the leading members in London, by name Acourt, had disturbed the society by introducing his disputed tenets, till Charles Wesley gave orders that he should no longer be admitted. John was present when next he presented himself, and demanded whether they refused admitting a person only because he differed from them in opinion. Wesley answered no, but asked what opinion he meant. He replied, 'that of election I hold that a certain number are elected from eternity, and these must and shall be saved, and the rest of mankind must and shall be damned." And he affirmed that many of the society held the same; upon which Wesley observed that he never asked

whether they did or not; 'only let them not trouble others by disputing about it.' Acourt replied, 'Nay, but I will dispute about it.'—'Why then,' said Wesley, 'would you come among us, who you know are of another mind?'—'Because you are all wrong, and I am resolved to set you all right.'—'I fear,' said Wesley, 'your coming with this view would neither profit you nor us.'—'Then,' rejoined Acourt, 'I will go and tell all the world that you and your brother are false prophets. And I tell you in one fortnight you will all be in confusion.'"

pp. 310, 311.

In another place we are told that

"The Calvinists affirmed that Mr. Wesley denied the faith of the Gospel, which was predestination and election. He happened to reprove one of these comfortable believers for swearing, and the man replied that he was predestinated to it, and did not trouble himself about it at all, for if he were one of the elect he should be saved, but if he were not, all he could do would not alter God's decree." p. 346.

Notwithstanding this division, the adherents of Wesley constituted a society well organized and systematically arranged. Regular classes were formed and placed under the inspection of trusty leaders, and the contribution of class-money afforded ample funds to the society. Itinerant, field, and lay preaching, which had been at first resorted to by accident, or from a regard to temporary expediency, became a part of the system of methodism.

"The first example of lay preaching appears to have been set by a Mr. Bowers, who is not otherwise named in the history of Methodism. One Saturday, after Whitefield had finished a sermon in Islington Church-yard, Bowers got up to address the people; Charles Wesley entreated him to desist, but finding that his entreaties were disregarded, he withdrew, and drew with him many of the persons present. Bowers afterwards confessed that he had done wrong, but the inclination which he mistook for the spirit soon returned upon him; he chose to preach in the streets at Oxford, and was laid hold of by the beadle. Charles Wesley just at that time came to Oxford, Bowers was brought to him, and promising after a reproof to do so no more, was set at liberty. The fitness of this innovation naturally excited much discussion in the society, and the Wesleys strongly opposed it; but a sort of compromise seems to have been made, for the laymen were permitted to expound the Scriptures, which, as Law justly observed to Charles, was the very worst thing both for themselves and others." pp. 337, 338.

The progress was natural from expounding to preaching, and lay preachers soon became numerous.

"Methodism had now taken root in the land. Meeting-houses had been erected in various parts of the kingdom, and settled not upon trustees, (which would have destroyed the unity of Wesley's scheme, by making the preachers dependent upon the people, as among the Dissenters,) but upon himself, the acknowledged head and sole director of the society which he had raised and organized. Funds were provided by a financial regulation so well devised, that the revenues would increase in exact proportion to the increase of the members. Assistant preachers were ready, in any number that might be required, whose zeal and activity compensated, in no slight degree, for their want of learning; and whose inferiority of rank and education disposed them to look up to Mr. Wesley with deference as well as respect, and fitted them for the privations which they were to endure, and the company with which they were to associate. A system of minute inspection had been established, which was at once so constrived as to gratify every individual, by giving him a sense of his own importance, and to give the preacher a most perfect knowledge of those who were under his charge. No confession of faith was required from any person who desired to become a member: in this Wesley displayed that consummate prudence which distinguished him whenever he was not led astray by some darling opinion. The door was thus left open to the orthodox of all descriptions, Churchmen and Dissenters, Baptists or Pædobaptists, Presbyterians or Independents, Calvinists or Arminians; no profession, no sacrifice of any kind was exacted The person who joined the new society was not expected to separate himself from the community to which he previously belonged. He was only called upon to renounce his vices, and follies which are near akin to them." vol. 2. pp. 3. 4.

At this time Wesley lost his mother, who died, calm and serene, in a good old age. Two of his sisters had been most unfortunately married; and one died single of a broken heart. The fourth had married a regular clergyman of excellent character. Wesley, returning to his native town, and being refused admission to the pulpit once occupied by his father, retired to the church yard, stood upon the tomb-stone over his father's grave and preached to such a numerous congregation as "Epworth never saw before."

"Some remarkable circumstances attended Wesley's preaching in these parts. Some of his opponents, in the excess of their zeal against enthusiasm, took up a whole wagon load of

Methodists, and carried them before a justice. When they were asked what these persons had done, there was an awkward silence; at last one of the accusers said, 'Why, they pretended to be better than other people; and, besides, they prayed from morning till night.' The magistrate asked if they had done nothing else.—'Yes, Sir,' said an old man, 'an't please your worship, they have converted my wife. Till she went among them, she had such a tongue! and now she is as quiet as a lamb!' 'Carry them back, carry them back,' said the magistrate, 'and let them convert all the scolds in the town.'" p. 17.

Soon afterwards however Wesley and his followers were more violently assailed.

"He was himself repelled at Bristol, with circumstances of indecent violence. 'Wives and children,' he says, 'are beaten and turned out of doors, and the persecutors are the complainers: it is always the lamb that troubles the water!' A maid-servant was turned away by her master, 'because,' he said, 'he would have none in his house who had received the Holy Ghost!' She had been thrown into the convulsions of Methodism, and continued in them fourteen hours. This happened at Bath, where, as Charles expresses himself, 'Satan took it ill to be attacked in his head quarters.' John had a curious interview there with Beau Nash, for it was in his reign. While he was preaching, this remarkable personage entered the room, came close to the preacher, and demanded of him by what authority he was acting. Wesley made answer, 'By that of Jesus Christ, conveyed to me by the present Archbishop of Canterbury, when he laid his hands upon me and said, 'Take thou authority to preach the Gospel.' '—Nash then affirmed that he was acting contrary to the laws: 'Besides,' said he, 'your preaching frightens people out of their wits.' 'Sir,' replied Wesley, 'did you ever hear me preach?'—'No,' said the Master of the Ceremonies. 'How then can you judge of what you never heard.' Nash made answer, 'By common report.'—'Sir,' said Wesley, 'is not your name Nash? I dare not judge of you by common report: I think it not enough to judge by.' However accurate common report might have been, and however rightly Nash might have judged of the extravagance of Methodism, he was delivering opinions in the wrong place; and when he desired to know what the people came there for, one of the congregation cried out, 'Let an old woman answer him:—you, Mr. Nash, take care of your body, we take care our souls, and for the food of our souls we came here.' He found himself a very different person in the meeting-house from what he was in the pump-room or the assembly, and thought it best to withdraw."

pp. 22, 23.

In some places the clergy and the magistrates instigated the populace to the most scandalous outrages. At Wednesbury, where a number of Methodists were found,

"Mobs were collected by the sound of a horn, windows were demolished, houses broken open, goods destroyed or stolen, men, women, and children beaten, pelted, and dragged into kennels, and even pregnant women outraged, to the imminent danger of their lives, and the disgrace of humanity. The mob said they would make a law, and that all the Methodists should set their hands to it; and they nearly murdered those who would not sign a paper of recantation. When they had had the law in their own hands for four or five months, (such in those days was the state of the police!) Wesley came to Birmingham on his way to Newcastle; and hearing of the state of things at Wednesbury, went there; like a man whose maxim it was always to look danger in the face. He preached in mid-day, and in the middle of the town, to a large assemblage of people, without the slightest molestation either going or coming, or while he was on the ground. But in the evening the mob beset the house in which he was lodged: they were in great strength, and their cry was, 'Bring out the minister! we *will* have the minister!' Wesley, who never, on any occasion, lost his calmness or his self-possession, desired one of his friends to take the captain of the mob by the hand, and lead him into the house. The fellow was either soothed or awed by Wesley's appearance and serenity. He was desired to bring in one or two of the most angry of his companions: they were appeased in the same manner, and made way for the man whom, five minutes before, they would fain have pulled to pieces, that he might go out to the people. Wesley then called for a chair, got upon it, and demanded of the multitude what they wanted with him? Some of them made answer, they wanted him to go with them to the justice. He replied, with all his heart; and added a few sentences, which had such an effect, that a cry arose, 'The gentleman is an honest gentleman, and we will spill our blood in his defence.' But when he asked whether they should go to the justice immediately, or in the morning, (for it was in the month of October, and evening was closing in,) most of them cried, 'To-night, to-night!' Accordingly they set out for the nearest magistrate's, Mr. Lane, of Bentley-Hall. His house was about two miles distant: night came on before they had walked half the way: it began to rain heavily: the greater part of the senseless multitude dispersed, but two or three hundred still kept together; and as they approached the house, some of them ran forward to tell Mr. Lane they had brought Mr. Wesley before his worship.—'What have I to do with Mr. Wesley?' was the reply: 'go and carry him back again.' By this time the

main body came up, and knocked at the door. They were told that Mr. Lane was not to be spoken with; but the son of that gentleman came out and inquired what was the matter. 'Why, an't please you,' said the spokesman, 'they sing psalms all day; nay, and make folks rise at five in the morning. And what would your worship advise us to do?' 'To go home,' said Mr. Lane, 'and be quiet.'

Upon this they were at a stand, till some one advised that they should go to Justice Persehouse, at Walsal. To Walsal therefore they went: it was about seven when they arrived, and the magistrate sent out word that he was in bed and could not be spoken with. Here they were at a stand again: at last they thought the wisest thing they could do would be to make the best of their way home; and about fifty undertook to escort Mr. Wesley; not as their prisoner, but for the purpose of protecting him, so much had he won upon them by his commanding and yet conciliating manner. But the cry had arisen in Walsal that Wesley was there, and a fresh fierce rabble rushed out in pursuit of their victim. They presently came up with him. His escort stood manfully in his defence, and a woman, who was one of their leaders, knocked down three or four Walsal men, before she was knocked down herself and very nearly murdered. His friends were soon overpowered, and he was left in the hands of a rabble too much infuriated to hear him speak. 'Indeed,' he says, 'it was in vain to attempt it, for the noise on every side was like the roaring of the sea.' The entrance to the town was down a steep hill, and the path was slippery, because of the rain. Some of the ruffians endeavoured to throw him down, and, if they had accomplished their purpose, it was not likely that he would ever have risen again: but he kept his feet. Part of his clothes was torn off; blows were aimed at him with a bludgeon, which, had they taken effect, would have fractured his scull; and one cowardly villain gave him a blow on the mouth which made the blood gush out. With such outrages they dragged him into the town Seeing the door of a large house open, he attempted to go in, but was caught by the hair, and pulled back into the middle of the crowd. They hauled him toward the end of the main street, and there he made toward a shop door, which was half open, and would have gone in, but the shopkeeper would not let him, saying, that, if he did, they would pull the house down to the ground. He made a stand, however, at the door, and asked if they would hear him speak? Many cried out, 'No, no! knock his brains out! down with him! kill him at once!' A more atrocious exclamation was uttered by one or two wretches. "I almost tremble," says Wesley, "to relate it!—'Crucify the dog! crucify him!'" Others insisted that he should be heard. Even in mobs that opinion will pre-

vail which has the show of justice on its side, if it be supported boldly. He obtained a hearing, and began by asking, 'What evil have I done? which of you all have I wronged in word or deed?' His powerful and persuasive voice, his ready utterance, and his perfect self-command, stood him on this perilous emergency in good stead. A cry was raised, 'Bring him away! bring him away!' When it ceased, he then broke out into prayer; and the very man who had just before headed the rabble, turned and said, 'Sir, I will spend my life for you! follow me, and not one soul here shall touch a hair of your head!' This man had been a prize-fighter at a bear-garden; his declaration, therefore, carried authority with it; and when one man declares himself on the right side, others will second him who might have wanted courage to take the lead. A feeling in Wesley's favour was now manifested, and the shopkeeper, who happened to be the mayor of the town, ventured to cry out, 'For shame! for shame! let him go,' having, perhaps, some sense of humanity, and of shame for his own conduct. The man who took his part conducted him through the mob, and brought him, about ten o'clock, back to Wednesbury in safety, with no other injury than some slight bruises. The populace seemed to have spent their fury in this explosion; and when, on the following morning, he rode through the town on his departure, some kindness was expressed by all whom he met. A few days afterwards, the very magistrates who refused to see him when he was in the hands of the rabble, issued a curious warrant, commanding diligent search to be made after certain 'disorderly persons, styling themselves Methodist preachers, who were going about raising routs and riots, to the great damage of His Majesty's liege people, and against the peace of our Sovereign Lord the King.'

It was only at Wednesbury that advantage was taken of the popular cry against the Methodists to break open their doors and plunder their houses; but greater personal barbarities were exercised in other places. Some of the preachers received serious injury; others were held under water till they were nearly dead; and of the women who attended them, some were so treated by the cowardly and brutal populace, that they never thoroughly recovered. In some places they daubed the preacher all over with paint. In others they pelted the people in the meetings with egg-shells, which they had filled with blood and stopt with pitch. The progress of Methodism was rather furthered than impeded by this kind of persecution, for it rendered the Methodists objects of curiosity and compassion; and in every instance the preachers displayed that fearlessness which enthusiasm inspires, and which, when the madness of the moment was over, made even their enemies respect them."

pp. 25—29.

This is but a specimen of the persecutions and outrages to which Wesley and his adherents were at that time exposed; and the reader may find in the volumes under review many details of the kind, equally interesting with the above. Nor were these the only difficulties to which he was subjected. His tours for preaching were often through the most unsettled tracts of country, where comforts and conveniences were not to be procured, and he was frequently dependent on the hospitality of those who had little disposition to exercise it.

"Returning one day in autumn from one of these hungry excursions, Wesley stopt his horse at some brambles to pick the fruit. 'Brother Nelson,' said he, 'we ought to be thankful that there are plenty of blackberries, for this is the best country I ever saw for getting a stomach, but the worst I ever saw for getting food. Do the people think we can live by preaching?' They were detained some time at St. Ives, because of the illness of one of their companions; and their lodging was little better than their fare. 'All that time,' says John, 'Mr. Wesley and I lay on the floor: he had my great coat for his pillow, and I had Burkett's Notes on the New Testament for mine. After being here near three weeks, one morning, about three o'clock, Mr. Wesley turned over, and finding me awake, clapped me on the side, saying, 'Brother Nelson, let us be of good cheer, I have one whole side yet; for the skin is off but on one side.' "

p. 41.

But wherever he travelled he commonly found attentive, if not hospitable, people, and seldom received from his hearers any marks of indignity or contempt.

"Sometimes when he had finished the discourse, and pronounced the blessing, not a person offered to move:—the charm was upon them still; and every man, woman, and child remained where they were, till he set the example of leaving the ground. One day many of his hearers were seated on a long wall, built, as is common in the northern countries, of loose stones. In the middle of the sermon it fell with them. 'I never saw, heard, nor read of such a thing before,' he says. 'The whole wall, and the persons sitting upon it, sunk down together, none of them screaming out, and very few altering their posture, and not one was hurt at all; but they appeared sitting at the bottom, just as they sate at the top. Nor was there any interruption either of my speaking or of the attention of the hearers." p. 47.

Wesley was particularly attached to the poorer classes of society, whom he considered more unaffected, warm-hearted, and sincere than people of quality and fashion. Yet he

exceedingly disliked the farmers. He could not agree to the correctness of the encomiums so generally passed upon rural life. He could see no joys in rising with the sun, feeding swine and cows, ploughing in the damp, mowing and reaping in the intense heat, and then sitting down to a repast of bacon and cabbage. This was not bliss according to his taste. It was his pleasure to ride through bogs and over fells, feed upon blackberries, and sleep on the floor, in order to make converts, and thus, as he believed, to do good. His dislike of the farmers probably arose from their being less susceptible than others of imbibing his doctrine. Methodism requires close association and frequent meetings, which cannot well take place among a scattered, agricultural people. Large towns are most favourable to the growth and prosperity of this society, and there the gay and polished are least of all likely to unite themselves to it.

Wesley, as we have already said, did not encourage, but merely tolerated lay-preaching. Finding however that it was impossible to suppress it, he undertook its regulation, assigning the preachers their respective spheres of operation and giving them much judicious counsel and advice. By this means he rendered them subservient to him, and secured their co-operation in a manner the most likely to promote what he considered the interests of truth. They were uniformly men of great enthusiasm, and pursued their course with the utmost zeal. Some of them were converted to Methodism by unpremeditated and apparently trivial circumstances. The following is a remarkable instance of sudden and undesigned conversion.

"A party of men were amusing themselves at an alehouse in Rotherham, by mimicking the Methodists. It was disputed which succeeded best, and this led to a wager. There were four performers, and the rest of the company was to decide, after a fair specimen from each. A Bible was produced, and three of the rivals, each in turn mounted the table, and held forth, in a style of irreverent buffoonery, wherein the scriptures were not spared. John Thorpe, who was the last exhibiter, got upon the table in high spirits, exclaiming, I shall beat you all! He opened the book for a text, and his eyes rested upon these words, '*Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish!*' These words, at such a moment, and in such a place, struck him to the heart. He became serious, he preached in earnest, and he affirmed afterwards, that his own hair stood erect at the feelings which then came upon him, and the awful denunciations, which he uttered. His companions heard him with the deepest silence. When

he came down, not a word was said concerning the wager; he left the room immediately, without speaking to any one, went home in a state of great agitation, and resigned himself to the impulse which had thus strangely been produced. In consequence, he joined the Methodists, and became an itinerant preacher: but he would often say, when he related this story, that if ever he preached by the assistance of the Spirit of God, it was at that time." p. 64.

Mr. Southey furnishes us a series of very interesting narratives embracing what is called the "Experience" of some of the most eminent of Wesley's lay-co-adjutors. Among these was JOHN OLIVER, who embraced Methodism at about sixteen years of age, and strictly adhered to it, notwithstanding the tears, the threats, and actual severities of his father. When he was first touched with a sense of his sinful character, so excessive was his distress, and so complete his despair, that he several times attempted to commit suicide, but was always prevented, as he afterwards supposed, by a special interposition of Heaven. Another of these preachers was JOHN PAWSON, who likewise offended his relations by joining the Methodists, and lost a legacy which a rich uncle had promised to leave him. His father too was highly incensed against him, but being induced by the arguments of the son to hear the preacher whom he so violently condemned, was convinced also, and the whole family followed. ALEXANDER MATHER, another lay preacher, was a journeyman baker, who had been religiously brought np, but joined the rebels in 1745, and was with difficulty again received by his father. When he aspired to become a preacher, Wesley endeavoured to dissuade him, by representing to him the hardships to which he would be exposed, and the difficulties he must encounter, but he was resolved, and from his own account, pursued his new employment with an excessive zeal, but without neglecting his duty as a mechanic. He says,

"I have frequently put off my shirts as wet with sweat as if they had been dipt in water. After hastening to finish my business abroad, I have come home all in a sweat in the evening, changed my clothes, and run to preach at one or another chapel; then walked or run back, changed my clothes, and gone to work at ten, wrought hard all night, and preached at five the next morning. I ran back to draw the bread at a quarter, or half an hour past six; wrought hard in the bake-house till eight; then hurried about with bread till the afternoon, and perhaps at night set off again." p. 79.

We have not room to give even a brief outline of the remaining narratives which Mr. Wesley has furnished, concerning Thomas Olivers, a profligate youth, who was affected by hearing Whitefield; John Haime, who, in the act of committing blasphemy, was frightened by a bustard; Sampson Staniforth, who was converted through the means of a comrade in the army; and George Story, who, having been infected by infidel books, was converted by sober reflection and became less of an enthusiast than the others. These narratives however constitute a most interesting part of the work. Speaking of the last case, Mr. Southey says,

"There is not, in the whole hagiography of Methodism a more interesting or more remarkable case than this:—living among the most enthusiastic Methodists, enrolled among them, and acting and preaching with them for more than fifty years, George Story never became an enthusiast: his nature seems not to have been susceptible of the contagion." p. 113.

At first the lay preachers submitted to all the toils and difficulties incident to their office, without any pecuniary allowance whatever, but at length it was found necessary to make some provision for their support and that of their families. It was agreed therefore, that each circuit should allow its preacher three pounds a quarter as a means of procuring books and clothes, four shillings a week for the support of his wife, if he had one, and twenty shillings a quarter for every child. When he was at home likewise, his wife was allowed eighteen pence a day for his board, "with the condition, that whenever he was invited out, a deduction was to be made for the meal."

By the bounty of Lady Maxwell, "one of the few converts in high life," Wesley was enabled to establish a school, principally for the instruction of children of the preachers. It appears however to have been badly managed, and consequently to have been productive of but little good.

In the year 1744, Wesley "invited his brother Charles, four other clergymen, who co-operated with him, and four of his lay preachers" to a Conference on the affairs of the society; after which time similar conferences were held annually, to consult "what to teach, how to teach, and what to do; in other words, how to regulate their doctrines, discipline, and practice." and Mr Southey here introduces a chapter containing a systematic account of each, as they existed at that time.

It cannot be expected, that within the narrow compass of this review, we can give any thing like a complete outline of the doctrines of Wesley. We can only glance at the most prominent among them as they are enumerated by Mr. Southey. He believed that the death, with which God threatened Adam, as a punishment for disobedience, was, not merely temporal death, but what he calls spiritual death; or, in other words, a separation from God, and a "loss of the life and image of God." Hence he inferred the necessity of a *new birth*, as a pre-requisite to salvation, as well as of justification, which he considered always simultaneous with regeneration, although essentially different from it. Sanctification he regarded as having the same relation to the new birth, as our growth has to our natural birth. Regeneration he believed to be commonly, but not invariably instantaneous: and he insisted with great zeal on the doctrine of justification by faith. "Without faith," he said, "a man cannot be justified, even though he should have every thing else; with faith, he cannot but be justified, though every thing else should be wanting." But he considered faith, not merely a belief, but a peculiar gift of God, enabling the christian to discern things which otherwise would be to him both invisible and inconceivable. "A string of opinions," he affirmed, "is no more christian faith, than a string of beads is christian holiness." With respect to *assurance*, his opinion was, that a few christians have an assurance from God of everlasting salvation, but that all, who fear God and work righteousness, have "a consciousness of being in the favour of God." The doctrine of Christian Perfection, as we have already said, he maintained with great zeal, but at length so modified and explained it, as to render it obnoxious to scarcely any objection. He averred that "to set perfection too high is the most effectual way to drive it out of the world." The perfection, of which alone he considered man capable on earth, is the loving of the Lord his God, with all his heart, soul, and mind. He believed in a chain or regular progression of beings, "from an atom of unorganized matter, to the highest of the archangels." He believed also in the influence of good and evil spirits, to whom he attributed many of the comforts and evils of life. He supposed that the day of judgment is to continue a thousand years, during which time all the thoughts, words, and actions of every individual shall be brought forth to full view, and displayed before the universe. He believed that brutes

existed in Paradise, happy to the extent of their respective capacities, and each perfect in its kind. All the evils they endure he attributed to the fall of man. He supposed them, as well as man, destined to a more exalted state of being, and thought it probable that when we attained to the condition of glorified spirits in heaven, they might be raised to our present rank in the scale of being.

"Some teacher of materialism had asserted, that if man had an immaterial soul, so had the brutes; as if this conclusion reduced that opinion to manifest absurdity. 'I will not quarrel,' said Wesley, 'with any that think they have. Nay, I wish he could prove it; and surely I would rather allow them souls, than I would give up my own.'" p. 140.

Such were the sentiments of Wesley, and such, we presume, with little if any variation continue to be the prevailing sentiments of the Methodists; but Wesley, it seems, notwithstanding the zeal with which he maintained his own opinions, was not wanting in charity to others. We cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of making the following extract, which displays a spirit worthy of a christian, and expresses sentiments that must ensure respect for the man, whatever may be thought of his peculiar doctrines.

"'We may die,' he says, 'without the knowledge of many truths, and yet be carried into Abraham's bosom: but if we die without love, what will knowledge avail? Just as much as it avails the devil and his angels! I will not quarrel with you about any opinion; only see that you know and love the Lord Jesus Christ, that you love your neighbour, and walk as your Master walked, and I desire no more. I am sick of opinions: I am weary to bear them: my soul loathes this frothy food. Give me solid and substantial religion: give me an humble, gentle lover of God and man; a man full of mercy and good faith, without partiality, and without hypocrisy; a man laying himself out in the work of faith, the patience of hope, the labour of love. Let my soul be with these Christians, wheresoever they are, and whatsoever opinion they are of. 'Whosoever' thus 'doth the will of my Father which is in heaven, the same is my brother, and sister, and mother.' This temper of mind led him to judge kindly of the Romanists, and of heretics of every description, wherever a Christian disposition and a virtuous life were found. He published the lives of several Catholics, and of one Socinian, for the edification of his followers. He believed not only that heathens, who did their duty according to their knowledge, were capable of eternal life; but even that a communion with the spiritual world had sometimes been vouch-

safed them. Thus, he affirmed, that the demon of Socrates was a ministering angel, and that Marcus Antoninus received good inspirations, as he has asserted of himself. And where there was no such individual excellence, as in these signal instances, he refused to believe that any man could be precluded from salvation by the accident of his birth-place. Upon this point he vindicated divine justice, by considering the different relation in which the Almighty stands to his creatures, as a creator and as a governor. As a creator, he acts in all things according to his own sovereign will: in that exercise of his power, justice can have no place; for nothing is due to what has no being. According, therefore, to his own good pleasure, he allots the time, the place, the circumstances for the birth of each individual, and gives them various degrees of understanding and of knowledge, diversified in numberless ways. It is hard to say how far it extends: what an amazing difference there is between one born and bred up in a pious English family, and one born and bred among the Hottentots. 'Only we are sure the difference cannot be so great, as to necessitate one to be good, or the other to be evil; to force one into everlasting glory, or the other into everlasting burnings.' For, as a governor, the Almighty cannot possibly act according to his own mere sovereign will; but, as he has expressly told us, according to the invariable rules both of justice and mercy. Whatsoever, therefore, it hath pleased him to do of his sovereign pleasure as Creator, he will judge the world in righteousness; and every man therein, according to the strictest justice. He will punish no man for doing any thing which he could not possibly avoid; neither for omitting any thing which he could not possibly do.'"

pp. 141—144.

We have next a chapter on the Discipline of the Methodists, which was rendered by their founder quite systematic and complete. He prescribed a number of rules to the helpers, or preachers, whom he did not admit to that important office without a conviction of the soundness of their opinions and the sufficiency of their knowledge. He had given up, it appears, the absurd idea, to which we alluded in a former part of this article, that human learning is unnecessary to a teacher of religion. A fund was provided, by the contributions of the preachers, for the support of those who lived to be disabled, and of the widows of those who died in the ministry. The preachers were forbidden by the Conference to engage in trade, or to publish any thing without Mr. Wesley's consent. They were required to be quite abstemious in their mode of living, and were specially prohibited from using snuff, or tasting spirituous liquors. They

were directed likewise to change frequently their places of preaching, for, said Wesley, "I know, were I to preach one whole year in one place, I should preach both myself and my congregation asleep." Preaching was enjoined occasionally at five in the morning, as it promoted early rising, and might thus benefit at once body and soul. The following advice to his helpers contains much sound sense and is not inappropriate at the present day.

"He advised his preachers to begin and end always precisely at the time appointed; and always to conclude the service in about an hour: to suit their subject to the audience, to choose the plainest texts, and keep close to the text; neither rambling from it, nor allegorizing, nor spiritualizing too much. More than once in his Journal he has recorded the death of men who were martyrs to long and loud preaching, and he frequently cautioned his followers against it. To one of them he says, in a curious letter of advice, which he desired might be taken as the surest markof love, "Scream no more, at the peril of your soul. God now warns you by me, whom he has set over you. Speak as earnestly as you can, but do not scream. Speak with all your heart, but with a moderate voice. It was said of our Lord, 'He shall not *cry*;' the word properly means, 'He shall not *scream*.' I often speak loud, often vehemently; but I never scream. I never strain myself: I dare not I know it would be a sin against God and my own soul." They were instructed also not to pray above eight or ten minutes at most, without intermission, unless for some pressing reason." pp. 153, 154.

Helper was the name given by Wesley to his itinerant preachers generally, and those among them who had the superintendence of circuits were by him called *assistants.* Every circuit had a certain number of helpers, all of whom were under the direction of one assistant. Some of the preachers however were merely local, who never left their families, but attended to their ordinary business during the week, and preached on the sabbath: and this course was commonly pursued by all at first as preparatory to becoming itinerant.

A still more important part was performed by the leaders, who are to Methodism what the non-commissioned officers are in an army. The leader was appointed by the assistant: it was his business regularly to meet his class, question them, in order, as to their religious affections and practice, and advise, caution, or reprove, as the case might require. If any members absented themselves from the class-meeting, he was to visit them, and inquire into the cause; and he was to render an account to the

officiating preacher of those whose conduct appeared suspicious, or was in any way reprehensible. By this means, and by the class-paper for every week, which the leaders were required to keep, and regularly produce, the preachers obtained a knowledge of every individual member within their circuit; and, by the class-tickets which were renewed every quarter, a regular census of the society was effected.—The leaders not only performed the office of drilling the young recruits, they acted also as the tax-gatherers, and received the weekly contributions of their class, which they paid to the local stewards, and the local stewards to the steward of the circuit." pp. 154, 155.

The subdivision of classes into bands Southey considers the most exceptionable part of the system. These bands met once a week at least, and each member was required to confess without reserve at the meeting all the faults he had committed in thought, word, and deed, and all the temptations he had experienced. This unreserved confidence led to some unhappy consequences and afforded additional temptations to the members. The select bands were not so objectionable, being composed only of those who were supposed to have attained a considerable share of the favour of God. But this did not become a regular part of the system. Watchnights were held once a month, during which all who could assemble spent the night together, praying and singing; and there were three love feasts, which took place each once a quarter, one being for the men, another for the women, and a third for both together. Great attention was paid to the musical part of their devotion, and the Methodists generally have ever since been remarkable for the excellence of their singing.

Such is a brief outline of Methodism as established by its founder. The correctness of the account given by Mr. Southey, will not, it is presumed, in its most important particulars, be denied by any. The authenticity of his information cannot be questioned. In many instances he quotes the language of Mr. Wesley, and however he may differ from him in sentiment, he appears always disposed to represent his opinions with fairness and impartiality.

Wesley was not very successful in his efforts to extend Methodism in Wales. His ignorance of the language of that country formed a serious obstacle. Nor was his progress very considerable in Scotland. Whitefield had labored there before him, and advised him, (for they had now become reconciled) not to go there. But Wesley replied,

"If God sends me, people will hear." He went therefore, considering himself sent of God, but experienced much opposition.

"An old Burgher minister at Dalkeith preached against him, affirming that, if he died in his present sentiments, he would be damned; and the fanatic declared that he would stake his own salvation upon it. It was well for him that these people were not armed with temporal authority. 'The Seceders,' says Wesley, 'who have fallen in my way, are more uncharitable than the Papists themselves. I never yet met a Papist who *avowed* the principle of murdering heretics. But a Seceding minister being asked, 'Would not you, if it was in your power, cut the throats of all the Methodists?' replied directly, 'Why, did not Samuel hew Agag in pieces before the Lord?' I have not yet met a Papist in this kingdom who would tell me to my face, all but themselves must be damned; but I have seen Seceders enough who make no scruple to affirm, none but themselves could be saved. And this is the natural consequence of their doctrine; for, as they hold that we are saved by faith alone, and that faith is the holding such and such opinions, it follows, all who do not hold those opinions have no faith, and therefore cannot be saved.' Even Whitefield, predestinarian as he was, was regarded as an abomination by the Seceders: how, then, was it possible that they should tolerate Wesley, who taught that redemption was offered to all mankind? A Methodist one day comforted a poor woman, whose child appeared to be dying, by assuring her that, for an infant, death would only be the exchange of this miserable life for a happy eternity; and the Seceder, to whose flock she belonged, was so shocked at this doctrine, that the deep-dyed Calvinist devoted the next Sabbath to the task of convincing his people, that the souls of all non-elect infants were doomed to certain and inevitable damnation."

p. 179.

The soft, persuasive eloquence of Wesley made less impression in Scotland, than the vehement and overpowering oratory of Whitefield. But the effects produced by them both were small. Methodism gained but little influence with the cold blooded Scotch, and "Wesley groaned over the manner in which the Reformation had been effected" among them. For the violence of the early reformers, and especially for the character of John Knox, he would admit of no apology.

"'I know,' he says, 'it is commonly said, the work to be done *needed* such a spirit. Not so: the work of God does not, cannot *need* the work of the Devil to forward it. And a calm even spirit goes through rough work far better than a furious one.

Although, therefore, God did use, at the time of the reformation, sour, overbearing, passionate men, yet he did not use them *because* they were such; but *notwithstanding* they were so. And there is no doubt he would have used them much more, had they been of an humbler and milder spirit.'" p. 183.

In Ireland Methodism met with a more favourable reception than either in Wales or Scotland; but there, as in other places, it was, at first, most bitterly persecuted.

"It happened that Cennick, preaching on Christmas-day, took for his text these words from St. Luke's Gospel: 'And this shall be a sign unto you: ye shall find the babe, wrapped in swaddling clothes lying in a manger.'—A Catholic who was present, and to whom the language of Scripture was a novelty, thought this so ludicrous, that he called the preacher a Swaddler, in derision; and this unmeaning word became the nickname of the Methodists, and had all the effect of the most opprobious appellation." p. 192.

Both Wesley and Whitefield were at different times exposed to most imminent danger of personal injury from the mobs in Ireland. These outrages likewise were winked at and sometimes encouraged by the magistrates.

"Some person had said, in reply to one who observed that the Methodists were tolerated by the king, they should find that the mayor was king of Cork; and Mr. Wesley now found, that there was more meaning in this than he had been disposed to allow. When next he began preaching in the Methodist room, the mayor sent the drummers to drum before the door. A great mob was by this means collected, and when Wesley came out of the house, they closed him in. He appealed to one of the serjeants to protect him; but the man replied, he had no orders to do so; and the rabble began to pelt him: by pushing on, however, and looking them fairly in the face, with his wonted composure, he made way, and they opened to let him pass. But a cry was set up, Hey for the Romans! the congregation did not escape so well as the leader; many of them were roughly handled, and covered with mud, the house was presently gutted, the floors were torn up, and, with the window-frames and doors, carried into the street and burnt: and the next day the mob made a grand procession, and burnt Mr. Wesley in effigy. The house was a second time attacked, and the boards demolished, which had been nailed against the windows, and a fellow posted up a notice at the public exchange, with his name affixed, that he was ready to head any mob, in order to pull down any house that should harbour a Swaddler." pp. 195, 196.

On another occasion Whitefield preached in Oxminton

Green, Dublin, and had like to have paid dear for his audacity.

"The Ormond Boys, and the Liberty Boys, (these were the current denominations of the mob factions at that time,) generally assembled there every Sunday—to fight; and Whitefield, mindful, no doubt, of his success in a former enterprise, under like circumstances, determined to take the field on that day, relying upon the interference of the officers and soldiers, whose barracks were close by, if he should stand in need of protection. The singing, praying, and preaching went on without much interruption, only now and then a few stones, and a few clods of dirt, were thrown. After the sermon, he prayed for success to the Prussian arms, it being in time of war. Whether this prayer offended the party spirit of his hearers, or whether the mere fact of his being a heretic, who went about seeking to make proselytes, had excited, in the catholic part of the mob, a determined spirit of vengeance; or whether, without any principle of hatred or personal dislike, they considered him as a bear, bull, or badger, whom they had an opportunity of tormenting, the barracks, through which he intended to return as he had come, were closed against him; and when he endeavored to make his way across the green, the rabble assailed him. 'Many attacks,' says he, 'have I had from Satan's children, but now you would have thought he had been permitted to give me an effectual parting blow.' Vollies of stones came from all quarters, while he reeled to and fro under the blows, till he was almost breathless, and covered with blood. A strong beaver hat, which served him for a while as a skull-cap, was knocked off at last, and he then received many blows and wounds on the head, and one large one near the temple. I thought of Stephen,' says he, 'and was in great hopes that, like him, I should be despatched, and go off, in this bloody triumph, to the immediate presence of my Master.' The door of a minister's house was opened for him in time, and he staggered in, and was sheltered there, till a coach could be brought, and he was conveyed safely away." pp. 198, 199.

But, notwithstanding all these persecutions, Methodism gained ground in Ireland, and perhaps the persecutions themselves tended to promote its success. The following occurrence shows that the mobs did not always go off triumphant.

"The Methodists at Wexford met in a long barn, and used to fasten the door, because they were annoyed by a Catholic mob. Being thus excluded from the meeting, the mob became curious to know what was done there; and taking counsel together, they agreed that a fellow should get in and secrete himself

before the congregation assembled, so that he might see all that was going on, and, at a proper time, let in his companions. The adventurer could find no better means of concealment than by getting into a sack which he found there, and lying down in a situation near the entrance. The people collected, secured the door as usual, and, as usual, began their service by singing. The mob collected also, and, growing impatient, called repeatedly upon their friend Patrick to open the door; but Pat happened to have a taste for music, and he liked the singing so well, that he thought, as he afterwards said, it would be a thousand pities to disturb it. And when the hymn was done, and the itinerant began to pray, in spite of all the vociferations of his comrades, he thought that, as he had been so well pleased with the singing, he would see how he liked the prayer; but, when the prayer proceeded, 'the power of God,' says the relater, 'did so confound him, that he roared out with might and main; and not having power to get out of the sack, lay bawling and screaming, to the astonishment and dismay of the congregation, who probably supposed that Satan himself was in the barn. Somebody at last ventured to see what was in the sack; and helping him out, brought him up, confessing his sins, and crying for mercy.' This is the most comical case of instantaneous conversion that ever was recorded, and yet the man is said to have been thoroughly converted." pp. 212, 213.

Notwithstanding Wesley had written a treatise in favour of celibacy, he married a widow, named Vizelle, with four children, and an independent fortune. She proved however a complete termagant, was jealous, ill-natured, and overbearing.

"It is said that she frequently travelled a hundred miles, for the purpose of watching, from a window, who was in the carriage with him when he entered a town. She searched his pockets, opened his letters, put his letters and papers into the hands of his enemies, in hopes that they might be made use of to blast his character; and sometimes laid violent hands upon him, and tore his hair. She frequently left his house, and upon his earnest entreaties, returned again; till, after having thus disquieted twenty years of his life, as far as it was possible for any domestic vexations to disquiet a man whose life was passed in loco-motion, she seized on part of his Journals, and many other papers, which were never restored, and departed, leaving word that she never intended to return." pp. 219—221.

We have already extended this review to so unexpected a length, that we have no room to follow Mr. Southey in his details of the schisms which arose among the followers of

Wesley. That commenced by James Relly was among the most considerable and was the foundation of a sect, still known by the name of Rellyan Universalists, "and it is said, that Washington's Chaplain was a preacher of that denomination." George Bell was excommunicated for some strange, mad conduct, such as prophecying that the end of the world was at hand, thus alarming the credulous throughout the country: and other divisions took place of a more serious character.

We have now an account of the courtship, marriage, increasing popularity, and death of Whitefield. This last event took place in 1769, at Newburyport, Massachusetts, and according to his own desire, he was buried before the pulpit in the Presbyterian church of that town.

Wesley engaged in some serious controversies with the Calvinists, and, notwithstanding the number and length of the quotations we have already made, we trust we shall be excused for extracting some of his arguments used on these occasions. In the Conference of 1771, he said,

"We have received it as a maxim, that a man is to do nothing *in order to* justification. Nothing can be more false. Whoever desires to find favour with God, should *cease to do evil, and learn to do well.* Whoever repents, should do *works meet for repentance.* And if this is not in order to find favour, what does he do them for? Is not this salvation by works? Not by the *merit* of works, but by works as a *condition.* What have we then been disputing about for these thirty years? I am afraid about words. As to *merit* itself, of which we have been so dreadfully afraid, we are rewarded *according to our works*, yea, *because of our works.* How does this differ from *for the sake of our works?* And how differs this from *secundum merita operum*, as our works *deserve?* Can you split this hair? I doubt I cannot.—Does not talking of a justified or sanctified *state* tend to mislead men? almost naturally leading them to trust in what was done in one moment; whereas we are every hour, and every moment, pleasing or displeasing to God, *according to our works;* according to the whole of our inward tempers, and our outward behaviour." p. 266.

Perhaps the following will not be considered as a very dignified mode of controversy, though it is certainly calculated to produce a powerful effect; and, we may add, it is not beneath the productions of some of his opponents even in point of dignity.

"A little before that Conference which brought out the whole

Calvinistic force against Wesley, Mr. Toplady published a Treatise upon absolute Predestination, chiefly translated from the Latin of Zanchius Mr. Wesley set forth an analysis of this treatise, for the purpose of exposing its monstrous doctrine, and concluded in these words: 'The sum of all this:—one in twenty (suppose) of mankind are elected; nineteen in twenty are reprobated. The elect shall be saved, do what they will; the reprobate shall be damned, do what they can. Reader, believe this, or be damned. Witness my hand, A—— T——.'" Toplady denied the consequences, and accused Mr. Wesley of intending to palm the paragraph on the world as his." p. 272.

The sermon upon Free Grace, which exceedingly exasperated the Calvinists, contains some passages, quoted by Mr. Southey, which are certainly in a highly wrought strain of eloquence. By way of showing what he considered the absurdity and dangerous tendency of Predestination, he appeals, as it were, to the powers of darkness, and represents them as rejoicing in the decrees of God, which have destined to their infernal control so many of the human family. After asserting, in bold and awful language, that this doctrine would, if followed out to its consequences, make Christ a hypocrite, and God worse than the devil, he thus proceeds:

"This is the blasphemy for which I abhor the doctrine of Predestination; a doctrine, upon the supposition of which, if one could possibly suppose it for a moment, call it election, reprobation, or what you please, (for all comes to the same thing,) one might say to our adversary the devil, 'Thou fool, why dost thou roar about any longer? Thy lying in wait for souls is as needless and useless as our preaching.—Hearest thou not, that God hath taken thy work out of thy hands, and that he doth it more effectually? Thou, with all thy principalities and powers, canst only so assault that we may resist thee; but he can irresistibly destroy both body and soul in hell! Thou canst only entice; but his unchangeable decree to leave thousands of souls in death, compels them to continue in sin, till they drop into everlasting burnings. Thou temptest; he forceth us to be damned, for we cannot resist his will. Thou fool! why goest thou about any longer, seeking whom thou mayest devour? Hearest thou not that God is the devouring lion, the destroyer of souls, the murderer of men? Moloch caused only children to pass through the fire, and that fire was soon quenched; or, the corruptible body being consumed, its torments were at an end; but God, thou art told, by his eternal decree, fixed before they had done good or evil, causes not only children of a span long, but the parents also, to pass through the fire of hell; that fire which

never shall be quenched: and the body which is cast thereinto, being now incorruptible and immortal, will be ever consuming and never consumed; but the smoke of their torment, because it is God's good pleasure, ascendeth up for ever." pp, 281, 282.

It had been the desire of Wesley to effect a friendly union with the regular English clergy, and without regard to their differenee of sentiment, to live in harmony with them. He found however very few ready to meet him on the ground of mutual forbearance, and being desirous of having more clerical co-adjutors, suffered some of his lay preachers to receive ordination from a man who styled himself Erasmus, Bishop of Arcadia. This plan however was not approved by his brethren in the ministry, and was not, to any great extent, pursued. In the year 1780 he commenced the publication of the Arminian Magazine, in which, besides defending his peculiar doctrines, we are told he furnished much interesting and useful matter.

We come now to the history of Methodism in the United States. Whitefield had preached with great zeal and great momentary effect, in almost every part of the country, but he had not attempted to organize a society. This was commenced at New York by Philip Embury, who had been a local preacher in England, with the aid of Captain Webb, who had been converted by Wesley at Bristol.

"Webb hearing of Embury's beginning, paid him a visit from Albany, where he then held the appointment of Barrack-master, preached in his uniform, attracted auditors by the novelty of such an exhibition, and made proselytes by his zeal. A regular society was formed in the year 1768, and they resolved to build a preaching-house." p. 304.

Wesley sent preachers to aid them, and they were making considerable progress at the commencement of the Revolutionary War. On thi occasion Wesley took an active part, preached, and published pamphlets, in favour of the English government. He advised his preachers in America however not to interfere with political concerns, and, fortunately for the interests of Methodism in this country, they not only followed his advice, but some of them got possession of all the copies of his political pamphlets which were sent to New York, and destroyed them. It seems however that the part he took against the American cause was no secret in this country, and his preachers generally were on that account compelled to flee from the violence of the populace.

"Asbury alone remained: he was less obnoxious than his colleagues, because, having chosen the less frequented parts of the country for the scene of his exertions, he had been less conspicuous, and less exposed to provocation and to danger. Yet even he found it necessary to withdraw from public view, and conceal himself in the house of a friend, till after two years of this confinement, he obtained credentials from the governor of Pennsylvania, which enabled him to appear abroad again with safety." pp. 314, 315.

Finding it impracticable to procure Episcopal ordination in America, Wesley came to the conclusion that he was himself empowered to ordain, and under this impression constituted Dr. Coke Superintendent or Bishop for this country, who immediately proceeded to New York; but, not finding Mr. Asbury there, he went southward to seek him, and, meeting with him in Delaware, they proceeded to Baltimore, where a general Conference was held, rules and regulations for the government of the church were established, and Mr. Asbury was consecrated by Dr. Coke, as Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States. A Methodist Seminary was then established, about 28 miles from Baltimore, called Cokesbury College, which flourished for many years, but having been twice burnt down, it was at length concluded "that it was not the will of God for them to undertake such expensive buildings, nor to attempt such popular establishments." Dr. Coke is represented as a man of liberal manners and amiable character, who soon obtained a large stock of popularity. He was not however prudent enough to retain it, for both he and Bishop Asbury rendered themselves exceedingly obnoxious by inveighing against the established system of slavery.

"They proceeded so far themselves, that they required the members of the society to set their slaves free; and several persons were found who made this sacrifice from a sense of duty. One planter in Virginia emancipated twenty-two, who were, at that time, worth from thirty to forty pounds each. His name was Kennon, and it deserves to be honourably recorded. But such instances were rare, and Dr. Coke, who had much of the national ardour in his character, proceeded in such an intolerant spirit of philanthropy, that he soon provoked a violent opposition, and incurred no small degree of personal danger. One of his sermons upon this topic incensed some of his hearers so much, that they withdrew, for the purpose of way-laying him; and a lady negro-owner promised them fifty pounds, if they

would give 'that little Doctor' an hundred lashes. But the better part of his congregation protected him, and that same sermon produced the emancipation of twenty-four slaves. In one county the slave owners presented a bill against him, which was found by the grand jury, and no less than ninety persons set out in pursuit of him; but he was got beyond their reach. A more ferocious enemy followed him, with an intention of shooting him: this the man himself confessed, when some time afterwards, he became a member of the Methodist Society. On his second visit to America, Coke was convinced that he had acted indiscreetly, and he consented to let the question of emancipation rest, rather than stir up an opposition which so greatly impeded the progress of Methodism." pp. 328, 329.

By the efforts of these men, and of their co-adjutors, which they soon obtained in America, Methodism spread with astonishing rapidity, and notwithstanding all the difficulties which the preachers had to encounter in a country comparatively new, where there were swamps to pass, rivers to ford, and often to swim, and where, for want of roads, the danger was sometimes great of losing one's way in the wilderness, they prosecuted their course with undiminished zeal, and in the short space of less than sixty years the little band organized at New York under Embury and Webb, has grown into a society of two hundred and sixty thousand persons. So much for genuine ardor and perseverance.

We have next an interesting chapter on the progress of Methodism in the West Indies, but the alarming length to which this article has already extended, admonishes us to forbear. We can only refer those, who have a curiosity to pursue these details, to the book itself.

In the year 1784 "the legal settlement of the Conference was effected," and permanent provisions made for the government of the society. This Conference was originally composed of one hundred preachers named by Wesley, who were required to meet annually, and empowered to fill vacancies, as they should occur. In them, as a body, was vested the property of the society, in trust for the public benefit.

Wesley lived to a good old age, having survived most of his early disciples, and enjoying remarkable health and spirits.

"After his eightieth year, he went twice to Holland, a country in which Methodism, as Quakerism had done before it, met with a certain degree of success. Upon completing his eigh-

ty second year, he says, 'is any thing too hard for God? It is now eleven years since I have felt any such thing as weariness. Many times I speak till my voice fails, and I can speak no longer. Frequently I walk till my strength fails, and I can walk no further, yet, even then, I feel no sensation of weariness, but am perfectly easy from head to foot. I dare not impute this to natural causes. It is the will of God.' A year afterwards he says, 'I am a wonder to myself! I am never tired (such is the goodness of God,) either with writing, preaching, or travelling. One natural cause, undoubtedly, is, my continual exercise, and change of air. How the latter contributes to health I know not; but it certainly does.'" pp. 404, 405.

He first began to feel decay in his eighty-fourth year, and died on the 2d of March 1791, in the eighty eighth year of his age, and the sixty fifth of his ministry. Notwithstanding he had directed that his funeral should be private, and it was therefore determined that it should take place between five and six o'clock in the morning, the arrangement could not be kept secret, and hundreds assembled on the melancholy occasion.

The remarks of Mr. Southey on the manners and effects of Methodism, will probably be considered by its professors as the most objectionable part of his work. He has indeed, throughout the whole, interspersed occasional expressions of his own feelings and opinions, which of course are not very favourable to all the doctrines of Wesley. But here he has undertaken to give a summary view of the character and tendency of Methodism, and, although he admits that it has been productive of much good, yet it can hardly be expected that his remarks on the subject can be satisfactory to its professors, from whom he so radically differs. Making all due allowance however for his attachment to the doctrines and discipline of the Church of England, we do not think even they can consider him very illiberal. He might indeed with propriety, from a regard to the feelings of those whom he had reason to suppose would take an interest in his work, have spared some of the severity of his remarks; and perhaps he has sometimes tinged with the dye of his own prejudice, his narrative of facts, as well as his statement of doctrines. His work will doubtless be assailed by the defenders of Methodism, and his opinions controverted with talent as well as zeal. But it is neither our inclination, nor our province to take part in the controversy. We will readily give credit to both sides for sincerity, and we

think the most enthusiastic Methodist can scarcely peruse the following quotation, with which Mr. Southey concludes his work, without admitting, that if his views are not always just, he is not entirely destitute of candour and liberality.

"Such was the life, and such the labours of John Wesley; a man of great views, great energy, and great virtues. That he awakened a zealous spirit, not only in his own community, but in a Church which needed something to quicken it, is acknowledged by the members of that Church itself; that he encouraged enthusiasm and extravagance, lent a ready ear to false and impossible relations, and spread superstition as well as piety, would hardly be denied by the candid and judicious among his own people. In its immediate effects the powerful principle of religion, which he and his preachers diffused, has reclaimed many from a course of sin, has supported many in poverty, sickness, and affliction, and has imparted to many a triumphant joy in death. What Wesley says of the miracles wrought at the tomb of the Abbe Paris, may fitly be applied here; 'In many of these instances, I see great superstition, as well as strong faith: but God makes allowance for invincible ignorance, and blesses the faith, notwithstanding the superstition.' Concerning the general and remoter consequences of Methodism, opinions will differ. They who consider the wide spreading schism to which it has led, and who know that the welfare of the country is vitally connected with its church-establishment, may think that the evil overbalances the good. But the good may endure, and the evil be only for a time. In every other sect there is an inherent spirit of hostility to the Church of England, too often and too naturally connected with diseased political opinions. So it was in the beginning, and so it will continue to be, as long as those sects endure. But Methodism is free from this. The extravagancies which accompanied its growth are no longer encouraged, and will altogether be discountenanced, as their real nature is understood. This cannot be doubted. It is in the natural course of things that it should purify itself gradually from whatever is objectionable in its institutions. Nor is it beyond the bounds of reasonable hope, that conforming itself to the original intention of its founders, it may again draw towards the establishment from which it has seceded, and deserve to be recognized as an auxiliary institution, its ministers being analogous to the regulars, and its members to the tertiaries and various confraternities of the Romish Church. The obstacles to this are surely not insuperable, perhaps not so difficult as they may appear. And were this effected, John Wesley would then be ranked, not only among the most remarkable and influential

men of his age, but among the great benefactors of his country and his kind." pp. 410, 411.

The opinion of Mr. Southey, expressed in the above quotation, respecting a Church Establishment, it is hardly necessary in this country to notice. We have ascertained by experience, the surest and safest of all instructors, that such an establishment is not necessary, and we needed no experience to teach us that it is grossly inconsistent with the freedom of opinion, and the unalienable rights of conscience. The importance of religion to a community, as well as to an individual, we feel in all its force, and we admit that religious instruction and regular public worship are essential to the prosperity of any people. But we have shown that all these may be preserved without fettering the conscience, and we have the glory, as well as the satisfaction, of furnishing an example to the world, in this as in some other particulars, worthy of universal imitation.

MISCELLANY.

ATTACK UPON BOONSBOROUGH BY THE INDIANS, IN 1778.

In our Number for January 1820, we furnished an interesting narrative of an adventure with the Indians, in which Major William B. Smith bore a conspicuous part. The following account of the attack upon Boonsborough in 1778, is derived from a statement made by that officer in 1815, of which notes were carefully taken at the time by a gentleman of Lexington.

Colonel George Rogers Clarke, who had been sent out from Virginia, with a regiment of soldiers, to defend the Western Country, believing Kentucky to be less exposed at that time than many other places, had gone to Indiana and Illinois, and had taken with him not only the regular troops, but a number of the most active and enterprising young men from Kentucky. Smith was left to defend this part of the country, and was ordered to be particularly attentive to the protection of Boonsborough, which was the earliest, and at that time the most important settlement in Kentucky. He repaired therefore to that post, and with much labour and fatigue rebuilt the fort. Learning however from some prisoners, who had escaped, that the Indians were about to make inroads into the settlement, and deeming it best to anticipate their movements, and unexpectedly to attack them on their own ground, he left about twenty youth to defend the fort, and marched, with thirty of his most active men, towards the Shawanee towns. When they reached the Blue Licks, eleven of the number, being anxious for their families whom they had left behind, and considering the force too small to accomplish the object in view, resolved to abandon the enterprise, and returned to the fort. The other nineteen, not discouraged by the irresolution of their companions, but rather animated by the reflection that the glory of success would be increased by the diminution of their number, heroically persevered. When they reached the mouth of Licking, they were compelled to build rafts, upon which to cross the Ohio. Having then painted their faces, and assumed the disguise of savages, they advanced

toward the Indian towns, and had arrived within about twenty five miles of their destination, when they met a party of nearly two hundred and fifty Indians, principally on horseback, going to make an attack upon the settlements in Kentucky Major Smith and his men had the good fortune to see this formidable party, before they were themselves observed, but, instead of instantly endeavouring to make good their retreat, they fired, and killed two of the enemy who were mounted. This unexpected attack alarmed the Indians, and, without stopping to examine the number or strength of their assailants, they precipitately retreated. The heroic adventurers, flushed by their success, advanced and repeated their fire. The savages however at length recovered their self-possession, and after deliberately holding a council of war, resolved to turn upon their pursuers, of whose character and design, in consequence of their disguise, they were probably ignorant. Meantime, Major Smith, perceiving the imminent hazard to which he and his little army were exposed, advised a retreat, and before the Indians had concluded their council, they had advanced too far to be easily overtaken, and in the course of that night and the next morning, all arrived safe at Boonsborough. About an hour after the last of their number had entered the fort, not less than six hundred Indians, in three divisions of about two hundred each, appeared with colours, and took their stations on different sides of the fort. It was deemed prudent not to fire upon them until they should commence the attack. Their first step however was to send a flag, with a request that the commander of the fort would come out and treat with them. A council was held, and it was at first determined, contrary to the opinion of Major Smith, not to comply with the request. They sent however a second time, stating that they had letters from Detroit for the commanding officer, and it was then resolved that Major Smith and Colonel Daniel Boone should venture out, and hear what they had to say. Three chiefs met them with great parade about fifty yards from the fort, conducted them to the spot designated for their consultation, and spread a panther skin for their seat, while two other Indians held bushes over their heads to protect them from the sun. Here the chief addressed them for about five minutes assuring them of the most friendly disposition, and a part of the men grounded their arms, and advanced to shake hands with them. The chief then produced a letter and

proclamation from Governor Hamilton at Detroit, proposing to them the most favourable terms, if they would remove thither. Major Smith replied that the proposition was a kind one, but that it was impossible to effect the removal of all their women and children. The Indian assured him that that was no obstacle, as he had brought forty horses for their accommodation. After a long and apparently friendly consultation, during which they smoked together, and the Indians gave assurances that they had abstained from killing hogs and cattle, from a wish not to offend the whites, Major Smith and Colonel Boone returned to make known the proposals, and to consult upon the course to be pursued. On their return, they were accompanied by twenty Indians, as far as the limits beyond which it was agreed they should not go. Smith then called together all the men, who were within the fort, read to them the letter and enquired what was to be done. They asked his opinion, and he frankly told them, that the only course he considered judicious and safe, was to decline the terms proposed and to resolve to defend the fort against any attack that might be made. The Indians had no cannon, and there was plenty of ammunition within the fort, so that he conceived there was little danger to be apprehended in the result. His counsel was approved and the course resolved on.

In a short time the Indians sent another flag, in order, as as they said, to ascertain the result of the consultation within the fort. Major Smith sent them word, that he had told them all he could say on the subject, but if they wished to *hold a treaty*, as it is called, they must come forward, and a place would be selected for the purpose. Thirty chiefs came forward accordingly, but could not be induced to approach within less than eighty yards of the fort. Major Smith, Colonel Boone, and four men went out to meet them, and continued in close conference with them upwards of two days, and a treaty was at last agreed upon, with the condition that neither party should cross the Ohio, till it was regularly ratified by the authority of the state. This, Major Smith considered as a deception, as he placed no confidence in the negotiators. On the third day of the conference, which was the 9th day of September 1778, when the treaty was prepared for signature, the old chief, who seemed to regulate all the proceedings, stepped aside to speak to some young men at a distance, observing that he would return shortly and sign the treaty. On his return Major

Smith remarked that he had substituted young warriors for some of the older men around the council board, and enquiring the cause, the chief assured him that the change had been made to gratify some of the young men, who wished to be present on the occasion. It was then proposed to shake hands, and as Major Smith arose for the purpose two Indians seized him behind. Previously to his leaving the fort, the major, suspecting some treacherous design, had placed twenty five men in a bastion, with orders to fire unhesitatingly at the council, so soon as any violence should be attempted by them. The instant he was seized, about six hundred guns were discharged by the Indians in the neighbourhood, and the fire was promptly returned by the men in the bastion. Major Smith, who was then liberated from the grasp of his first assailants, attempted to seize the man, with whom he had been in the act of shaking hands, but just then a ball from the fort mortally wounding the savage, he fell, and major Smith upon him. A scene of terrible confusion ensued. The firing was kept up with vehemence on both sides. Colonel Boone was slightly wounded, and as an uplifted tomahawk was just about for the second time to fall upon his head, he dexterously avoided it, and Major Smith, who was that instant passing rapidly by, on his way to the fort, received the blow, the force of which however being almost spent, it did not inflict a very violent wound. All the whites then fled with the utmost possible expedition to the fort, and the Indians continued firing at them as they ran. They all reached the fort however without receiving any fatal wound. The firing continued on both sides without intermission, from early in the morning till dark. The Indians then procured a quantity of faggots, to which they set fire, and threw them thus lighted upon the houses and into the fort, but as those within were provided with machinery for throwing water they were enabled to extinguish the faggots as they fell. Finding their efforts to destroy the fort in this way unsuccessful, the savages returned again to their arms, and kept up a brisk fire with musketry, with but little intermission, for three day . On the morning of the third day, Major Smith discovered them digging a mine, in order to make a way, under the walls, into the fort. To defeat this object, he cut a hole under his kitchen, through which he went out, and dug a ditch between them and the wall, in a spot completely within the command of the guns of the fort. Before they reached the ditch however, the

mine fell in, and all their labour was lost. They then again returned to their fire arms, and poured continual vollies against the fort, without reaching however the persons within. During this firing, which continued, in all, about eight days, they repeatedly called to Major Smith to surrender, and promised, in that event, to treat him and his companions with the utmost humanity and kindness. But, notwithstanding their perseverance was not a little alarming, it was unanimously concluded not to surrender, but to await the event with fortitude and resolution. On the morning of the 17th of September, the ninth day from the commencement of the siege, the Indians killed a number of the cattle belonging to the fort, and in the course of that day, they made their retreat.

This seige proved a serious affair to the Indians, who lost about TWO HUNDRED killed, besides a great number wounded The whites, on the contrary, being protected by the fort, behind which they could remain in almost perfect safety, while they deliberately picked off their assailants, lost only two killed, and six wounded.

The escape of Smith, Boone, and their companions, who attended the Indian council, was indeed almost miraculous; and can only be accounted for by the confusion into which the Indians were thrown by the prompt, unexpected, and destructive fire, which was poured in upon them from the men stationed by Smith in the bastion. Two of the savages who first seized him, were almost instantaneously killed, and the wonderful accuracy of the marksmen avoided him although in close contact with them. The rest, seeing their comrades thus unexpectedly fall, had not presence of mind sufficient to prevent the escape of their intended prisoners, who, regardless of every thing but flight, made their way, amidst the confusion which reigned around them, with but little injury, to the fort.

THE ZEND-AVESTA.

OUR readers may be gratified to know the whole title page of DU PERRON'S French Translation of the Sacred Writings of ZOROASTER, whose name is so conspicuous in the history of the religion of the East. We have seen this

translation in three volumes, quarto, and have been very deeply interested in studying it. The title runs thus:

"*Zend-Avesta*, the work of ZOROASTER, containing the theological, physical, and moral ideas of this legislator; the ceremonies of the religious worship, which he established; and many important treatises relative to the ancient history of the Persians; translated into French from the original Zend, with some remarks, and accompanied by many tracts adapted to illustrate the subjects which are introduced, by M ANQUETIL DU PERRON. Paris, 3 vols, 4to."

The first volume consists of the Introduction to the Zend-Avesta, containing some account of the translator's preparatory labours, a plan of the work, and an appendix concerning the moneys and weights of India, objects of natural history and commerce, and the oriental manuscripts of the translater.

The second volume contains the Vendidad Sade, i, e, the Izeschne, the Vispered, and the Vendidad properly so called, preceded by some notices of the Zend Manuscripts, the Pehlvis, Persian and Indian; titles and summaries of the articles; and the life of Zoroaster.

The third volume contains the Isechtes Sades; the Si Rouze; the Boun-Dehesch, translated from the original Pehlvi; two vocabularies, the first Zend, Pehlvi, and French, and the second Pehlvi, Persian, and French; an exposition of the civil and religious usages of the Persians, and the moral and ceremonial system of the Zend and Pehlvi books.

The name of the Vendidad is Pa-Zend. This word is formed from the Zend *Videeouae datae*, translated into Pehlvi by *djed dew dad*, and which signifies *donne oppose au Dew*, or *donne contre le Dew*, that is to say, "The true name of the legislator of the Persians is *Zerethoschtro*, a Zend word." From this the Greeks made Zoroastre by taking away *th.* (vol: II, p, 2.)

"I suppose that Zoroaster appeared about 550 years before Jesus Christ." (p, 6.)

The following is an extract from the work, and shows how exalted were the religious sentiments of this great lawgiver.

"To the name of God, the just judge, I pray with fervour. I pray with purity of thought, with purity of speech, with purity of action. I devote myself to every good thought, to every good word, to every good action. I renounce every

bad thought, every bad word, every bad action. I devote myself to the first and best celestial spirits. I celebrate them, I supplicate them, with all my thoughts, with all my words, with all my actions. In this world I consecrate to them my body and my soul; I invoke them with fervour." (p, 79.)

"Abundance, and the place where God and good spirits reside, are for the just."

It would not be easy to conceive of thoughts more devout and rational than these. There are however many, who say, that Natural Religion teaches nothing, or next to nothing, and that its results are of too little value to be regarded in our history of man, and in our system of means for his improvement and happiness.

INTERNAL IMPROVEMENT—ENCOURAGEMENT OF LEARNING.

There is no subject perhaps, in which the people of a country are more deeply concerned than in the advancement among them of Internal Improvements. It not only contributes to their convenience and comfort, but is essential to the promotion of their most important, their vital interests. It cannot indeed, in any community, be entirely neglected. As population advances, the forests will be cleared, the soil cultivated, roads opened, mills erected, and manufactures to some extent promoted. But these things, if left entirely to individual enterprise, will advance but slowly: and that state, whose legislature looks with cold indifference on the progress of its improvement, or extends the means of advancement with a niggardly parsimony, will long continue the abode of poverty and weakness. Individuals, it is true, do sometimes arise, all of whose efforts seem directed to the public good. But such individuals are rare, and from the nature of things, cannot produce a sufficiently extensive or lasting effect. Within their little circle of connection and influence, the happiest results may be visible. A town may be enlarged or beautified, valuable improvements in the mechanic arts may be made, a small canal may be cut, or a piece of road may be rendered convenient and comfortable; but individuals never can, except by mutual co-operation, accomplish very extensive public improvement. This must be done either by the government,

or by large and well directed associations. We wish therefore to call the public attention to a subject, on which the public prosperity so essentially depends. We wish to see something done, with prudence and economy indeed, but yet something done effectually, and upon a scale commensurate with the wants and abilities of this powerful community.

We shall perhaps be met in the outset with the popular cry of *hard times*. A moment like this, when almost every body is embarrassed, when ingenuity is on the rack to devise means of *relief*, and when banks are manufactured without capital, only to make something plenty which may for a time be called money—such a moment we may be told is peculiary inauspicious for the suggestion of any plan to exhaust the public treasury, and impose taxes on the people. But let it not be forgotten, that our wish is to promote the public interests, and to afford, by the prudent expenditure of what little we have left as a community, the most effectual and permanent relief from the embarrassments of the times. We wish to improve our agriculture, to open the channels for our commerce, to encourage our manufactures, to give employment to our poor, and to provide a mode, at once cheap and effectual, for the education of our children, and the formation of our scholars, professional men, jurists, and statesmen. Nor do we deem the present moment in any respect inauspicious for enterprises like these. Notwithstanding all our complaints, we have yet the essential requisites of a prosperous people. We have a soil of unrivalled fertility, and by means of the purity of our air and the general healthiness of our climate, we have the bone and muscle with which to draw forth its resources. It is true, we are embarrassed: it is time therefore to search for the causes of our embarrassments, and by a judicious course of internal improvements to endeavour to remove them. By industry and economy alone can we repair our ruined fortunes. But that industry and economy must be properly directed and judiciously exercised. If we have much to accomplish, so much the more necessary is it to devise labour-saving machinery, and to know how to use it. Economy does not consist in the hoarding of money, but in laying it out with judgment and caution Now is the time when we most sensibly feel the importance of those internal improvements, which a small sum contributed by every individual would be amply sufficient to effect, and which, if ef-

fected, would afford to almost every individual new facilities for the transaction of business, and thus in a short time would far more than repay the expense they would originally create.

It is indeed a popular error to be afraid to spend the public money for the common good. The public funds are derived principally from the coffers of the rich, and the poor man contributes only in proportion to his humble means. When therefore an important improvement is made at the public expense, it is the rich man who bears the principal proportion of the burden, while the poor man commonly enjoys an equal share of the benefit. The great mass of the community is thus peculiarly interested in the promotion of public improvement. Nor let it be imagined, because we admit that the times are hard, that we therefore consider the state of Kentucky, in a collective capacity, as either poor or embarrassed. Her treasury is far from being exhausted, and her other resources are still abundant. Now then, we repeat it, is the very time to prosecute internal improvements. Now, when our produce is low, we ought to facilitate the means of transporting it to market; when importations from abroad are peculiarly difficult, we ought to encourage manufactures at home; when labour is cheap, and many persons are unemployed, we ought to mend our roads, open canals, and clear out our navigable streams.

It has been too much the fashion in this country, to look to Congress for the promotion of internal improvement. Congress, we admit, ought to do something. But there is certainly some justice in the idea that the state legislatures are most competent to judge of the wants of their respective communities. Besides, it is no easy matter so to reconcile the jarring views, and apparently conflicting interests of the different sections of this extensive country, as to produce an harmonious and efficient co-operation in any general scheme of internal improvement. The state legislatures however, and the people of the several states, are beginning to awaken to a sense of the importance of the object, and to apply their resources with judgment and effect. The state of New York has set a glorious example. Pennsylvania, North and South Carolina, and Virginia, have done themselves great credit by their liberal and enlightened policy in this respect. We have not room at present to enter into a detail of the measures these states have respectively adopted, but perhaps on some future occasion we may fur-

nish an account of them. It is our principal object now to enquire what has been done, and what yet remains to be done by the state of Kentucky. We wish the catalogue of her exploits in this way were long and splendid, but really we are at a loss for any to enumerate. We wish we could point to her Board of public works, show a long and interesting report of contemplated improvements, refer to the excellent roads which have been made, to the important canals which have been commenced, to the obstructions removed from our rivers, and the valuable institutions reared for the public good in every part of the state. But we must comfort ourselves with the reflection that we are a young commonwealth, that forty years ago our flourishing towns and fertile fields were a forest or a cane brake, that we have just begun the career of improvement, yet we have already done a great deal in spreading civilization, and industry, and comfort over so wide a tract of country, and that there still remains room, with the utmost confidence, to hope for a degree of attention in future to our public interests, proportioned to the increase of our wants and the enlargement of our resources.

A turnpike road has indeed been projected from Louisville to Maysville, and a small portion of it is actually completed: a canal has long been *talked of* around the Falls of Ohio; and, a year or two since, an appropriation was made by the legislature for the special purpose of removing obstructions from our navigable streams. Yet how little has been effected! The truth is, no well devised and extensive system of operations has yet been commenced. Every thing has been done by piece-meal, without reference to any connection with other parts of a general plan. Consequently nothing has been done efficiently. The money expended in the attempt to clear out our rivers has not effected the desired object in a single stream, because enough could not be appropriated for the clearing out of all. Under the influence of a momentary excitement, our legislature acts liberally, but its efforts are too much scattered and its liberality is thereby wasted. Is it not time then for Kentucky to follow the example of some of its elder sisters, by commencing a regular system of internal improvements? Let a plan of operations be devised, which it will take years to accomplish. Let trusty commissioners be appointed, let capable engineers be consulted; and let no work be undertaken, till it is satisfactorily ascertained whether we have

the means of completing it, whether if completed it will be worth the expense, and whether it will form a consistent part of one complete and beautiful whole. Let us not be mortified with seeing a wall erected and then falling to pieces for want of the covering which would protect it from the weather.

We intend to devote our attention to this subject hereafter, and to enter into those details, which our readers perhaps may expect of us. It is our main object, in this essay, to suggest the importance of the subject, and to urge the propriety of attention to it at the present time. While however we are upon the subject of internal improvement, it may not be inappropriate to suggest the vast importance of cultivating a PUBLIC SPIRIT. No community can flourish, where it does not exist. Where every individual is entirely engrossed with his own private affairs, and never casts an eye upon any matter of public interest, the most unhappy consequences must ensue. Where every man who aspires to public office, thinks more of his own popularity than of the good of his constituents, and tries to humour every prevailing prejudice, instead of endeavouring to enlighten the public mind, no progress can be expected in internal improvement or general prosperity. How different is the condition of a community, where public spirit prevails! There no effort is seen, to shuffle off responsibility: no disposition is manifested, under the specious garb of prudence and economy, to retard the growth of the state, or to impede the progress of public improvement. The welfare of the town, the county, and the commonwealth, is regarded as an object of primary importance, and every man feels his obligation, in proportion to his ability, individually to promote it.

There is one species of internal improvement to which we cannot forbear, even now, to allude. We are eminently an agricultural people. The produce of our soil is the wealth upon which we must rely. Yet how little attention is paid to improvement in agriculture! Hitherto indeed we have been enabled to raise an abundance from our fertile soil, without paying any regard to the mode of its cultivation. If the seed was planted, it would come up. It is time however that we should consider the means by which the largest quantity may be produced at the least possible expense and with the smallest amount of labour. Our farmers ought to read, and endeavour to profit by the experience of those who have gone before them. They ought to trea-

sure up likewise the results of their own experience, and to communicate to the public such facts within their own observation as may be useful to others. For this purpose the pages of our Miscellany will always be open, and we shall be happy to furnish the channel of communication for any original articles, worthy of publication, on the interesting subject of Agriculture. We have indeed, in Kentucky, an Agricultural Society, and we wish the public could witness more of its useful operations. It seems however to be languishing, we will not say for want of that public spirit, which we have just pronounced so essential, but from some cause unknown to us. We have farmers among us, whose skill in agriculture, and whose general attainments would do honour to any country; and they are men, whom we cannot think wanting in public spirit. It would perhaps be invidious to attempt an enumeration of them, but we surely may be excused for mentioning, as among the foremost, the venerable Colonel SHELBY, who has so justly been denominated the Cincinnatus of Kentucky. What might not be accomplished by the zealous and hearty co-operation of men like him? What might not an Agricultural Society effect, composed of such men, and conducted with all the ardour its objects deserve? We trust that the institution already in existence among us, will revive its operations, and will convince us, by the results, what important improvements may be made in the art and science of Agriculture.

We cannot close this article without inviting the attention of our readers to one other subject, too intimately connected with the vital interests of the community, to be lost sight of in any plan for internal improvement. As the mind is superior to the body, as the liberties of a people are more important than their pecuniary interests, so is EDUCATION more deserving of attention than roads and canals. It is indeed unnecessary, at the present time of day, to say any thing of the value of a general diffusion of knowledge. Why then is it necessary to urge the importance of a well digested system of public education? Shall we be told that every man is able to educate his own children? Alas, melancholy experience contradicts the assertion. But even were it true, that no man is too poor to furnish the means for the instruction of his children, is it not still obvious, that we must have suitable seminaries and competent instructers, or we cannot have well educated youth? To what object can a state direct its attention, more worthy of its

regard, or more loudly calling for its patronage, than to the establishment of schools, and the support of a University? Much exertion has been made by some of our ablest and best men, to induce the people of Kentucky to imitate the example of some of the older states, and scatter throughout her territory a competent number of free schools. Yet, strange to tell! the object is unaccomplished. Fortunately we have a University, and its beneficial effects are, we trust, discerned by the whole community. Yet how miserably is that University patronized! The state, to which it belongs, and which has the deepest interest in its prosperity, has not only seen it want without coming forward to its assistance, but has refused it even a trifling loan! It wants books, and has not the means of procuring them. It wants apparatus, but is compelled to do without it. Its funds are exhausted and it therefore lays a heavier tax than it wishes upon its students, in order to meet its current expenses. Yet the enlightened state of Kentucky has refused to place it in a situation worthy of the state. Are we then content that our young men should enjoy advantages inferior to those of other states? Have we no ambition to render our University as respectable as those in other parts of the country? Look at New-York, at Virginia, at South Carolina, and at the little states in New England, and see what they have done for the interests of learning. All their efforts indeed have fallen far short of what is desirable, and they can only be considered as having just begun the career of improvement. Shall Kentucky then be content to lag behind? Surely not. Transylvania University may, with a little public spirit, be rendered pre-eminently, what to a certain extent it already is, the glory of the state. Let its library be increased so far as its immediate necessities require; let a complete apparatus be procured; and let the state make it an annual appropriation, so that it may diminish its tuition fees, and educate some poor scholars gratis; and it will amply reward all the care and expense that may be bestowed upon it. Even now, it may enable us to form scholars not inferior to those of the best institutions in our country. With adequate patronage, it will furnish the means of instruction to every citizen in the state, and it will more than ever become the resort of young men seeking an education from a vast extent of country around us.

We have long intended to lay before the public, so far as we can collect the necessary information, a succinct histo-

ry of the origin and gradual advancement of this institution, with a correct view of its present condition and prospects. We have said, it requires public patronage; and we need only allude to its promising situation, to the course of instruction it furnishes, to the hopeful young men it has already sent abroad and is still nurturing within its walls, to prove that it is worthy of patronage. But we forbear. We have already extended this article far beyond its intended limits, and will therefore conclude with the expression of our confident hopes, that many years will not pass over our heads before Kentucky will stand pre-eminent among her sisters of the Union, as she already does in many other respects, for her liberal and judicious appropriations for INTERNAL IMPROVEMENT and the ENCOURAGEMENT OF LEARNING.

MONTHLY RESULTS
OF METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS,

Made in Lexington by Professor Rafinesque.

No. 10. RESULTS FOR OCTOBER, 1820.

Temperature. The weather was pleasant, fair and cool. Greatest heat, 70 degrees on the 4th, 60 d. on the 6th, 9th, and 19th. Lowest heat, 30 degrees on the 26th, 35 on the 14th, 36 on the 11th, 15th, 16th, 17th, &c. Medium 50 degrees. Greatest daily variation 15 degrees on the 19th, from 45 to 60, and 14 degrees on the 14th, from 36 to 50 degrees. Greatest monthly variation 40 degrees.

Atmosphere. There were eighteen fair days, among which were nine in succession from the 22d to the 30th, eight cloudy or overcast ones, and five rainy ones. There were dry fogs on the mornings of the 18th and 24th.

Rain. It rained all day on the 2d and 8th, wind East, also on the 5th and 10th, wind West. It rained also with a westerly wind on the 31st, and on the evening of the 21st, wind N. E. Average of rain fallen this month nearly two inches.

Snow. None this month.

Frost. The first white frost happened on the 11th, and appeared again on the mornings of the 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 19th, 20th, 22d, 23d, 25th to 30th, during 16 days. The first ice was seen on the 26th October, and not again

Winds. The prevailing wind was West, since it blew 20 days between N. W. and S. W. The East wind blew three days, N. E. one day, N. W. two days, S. W. one day, South three days, and one day partly South and West. A very high stormy West wind happened only on the 24th.

Electricity. There was only one thunder gust, on the morning of the 5th, before day light, from the west.

Ground. Generally dry, but muddy from the 5th to the 11th, and after the rains.

Vegetation. 7th. The Larkspur and Pansey were in blossom a second time in gardens.

12th. The following plants were in blossom in gardens: *Tagetes*, *Zinnia*, *Phlox paniculata*, &c.

15th. All the forest trees had lost their leaves.

22d. The Locust trees had dropped their leaves; they are the last native trees to drop them.

No 11. RESULTS FOR NOVEMBER 1820.

Temperature. The weather was fair, dry, and cool. The greatest heat was 56 degrees on the 17th and 24th; the greatest cold was 22 degrees on the 27th and 30th, and 23 degrees on the 26th. Greatest monthly variation 34 degrees; average medium 39 degrees. Greatest daily variation 16 degrees, on the 24th, from 40 to 56 degrees.

Atmosphere. There were seventeen fair days, of which thirteen were nearly in succession, from the 12th to the 24th, forming the 2d Indian Summer. Besides six cloudy or overcast days, there were two hazy days, the 20th and 29th, (many of the mornings were also hazy during the Indian Summer,) one snowy day, the 29th, and four days partly rainy.

Rain. The 1st, there was a mist and drizzling rain with wind W.; the 11th rain and sleet, wind N. E.; and a little rain on the evenings of the 20th and 25th, wind S. W. Average of rain fallen hardly one inch

Snow. The first snow fell on the 10th, about an inch deep, wind N. E. and again on the 29th, three inches deep, with the wind N. E. and S. E.

Frost. There were seven days of white frost, and five days of black frost from the 26th to the 30th, when the ground was frozen.

Winds. The prevailing winds were W. and S. W.; the

West wind blew 13 days, and nearly twelve days in succession from the 22d October to the 4th November, the S. W. eight days, N. E. three days, and S. E. one day.

Electricity. No appearance of it in this month.

Ground. Generally dry, the snow was on the ground four days, and the ground was frozen during the last five days.

Vegetation. On the 12th, the last leaves fell from the Weeping Willows, the last trees to drop them.

No. 12. RESULTS FOR DECEMBER, 1820.

Temperature. The greatest heat was 52 degrees on the 4th; the greatest cold 24 degrees on the 2d. Monthly variation 28 degrees; average medium 38 degrees. Greatest daily variation 12 degrees, from 28 to 40 degrees on the 3d.

Atmosphere. Weather variable, disagreeable, and cold. There were fifteen fair days, seven cloudy or overcast days, five rainy days, and four snowy days.

Rain. It rained on the 3d, wind South, and in the evening with thunder, wind S. W, on the 7th and 8th, wind S. E, and on the 28th and 29th, wind N. E. Average of rain fallen two inches.

Snow. It snowed on the 15th, two inches deep, wind S. W.; on the 25th and 26th, six inches, wind N. E.; and on the 30th, four inches, wind North.

Frost. It was pretty general this month, at least every night; there were only eight days of general thaw, from the 3d to the 8th, and from the 18th to the 20th. There were beautiful icicles on all the trees on the 1st and 2d. The trees were covered with a coat of ice all over the branches, and appeared transparent and dazzling in the Sun.

Winds. The prevailing wind was S. W. which blew ten days; the West wind blew six days, South four days, North, N. W. and N. E. each three days, S. E. two days.

Electricity. There was a thunder gust with lightning on the evening of the 3d, from the S. W.

Vegetation. The grass keeps partly green, and in gardens Cabbages, Flags, &c. show some green leaves.

POETRY.

We have had the pleasure of perusing, in manuscript, some of the poetical effusions of the late GEORGE BECK Esq. a gentleman, whose learning, taste, and talents are well known in Kentucky; and have been permitted to make a few selections among them for the pages of our Miscellany. They consist of translations of Anacreon, Horace, Virgil, &c. and of a considerable variety of original pieces. We have selected the first of the following articles, because it relates to Kentucky. The second is descriptive of some beautiful scenery on the banks of the Schuylkill, near Philadelphia, and will therefore be relished by all the admirers of Nature.

ON KENTUCKY.

By GEORGE BECK, Esq.

Ye grand enchanting wilds, how few yet touched
By human hand, of all your boundless stores!
Untaught by man, the clustering vines climb up,
And, mantling round the monarch oak, spread wide
Their green festoons, with flowers embroidered rich.
Deep musing here, might HOMER sit, and tune
His golden harp to Ilium fallen; or POPE
Such forests sing as Windsor never waved.
As swelling breezes o'er the Æolian chords
Bring the full tide of rapturous delight,
So too, assembled sweets awake the soul
To harmony through every tingling nerve;
And sensibility to rapture warms.
Oh, busy fancy, rest thee here a while,
Call down the Genius of these reverend woods!
To thy blest shades, O fair COLUMBIA, come!
Or bear me hence, upon thine Eagle wing,
To where, if yet with lavish hand thou pour'st
More blooming beauties, in some hidden wild
Than these more fair—fairer than human eye
Has e'er beheld, then thy Kentucky yields.
Beside Ohio's wide, expanding stream,

Perhaps of aged oaks, and maples high,
Full charged with liquid sweets, thou twin'st a bower,
Full opening pendent o'er the silvery maze!
Oh, thither bear me, where the crystal pours
O'er Louisville's bright marble bed its streams.
Here first in foam it thunders o'er the rocks,
And hideous sweeps the trembling vessels down,
Which thence some hundred tranquil miles had sailed,
And down may gently sail some hundred more,
And kiss the Mississippi's golden wave—
That wondrous stream, flowing from thousand founts
Which burst, unseen, in wilds untrod by man,
'Midst piny mountains yet unknown in song,
Though everlasting verdure crowns their heads.
Not e'en bright Italy, boast of every muse,
Smiles 'neath a fairer sky. Columbia, say
What thrilling rapture met the sparkling view
Of thine adventurous son, with *sight of land!*
How swell'd his breast! Sweet sympathy yet brings
Mine eye, mine ears, the tears and loud huzzas
Of late desponding sailors. Almighty power,
Who from high heaven in prescient vision beamed
O'er unknown seas to this new smiling world,
Pour bright o'er me thine all-enlivening ray,
That I its worth to distant realms may spread.
Thou star-girt Virgin, deign thy kindling glances!
Stay on yon amber cloud thy glittering wing,
While I thy constellations number o'er!
Increasing star by star, unfolding states,
Ye beam in prospect on my wondering sight.
Your forests open, young plantations shine,
New towns rear up their walls; gay Plenty reigns,
And Peace in her right hand her ensign waves.
Already has this smiling, infant land
Great Britain's proud dominion quash'd, and sent
Her Lion howling o'er the Atlantic waves.
So young Alcides;—when the serpent dread
Hissed round his cradle, and his limbs embraced,
The waking boy their hideous volumes crushed;
They hissed no more, nor darted forked stings.
Thus may this last found world show all the old
How godlike Liberty ennobles man,
And humble Worth outshines an empty name!

ON THE RIVER SCHUYLKILL, AND ITS SEATS.

BY THE SAME.

How oft, fair SCHUYLKILL, wing'd by airy dreams,
My fervid fancy haunts thy windin. streams,
Sees all the beauties of thy flowery shores,
And meets those friends my glowing soul adores!
The well known seats with kindling warmth I view,
Look round thy banks, and still imagine new;
The stately bridge, which spans thy azure tide,
The rival barks, that o'er thy billows ride,
'Mid blue mist see so gently glide away
To Delaware's far-off refulgent bay.
But ah, fair stream, when o'er thy meadows green,
On breezy heights the Woodland bowers* are seen;
Those domes so dear to every feeling muse,
What tears of joy my streaming eyes suffuse!
Glad Memory then recording rolls unwinds,
And shows the treasures of congenial minds,
Shows there how blest the precious moments roll,
While HAMILTON commingles soul with soul.
Enamoured dreams! could you but realize
These rapturous visions to my waking eyes,
With what new bliss on those bright gems I'd gaze,
That line his walls, and round his mansion blaze!
Thou peerless Queen of all Columbia's seats,
With him, how sweet to trace thy green retreats;
Round hill and fountain, fanned by breezy air,
With him who bid thee rise so passing fair,
To wander round, and drink the balmy gales,
His ever-blooming world of sweets exhales!
Exotics rare his ceaseless bounty brings
From Gades, round the world, to Ganges' springs.
What Orient sweets his numerous bowers distill,
And fragrance waft o'er Anna's sacred hill!
Through vistas thence, how many a prospect shines
Of hills, dales, streams, and undulating lines!
Bright Art with Nature round the distance plays;
Here Art invites you, through her devious maze,
Which, step by step, the wanderer's footbeguiles:
Bewildering long, he tries her tangling wiles;
In wild amaze now turns him round and round,
And hears the city's tinkling bells resound;

*The seat of the late William Hamilton, Esq.

Now, listening, hears the bird's love-warbling charm,
The flock's wild murmur from the distant farm,
And chariots thundering o'er the ridge below.
Lost, and more lost, he knows not where to go;
Still wondering more, when once he sees the skies,
Where all the magic length of labyrinth lies.
How sweet from this fair hill the wide survey,
When evening's golden light the domes display,
When Philadelphia's turrets seem to burn,
And glittering sashes back the light return!
Far down the stream the wildered eye beguiles,
And seems to encircle round its hundred isles.
As on you trace the lawn's long shaven maze,
Delusive change her thousand scenes displays.
Here all is gloomy, solemn, wild, and still,
Save the soft murmur of yon busy mill;
And, bursting from the rocks in gurgling sighs,
A living stream the hermitage supplies,
With sweet embrace a lovely island laves,
Falls o'er its brim, and joins with Schuylkill's waves.
Fair scenes of bliss, where oft, while Nature sleeps,
My Fancy wild, her loveliest vigils keeps!
Delusions fair,—alas, too soon the morn
Your charm dissolves, and leaves me *here* forlorn.
Were Hamilton, like me, in wilds like these to mourn,
Oh, with what rapture would his eyes return,
To see those domes, his own creation, shine!
And oh, to see once more such bliss, be mine!

SONG.

BY THE SAME.

1.

O, were my love this fragrant Rose,
In all its modest blushes drest,
Were I the Dew cool eve bestows,
To glisten on her downy breast,

2.

Then blest! to breathe etherial joys
Amidst the silky crimson blooms,
And with the precious sweets arise,
When morn my seat of bliss illumes!

3.

Then, 'mid the limpid realms of light,
With Morn's soft blush those sweets I'd blend,
And, stealing through the veil of Night,
On that dear breast again descend.

LA BAGATELLE.

Boileau, when malignity pointed its satire against him, said, "I think myself an enchanted hero, on whom the enemy's darts make little or no impression, for they do not reach my vulnerable part," meaning perhaps his prefaces and other prose writings. He calls *him* a poet, who can, by his manner, dignify trifles, and gives us, as a specimen of this happy faculty, the following selection from an unknown writer.

La charmante Bergere,
Ecoutant ses dscours,
D' une main menagere
Alloit filant toujours;
Et doucement atteinte
D' une si tendre plainte,
Fit tomber, par trois fois,
Le fuseau de ses doigts.

TRANSLATION BY MR. BECK.

The Shepherdess so fair,
His plaintive murmurs hearing,
Kept whirling, void of care,
Her bobbins, nothing fearing.
But ah, how soon his thrilling sighs
Won her soft soul by sweet surprize,
And thrice, as by some magic spell,
The spindle from her fingers fell.

EPIGRAM.

ON THE LOSS OF A FRIEND.

I have done; nor the loss of a friend can regret,
Who even in favouring managed to fret me—
Do you think I'm a time-piece, to click howe'er set?
If I am, I'll be hissed if an Idiot shall set me!

E.

ONE WORD AND ONLY ONE.

To E.

God bless you! with solicitude,
Breath'd from a heart that's kind and good,
Might melt, methinks, the very prude,
And touch e'en her with feelings human—
Then why should not E**** know
A friendly heart salutes her so,
And warmly wishes—God bless you!
And keep you! noble, generous woman!

OSCAR.

A DREAM.

1

A dream I had the other day,
'Twill make you laugh, my love, to hear it;
So strangely wild was fancy's play,
No maniac's vision e'er came near it.

2

I dreamt (how weak!) I might confide
With unsuspecting, fond reliance,
Upon the Friend I long had tried,
And bid the power of change defiance.

3

I thought that *truth* the world possest,
That *honour* was not quite a notion:
I thought the *hand* that warmly prest,
Was prompted by some kind emotion.

4

I thought the *smile* that lights the *face*,
Had with the *heart* some slight connexion:
I fancied that the fond *embrace*,
Was still the offspring of *affection*.

5

I thought that *woman's heart* was made
The seat of *kind* and *generous* passion,
And not by *envious feelings* swayed,
The cheated fool of *wealth* and *fashion*.

6

I thought the *glance* from *Alfred's* eye,
The *smile* o'er every feature stealing,
The *honest blush*—the *deep-drawn sigh*—
Betray'd a soul of *noblest feeling.*

7

Thus FRIENDSHIP, HONOUR, TRUTH, and LOVE,
Conspired to form my dream Elysian;
And long did vagrant fancy rove,
And revel in the blissful vision.

8

But dreams, of texture all too slight,
Soon by reality are banished;
The happy phantoms took their flight,
I woke to *truth*—and all were vanished!

9

I look'd in lost despondence round,
To seek the forms my dreams had painted;
A *cold* and *heartless world* I found,
By *love* unblest, by *falsehood* tainted,

10

To *friendship* and to *feeling* dead,
A waste of folly and confusion.
I sorrowed o'er the vision fled,
And wish'd again my blest delusion.

11

And shall it not return again?
Return to cheat and bless me? *Never!*
No! the fond wish is wild and vain;
Dreams, vanish'd once, are gone forever!

E.